

the editor.

The visitor looked up from the desk on two men, one with dirty face, who had entered the sanctum and stood nervously twitching their ragged caps before him.

"Yes, sir. What do you want?"

"Well, you see, the 'Irish Boys' and the 'Silver Stars' had a game of ball to-day, and we thought as we'd like to have it published."

"Is that really so? I know these two crack teams were going to play, but I thought it was next week. To which club do you belong?"

"We belong to the Silver Stars. I'm catcher and he's short stop. And we waxed them other fellows, didn't we Bill?" "You bet," responded the editor. "Why didn't you say so before?" The "Irish Boys" are a good enough club, but by Jove, give me the Silver Stars. "Why, I'm delighted to meet both of you," and the "editor" rose up, shook both of them warmly by the hand and yelled for the "printer-devil" to "bring both of them chairs." The two redoubtable Silver Stars looked at each other very much perplexed, and seemed at a loss whether to sit down or dash out of the office. Finally they adopted the former plan, and pulling their chairs over near the door, so as to be ready to start out at the first sign of hostility, sat unobtrusively eyeing "the editor," who stretched himself behind a mass of paper, pen in hand. "Now, then, tell me all about the game, and I'll write it down."

"Well, the Irish Boys they was a braggin they could beat us, and we said we had twenty-five cents which said they couldn't. We played 'em and give 'em six goose eggs."

"Oh, now boys," said "the editor," "don't tell any lies. It is wrong to lie. Where could you get goose eggs this time of the year?"

The catcher and short stop of the Silver Stars looked at "the editor" in amazement, and then turned to be mentally deciding that he was an infernal idiot.

"We means to say," continued the catcher of the Silver Stars, who was first to recover from the shock to which he had been subjected, "that we white-washed 'em." Oh, I see," said "the editor" with a sudden burst of intelligence. "You put white-wash over them until they looked like goose eggs. By Jove, that was a good idea." "No," said the catcher of the Silver Stars, with rising ire, "we skunked 'em, you know—skunked 'em." "Skunked 'em—what do you mean by that?"

"Why, we Chicagoed 'em—gin 'em runs."

"Oh, now I see," said the editor, almost bursting into a roar of laughter at the look of intense relief which came over the face of the two Silver Stars. "Go right on."

"We got right on ter the balls of the pitcher of the Irish Boys in the first innings, and we pounded the life out of him."

"Oh, on," said the editor, rapidly writing: "The Silver Stars stood on the ball in the first inning and almost killed the pitcher of the Irish Boys when he tried to get it."

For two whole minutes the Silver Stars regarded each other in speechless astonishment. Then the short stop puting asked:

"Master, did you ever play base ball?"

"Very little," said "the editor," making Herculean efforts to keep his face straight, "but I'll scratch this out, if it is not all right."

"Course it isn't right. We means to say we hit his balls easy; we knocked 'em hard. I hit him for three bags and made a home run."

"You did," said the editor, dashing off at a tremendous rate on the paper. "The catcher of the Silver Stars hit three bags with the ball and then ran home with them."

This was too much. The two Silver Stars got up and unanimously concluded that they must go.

"What is your hurry?" asked the editor, again snatching their hands warmly. "Stay a little while longer. If you can't, come up this afternoon and I'll call your friends with you—glad to see you any time."

The catcher of the Silver Stars blew his nose, wiped it on the cuff of his coat, and led the way down stairs to the street.

At the bottom of the stairs, as he felt his feelings and no longer control himself.

"Bill," he called out, "that fellow ain't the greatest fellow I ever saw. By Jove, you can just say 'em'."

"Yes," responded Bill, but in a awful friendly, but in a—*Chicago Express*.

A funeral cortege we passed through the gates of our funeral cemetery but what has been seen Gutterers in close attendance. Mr. Bell, the Superintendent of the Cemetery, says that Gutterers visits him twice every Sunday, morning and evening, and that it is only on Sundays that he dedings to notice him or any of his family, totally ignoring them upon every other day of the week. When spoken to he does not approach you with a wagging tail, and cheerful countenance, but seems to accept your attentions formally and with a sad air.

Some malefic person has put out one of Gutterers eyes, which gives him a sad and melancholy countenance. He seems to visit few places besides the cemetery, but about 7 o'clock every morning he can be seen in front of the late or shop of Mr. Featherston on South Upper street, waiting for his breakfast. After his morning meal he is not seen again during the day, except there be a funeral, when he is certain to be present, and take his place among the mourners, starting with a vacant and sad look as the coffin is lowered to its last resting place. How he learns when there is to be a funeral, we are unable to state.—*Kentucky Live Stock Record*.

A CURIOUS LAWSUIT.

Los Angeles has had a novel lawsuit. It came before a justice's court, and was to this effect: A had a sick horse which was in great suffering, and which he thought was sure to die. So he took the horse to B, a lively stable keeper, and said, "I will give you \$5 to kill this horse for me." "All right," said B. So A paid the \$5, left the horse in charge of B and went away. B could not, however, summon sufficient nerve to kill the poor animal, so, in his turn, B said to C, "if you will kill this horse for me I will give you \$5." "All right," said C, and C took the horse away with him. C, however, did not kill the horse, but doctored him and restored him to health. A, much to his surprise, one day saw C driving a fine animal, which A, unmistakably, recognized as his former sick horse. A demanded the horse from C; C refused to give him up, and A brought suit against C to recover possession of the horse. The jury decided that C was entitled to the horse. We understand that the case will be appealed to the county court.

A LADY BEAR HUNTER.

Says the Winnipeg Free Press:—One afternoon in the latter part of last month, the wife of W. G. Livingstone, of the Boyne, noticed four young bears in the wheat field. Mr. Livingstone being absent at the time, she at once proceeded to drive the intruders off, when one took to a tree on the bank of the river, about a hundred yards from the house, and the other three took to their heels, and disappeared so far as this story is concerned. Mrs. Livingstone stationed herself under the tree, and held Bruin captive while her little daughter ran to the house and brought a loaded double-barrelled gun. Both barrels were discharged at the bear, which, while it was seriously wounded, was still able to make attempts to come down the tree. Ammunition having given out, Mrs. Livingstone armed herself with an axe handle, and with that weapon successfully resisted the endeavors of Bruin to escape, whacking the brute on the paws every time he came within reach. The tree was guarded till evening, when Mr. Livingstone returned home with his rifle. Mrs. L. grasped the rifle, fired, and the animal fell dead at her feet. The bear weighed 120 pounds, dressed.

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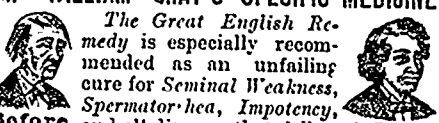
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