

Colorado's Peculiar Winds.

"Well, no," said the Coloradan, "we don't have any winds to amount to anything, but it blows a few minutes there now and then. The winds are peculiar, too; I never saw anything like them anywhere else. They are what you might call discriminating breezes. I've seen a man go along the street, and it would be blowing a hurricane on one side of him; and on the other side it would be a dead calm. I've seen a mule stand broad against the wind blowing behind her, with her tail blown right up straight, and one ear put away ahead of her nose, while the ear on the other side would be in a natural, calm position, and that side of the beast would be sweating! It will take the skin off one side of your face and not touch the other. I saw a man with whiskers get one side of his face shaved by a wind like that, as clean as any barber could do it. A small boy and a dog were walking up the street with him at the time, and they each lost one ear. I've seen a man lose one leg of his pants and a coat tail, and get his hat knocked all over on one side. They don't do any particular damage, those winds, but they are as peculiar as can be."—*Descendant of S. W. in Salt Lake Tribune.*

The Wolf and the Peasant—A Fable.

A peasant who was on watch while his flock of goats were feeding discovered a wolf prowling about and fired upon him. The wolf, who narrowly escaped being hit, advanced in great indignation and demanded: "By what right do you fire upon me without having seen me commit some overt act?" "My dear sir," replied the peasant, "as he proceeded to reload his gun, 'the best time to fire at a wolf is before he has killed your goats.'"

MORAL.

Arrest your burglar before he burgles.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Art in Chicago.

Two gaudily attired ladies were observed recently inspecting the colossal statue of Schiller, of which Chicago is justly proud.

"What a remarkably large man he must have been," said one, examining her neck and gazing up at the flowing locks and prominent nose of the figure.

"Yes," replied the other, with the condescending air of one imparting knowledge. "The Scotch are always large men."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Examples of Tenderness.

Fogge—I really beg a thousand pardons. I fear I stepped on your dog. Little Miss Marigold—Oh, it doesn't matter; the dog isn't mine; he belongs to the other little girl.

Touching Divorcement.

Estelle—And are you going to leave me so soon, Augustus? Augustus—My love, I would willingly give ten years of my life if I could stay longer. But if I don't go I shall be fined for being late at a card party.—*Chicago Rambler.*

He Was From Minneapolis.

"Have you heard of that interesting case down east of a woman who was cured of paralysis by the miraculous power of a relic of St. Paul?"

"Yes, I have; but I'm from Minneapolis, and I wouldn't touch a relic of St. Paul with a ten foot pole."—*Chicago Rambler.*

A Bad Habit.

The habit of abbreviating everything one writes is a bad one. The *Woburn Advertiser* tells of seeing a communication which spoke of a lady appearing at the theatre in eye costume.—*Lynn Item.*

Brevities.

Inconvenience is the father of invention.—*Whitchell Times.*

A hit in time saves the nine on many a ball field.—*Newark Call.*

Tobacco chewing is so popular in Illinois that a movement has been inaugurated to change the name of the lake city to Chewcago.—*Life.*

The superintendent of a county fair in Ohio economized time, space and paint, by putting up the sign, "Gr& St&." That's good in a sense.—*Burdette.*

It is a sight to make angels snicker to see a fisherman pull out of the water a two-inch sucker with an outfit that costs him \$25 or \$30.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Garments without buttons" are advertised. Evidently the cast-off clothing of bachelors who don't know how to handle thread and needle.—*Norristown Herald.*

If the genius who informs you now that the days are growing shorter is not careful he will stumble over the equally valuable fact that the nights are growing longer.—*New York Graphic.*

Boston Girl—What do you think of Emerson, Mr. Wayoff? Mr. W. (from Cincinnati)—Well, Billy used to sing pretty well, but he never was as funny to me as Billy Rice or Charley Backus.—*Chicago Rambler.*

Someone is said to have invented a substance that can be seen through more clearly than glass. We don't know what it can be unless it is a man's excuse to his wife for not returning home before 2 a. m.—*New Haven News.*

Gerontimo is not pronounced (Ger-ron-imo), but Heronimo, says a morning editor. Good heavens, what is he living us? What a way and a lively style of talk this headman would put us into. By Esch, we would have it. Ho to! Ho to!—*Washington Critic.*

Milwaukee has a summer school of philosophy, which is now in session discussing the "Hemecness of the Wherefore and the Correlative Tooness of the Absolute Utter." The relation which these burning questions bear to the price of beer is of urgent importance to every citizen of Milwaukee.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Two friends meet in the street. "My dear fellow, I have just left my landlord. You wouldn't believe it, but I had the hardest work in the world to make him accept a little money." "Well, that is an unlikely story. I should call it highly improbable. But why?" "Why? Because he wanted a good deal."—*Tid Bits.*

