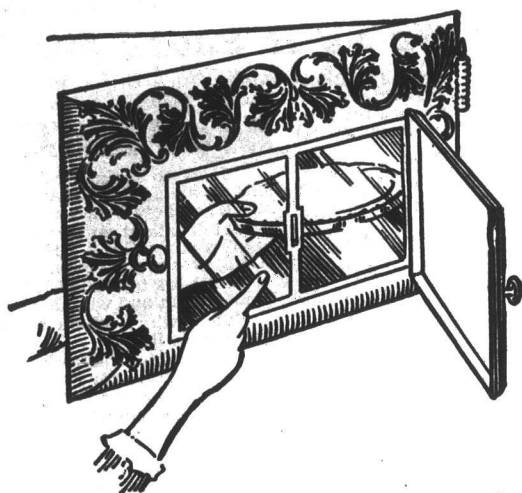




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In Lighter vein.

Fish Stories.

MR. BLACK.

White and I went out for trout about a week ago—White's catch wasn't very heavy—mine was great, you know. One I hooked—a fine two-pounder—nearly got away. Here's a picture of the beauty, taken yesterday. White was pretty sore, I reckon, at my streak of luck. Said I was the luckiest fisher he had ever struck. Guess I'll go again next week if I can spare the time; Last week's trip was elegant—the weather was sublime.

MR. WHITE.

Black and I went out for trout about a week ago. I was lucky from the jump; Black didn't stand a show. Sixteen speckled beauties, sixteen! Isn't that a few? Poor old Black, he tramped all day and only landed two. Here's a picture of a corker; two pounds flat he weighed. Thought that I would lose him, though; a rattling fight he made. Black and I went out for trout about a week ago. I was lucky from the jump; Black didn't stand a show.

THE URCHIN.

Two swell guys came out for trout about a week ago. All their tackle it was great, and geel dey had the dough. See this paper dollar; well, dem fellers gave me two. Jes' for givin' dem some trout I caught in Mason's slough. One of dem was mighty fresh; he called me "little brat." Jes' de same I got his dough, so let it go at dat. Two swell guys came out for trout about a week ago. All their tackle it was great, and geel dey had the dough.

Some Dog Tales.

"I have an unusually intelligent dog," said the man who likes to spin yarns when with a party of friends. "He was taught to say his prayers, and if you'll believe me, that dog now wags his tail whenever he sees a minister anywhere near him." "I have a dog with even more intelligence than that," quietly returned a member of the party. "One day when he got out in the street some mischievous boys tied a tin can to his tail, and if you'll believe me, that dog headed for the nearest saloon and backed right up to the bar."

A Teacher's Joys.

A Brandon school teacher tells this story: "Last week I was teaching a spelling lesson to a class of little second-graders. The word 'each' occurred, was written on the board, and from it I expected to derive 'peach', 'reach', 'teach', etc. Pointing to the word, I said, 'Can any child give me a sentence using 'each'?' "A hand was unhesitatingly thrust up and a little German girl replied, 'Does your back each?'"

Dawn Refused to Appear.

Business had not been good at the Thespian temple of a Midland town, and various tradesmen were pressing the management for payment. As a last appeal to an unappreciative public a play, "For Honor and for England," was put on. One scene was played in semi-darkness. The hero, sitting in a log hut, was waiting for daybreak, destined to bring him deliverance from his woes or disaster. "The dawn at last!" he exclaimed. "Bright Phoebus gilds yonder mountain peak!" "Bright Phoebus gilds yonder mountain peak!" he repeated. A leader took a good look at the cue to open up the curtains had not been

noticed. Still the darkness continued. "Bright Phoebus gilds yonder mountain peak, I say!" he roared. "Well, guv'nor," came in clear tones from the gasman at the wings. "I reckon you'd better git along without Phoebus. They've cut the blessed gas off!"

Answering the Farmer's Question.

By invitation, I made a speech not long ago at a farmer's barbecue in a neighboring county, and I spread myself in encouraging our people to keep up with the age, and pictured the innocence and honesty and independence of a farmer's life in multitudinous language. I was cheered and congratulated, of course, and when I got through, an old grizzly fellow came up, with brass-bound spectacles, and says he to me, "My friend, you talk mighty well; you talk like a lawyer; but I would like to know if you can tell me what kind of a calf makes the best milch cow?"

"A heifer calf," said I, and the crowd just yelled. I got the grin on the old man, and so says, "Let me ask you a question, and you may ask me another and the man who can't answer his own question must treat to cigars."

"All right," says he. "Now go ahead."

Said I, "How does a ground-squirrel dig his hole without leaving any dirt around the top?"

He studied a while and then gave up, and, in a triumphant tone, called on me to answer.

"Why, said I, he begins at the bottom."

"Well, but how does he get to the bottom?" said the old man, as though he had me.

"I don't know," said I; "I never did know; and, as it is your question, you must answer or pay."

The crowd yelled again, and the old man bought the cigars.

Misplaced Confidence.

A little girl came in from school one day very indignant because she had been kept in to correct her problems after the others had been dismissed. "Mamma," she said, "I'll nevur, nevur speak to Edna Bates again as long as I live." "Why, dear?" asked her mother. "Because," pouted the little maid, "because I copied all my zamples from her, and every one of 'em was wrong."

The Easier Way.

At Taylor's Cross Roads, in the mountains of Tennessee, I asked an old mountaineer how to get to Beaver Cove, and after looking me over he drawled in reply:

"Want to go to the Cove on account of the camp meetin'?"

"Yes, I heard there was one going on there."

"So thar be, stranger. It's eight miles from yere and over a mighty bad road."

"But I can make it this afternoon?"

"Oh, sartin, but I kin tell you how to save all that trouble. The Lises will be thar—five of 'em—and they are great hands to shoot. I'll git my gun and be a Lise. The Moshers will also be thar—six of 'em—and they are great hands to shoot. I'll call my son Ike from the co'nfild and let him be the Moshers."

"Yes, and then?"

"An' then we'll both begin shootin'. We'll shoot at each other over your head and past your feet and under your arms, and we'll whoop and yell and shout, and you kin imagine three or four dead men lyin' around, and when it's all over, I reckon, unless you are a more hardened sinner than what I take you to be, you'll make up your mind to stop yere for a day or two and let other folks run that camp meetin'."