

ands of the big city
for Dennis, who sat
looking out long after
died. Presently a
and an engine dashed
the usual "dead run,"
following the ma-
men worked to get up
ed Dennis, who had
ing of the sort in his
he. The "hook-and-
and then another en-
g fire and smoke,
and it no longer
his voice trembling
Pat, wake up—wake
y're movin' hell an'
e by a ready."

A Would-Be

an said of the late
ger.
h a half-dozen other
tee in fact—I once
lger to try and in-
an suffrage.

ted. He admitted
of our arguments,
of supporting us he
r as we wanted him

es got, I am afraid,
ed. In her address
imputed to a woman
any merely human
ness. At the height
Gen. Alger, chuck-
r.

d once attended a
etting where the lady
atorm had boasted
as this lady was
er, he said, ended a
h the question:
man be if it had not

d the crowded hall,
tense. She raised
again impressively,
e would man be if
r woman?"

voice from the rear
"a'm."

A Witness.

was once the guest
er's banquet in New
urse of a graceful

I am not in sym-
ness in cross-exam-
ever I hear of a
n an overbearing
joices.

ed last week. A
company was a wit-
nery. He had seen
gung girl's pocket-

s lawyer cross-ex-
friend shamefully.
shook his fist at

hour did all this
lawyer, nearing to
s examination.
y friend began, but
interrupted.

anything here about
aid the lawyer with

t to hear what I
ung friend, mildly.
the lawyer roared.
friend, "I may as
m the box. I'm
can't talk without

Gradually.

" said the man in
lack, "but are you
life insurance you

red the man at the

you in a morocco
e works of William
ay?"

a germ proof filter

t in a good second-

hand typewriter if you could get it
cheap?

"I have no use for a typewriter."
"Just so. Would an offer to supply
you with first-class Havana cigars at
\$10 a hundred appeal to you?"

"Not a cent's worth."

"How would a proposition to sell
you a Century dictionary, slightly
abell worn, for only \$40 strike you?"

"I wouldn't come within 40 miles of
hitting me."

"That being the case," said the call-
er, "would you be willing to buy a 10
cent box of shoe polish just to get rid
of me?"

"Great Scott! Yes."

"Thanks. Good-day."

A Long Hunt.

After more logs had been thrown on
the fire and pipes lighted, the talk
drifted around to the middle fork of
the American river and country round
about.

"The strongest remembrance I have
of that country is of the big grizzly
that chased me out," said Bill Bailey.

"I was a-pickin' wild strawberries up
on the side of the mountain, when some
pebbles, dirt an' one thing an' another
came a clatterin' down; you all know
how it is on a side-hill when something
heavy is movin' above you. I looked
up, and s'elp me if there wasn't a
a whoopin' big grizzly a sneakin' me;
yes, sir, doin' the sneak act right up to
me."

"You ought to seen me go down
that mountain; I'll bet my tracks was
a rod apart, and in some places I didn't
leave no tracks—jest nacherally went
through the air. But the bear was
hittin' only the high places, too, an'
the faster I went the faster he came.
I could hear his 'woof' right behind
me, an' sometimes I believed I felt his
hot breath on the back of my neck.
But I fooled him good an' plenty."

"How?"

"I'd crossed the river on my way up,
an' while the ice would bear me, I
knowed it wouldn't hold up no fifteen-
hundred-pound grizzly, so I headed for
the river an' out on the ice. So did
the bear, but not far out: He went
through, an' I kep' on; I didn't even
stop to see if he got out. I was
afraid he would."

"Oh—you said you was pickin'
strawberries."

"So I was, so I was; but I didn't tell
you all the story, for it would be too
long. That bear chased me from Aug-
ust to January."

No Hurry About It.

In Maine, many years ago, there
lived—and moved—an old English
clergyman and his wife. He was a
circuit preacher, and everyone for
miles around knew "Elder T—"
and his wife, who was the more en-
ergetic of the twain. The parsonage
proper — one of the small towns
on the circuit. One morning Mrs.
T— discovered that the roof was
on fire around the flue. She seized
pails of water and quickly mounted to
the low unfinished attic, at the same
time sending her spouse to a near
neighbor's for assistance. "Run, Wil-
liam," she said, "and see that you get
back quickly, else the 'ouse may burn."

Whether Mr. — ran, tradition
saith not, but when he arrived at the
neighbor's domicile he found the
family enjoying the morning meal.
"Sit right down, elder, and have some
breakfast," said the man of the house,
while his hospitable wife brought an
extra plate. Mr. —, nothing loth,
accepted the cordial invitation and
ate heartily of the repast. Then, as
he pushed back his chair, a thought
struck him. "Oh," he began, in an
apologetic tone, "oh, by the way,
neighbor Ardy, by the way—my 'ouse
is on fire!"

"Why the dickens didn't you say
so?" cried Mr. Hardy, as he rushed
bareheaded from his own house and
to that across the street.

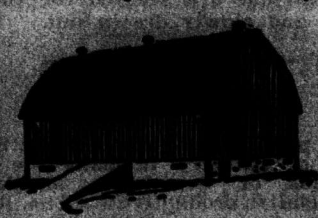
But Mrs. T— had the fire out.

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