I do recall a pologonim.
Who would, who never did,
Proclaim "My motto's span the red
And you will spoil the child."
I did observe, however, as you
With this we were beguiled,
The roth was not so very spare,
With which he spoiled the child.
—*Yonkers Gazette.*

You may break up a habit, but it won't avail much; you must throw the pesky thing away back and heels, if you want to get rid

of it. If you throw away the first letter you only anglicize it to "abit," the second, and you have a "bit" left, the third, "it" still remains, and even when you discard all but the last, you have the original to a "t."—*Cincinnati Graphic.*

A Visitor to Detroit.

"Is this Kurnel—Kurnel—Kurnel What's-his-name?" asked Abraham Ryder, as he stood at the desk.

"No, sir," replied his honor.

"Then I'm mistaken in the man. I guess you are Elder—Elder what's-his-name. S'all right, and I beg your pardon. What's up this morning, Elder?"

"Prisoner at the bar!" said his honor, in a voice which jarred the floor, "the law has laid its hand upon you, and you now stand at the bar of justice."

"I do! And you are a judge?"

"I am."

"Great Scots! but I'm all turned around and stood on my head! Say, something must have happened to me last night!"

"You were found drunk on the public street. You were lying on the broad of your back, arms and legs stretched out, and somebody had gone through you."

"What! was I robbed?"

"If you had anything to steal."

"Had anything! Why, I had a dollar'n a half, a good jackknife, two door keys and a tobacco box! Say, judge, I couldn't have been drunk. Somebody must have hit me with a sand bag."

"Fudge! You were so drunk that the officer tied you in a hand knot to toss you into the wagon."

"Well, I swan! Have the villains been overhauled?"

"No, sir—none except you, Abraham Ryder. What sort of a man are you to come down here from Bay City and get drunk and break in on the slumbers of our policemen? Is this doing the fair thing by Detroit? Do any of us ever go up to your town and make trouble for your people?"

"Never, judge—you never do. I deserve death, and I'm expecting every minute to be hit with a bludgeon. Who's your tool killer, judge?"

The judge steadily regarded him for a long time, while Abraham shifted his weight from one leg to the other and preserved a resigned expression. By and by his honor said:

"Go home! Go home! Let this be a lesson to be remembered for twenty years."

"Go home! You bet I will, Go home! I'll get that or die. If I don't remember this ere unforgetting for 250 years then I want to be kicked, judge."

"You can go."

"Judge, you are the nicest, slickest, kindest, goodest, got."

"Go away or I'll give you thirty days."

"All right—I'm stepping off. Good-by, old cheppy, and here's one wholl' vote for you for president."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Tale of Patience and a Happy Thought.



How he got the calf to market.—The Judge.

He Will Explain to Pat Next Time.

He returned from his yachting trip, and when the language of the yachting party was conveyed ashore, the array of empty bottles that had not been thrown overboard was something of a stunner to look upon. The gentleman not caring to dump them at the anchorage in the face and eyes of his neighbors, said hurriedly to his man, "Put 'em underground as quick as you can. Bury 'em; do you understand?" "Yes, sir, I do," was the reply; and the yachtsman went home and tumbled into the arms of Morpheus without delay. The next he knew he heard his wife's voice calling, "For goodness sake, my dear, what has Pat brought all these bottles up here for?" It was but one step from the bed to the window, where the enraged gentleman called out: "You blasted Irishman! didn't I tell you to bury those bottles?" "Yer did, sir, and it's divilish quick I'll 'em buried, now I have 'em so handy sir." The yachtsman wearily explained it to his wife. Next time he will consider it more valorous and discreet to take Pat a little into his confidence.—*Boston Home Journal.*

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TICKET OF PROOF—Land office at Fargo, D. T., 27, 1886: Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and secure final entry thereof, viz: Jonas M. Free, H. E. No. 5798, for the new sec. 8, tp. 14n. r. 58w. and names the following as his witnesses, viz: John A. McGuire, Thomas Curtis, Charles M. Curtis, Olof A. Ostlund, all of Cooperstown, Griggs county, D. T. The testimony of claimant and witnesses to be taken before Geo. B. Clark, judge of the probate court, at Cooperstown, Griggs county, D. T. on the 9th day of November, A. D. 1886, at his office. HORACE AUSTIN, Register. Class & MacLaren, att'ys. 37-42

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