



AN ENT-RANCHE-ING PARTNER.

Young Schuyler Van Derk (who has been assigned to a fair partner from the west)—Shan't we look into the supper-room, Miss Beefe?

Miss Beefe (from Omaha)—No, thanks; I'd rather round up than pasture any time. Let her go now, for the home ranche under the fiddlers. Whoop la!

Judge.

HE KNEW HER SISTER.

MRS. DOLLINGER, a Sioux Falls lady, who lives on Twelfth street, heard a rap at the front door the other afternoon and responded, to find a very distinguished-looking gentleman, tall, extremely dignified and handsome.

"Ah! Mrs. Dollinger, I believe," he said.

"Yes, sir."

"My name is Harcourt; I live at Huron. Mrs. Scott of that place is your sister, is she not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, yes, I am very well acquainted with her. She requested me to call and do a little errand for her."

"Oh, yes; won't you step in, Mr. Harcourt?"

"Thank you, I believe I will. Very fine weather we're having."

"Yes, sir. Take the easy chair."

"Thank you—pray don't put yourself to any trouble on my account."

"Certainly not. Was my sister well when you left?"

"Quite well, I'm pleased to say. By the way, Mrs. Dollinger, I have a little work here which I would like to show, as I am sure you would be interested in it, it is called 'Daniel in the Lion's Den,' and is by the Rev. Thomas R. Deuteronomy, and it comes in twelve parts exquisitely bound in cloth, leather or extra Russia, is finely illustrated, and should be in every library, and I am taking hundreds of orders as you can see by examining this order book, and everybody is wild over it, and all pronounce it the most wonderful book written since the holy Scriptures; it treats of Daniel in ten stages—when he started to go into the den, when he got a little

further in, when he got clear in, when the lions came up to examine him, while they were making their survey, when they retired to consult together, when they decided a post mortem would be necessary, when they announced the result to Daniel, when he convinced them that he would not consent to an autopsy, when the lions retired and Daniel got out—embellished with numerous cuts, plans, maps and beautiful steel engravings. Comes at \$1 a part, or \$12 for the entire work. Put your name down here and pay as you receive each part—eleven parts now ready. Here is a fountain pen: write under Mr. Brown's name at the bottom of the page."

"Mr. Harcourt," said Mrs. Dollinger, rising and suppressing her tears, "you're a mean, deceitful book agent! Get out of my house!"

"I know, but just sign—"

"Go on, or I shall scream!"

"Certainly, certainly, if you insist; no offence. But can you tell me the name of the lady next door and where some of her family live? Ah, won't eh? I'll work another scheme then. Good day, Mrs. Dollinger, good day; glad to have made your acquaintance."—*Dakota Bell.*

MELANCHOLY DAYS AT HOME.

THOUGH poets have sung and sentimentalists wept in sympathy with the tearful and eternal drip of wet autumn days, and declared them to be the saddest of the year, the heart of Eliza Pencherman knows more melancholy ones, when the moments stretch themselves into minutes and the minutes seem diurnal rotations of long drawn out misery, times that shake the happy relations between husband and wife and make the daughters of the family lose that innocent and delightful confidence which usually exists between them and the stern parental head of the family—I refer, of course, to the days when the bills come in, and Lucas declares we're ruining him. Now I always make a point of not shirking duty, and when this accusation was made for the twenty-fourth time in our silver wedded life, I met it as ever straight in the face, like a woman, and demanded an explanation. Recalling all my arithmetic I added up expenses, and deducted from our income with an accuracy that was a credit to my schooling, and not all the ciphering of the member for Rural Dell could upset. There was a large, I may say, an enormous margin left. I sighed with relief, but forgetting one item of expense, I turned round and said to my husband, "How much shall I put down for your personal expenditure, my dear?" Simple as was the question, the reply was exhaustive, not in giving me a detailed account of his tailor's bills, as one might have imagined, but in explaining the enormous impertinence of a wife's seeking to know about her husband's private business. *I was prepared to discuss the question*, but as soon as he had made all the remarks he wanted to, he said that he hated argument, and we'd better drop the subject, and with a wave of the hand offered me fifty dollars to get the girls and myself a summer outfit. With an outward calm that hid my inner emotions, I put the money in my pocket, and casting a speculative glance on my better half, asked him, with a sarcasm that cut deep, how many silk dresses he thought that would buy. Perhaps you think that man replied, one black, or two cheap colored silks at a bankrupt sale. Little you know politicians, they don't commit themselves to direct replies.

"Come, come, Eliza," he said, "women, you know, can't understand the necessary expenses of a public man