Farmer McCue Shoots Thirty-seven Buck-

shot at Once from his Trusty Gun. WALTON, Oct. 23.—Joseph McCue of Sullivan county is a little set in his opinions, but owns up like a man when he finds that he is wrong. The other day he was working in his turnip patch, which is right across the road from his house. There are not many neighbors in the part of Sullivan county where Mr. McCue's farm is, which is the Beaverkill country, near the Ulster county line. Mr. McCue had heard a quail whistling in his turnip patch, and had taken his shotgun with him, thinking that maybe he might get the quail for his supper. As the farmer worked he was finally brought with his face toward the road, and he caught a glimpse of something passing along. Farmer McCue raised himself up. As he looked toward the road his eyes opened very wide. As they opened Mr. McCue exclaimed:

What the farmer saw was a bear, and it was slouching deliberately along in the road, past the house. There was nothing but bird shot in Farmer McCue's gun, but he felt that he must get that bear. He seized the gun and fired both barrels at bruin. The bear stopped, looked in a deprecatory manner at the farmer, and then passed on. The farmer watched it until it disappeared in a bend of the road. Then he examined the hammers of his gun and blew into the barrels. Satisfied that the gun had gone off, he exclaimed:

"Missed him, by jee!" Farmer McCue finished his work in the turnip field and went to the house.

"If I had gone out loaded for bear," said he to his wife, "I couldn't have seen my way, the qualls would have been so thick. But there I was laying for quail, and what do I fush but a bear as big as a yearling colt! that bear bothers me to-morrow, though, I'll as sorry for him, and I'll load the old gun now. Mother, count me out thirty-seven

"You mean nine, Joseph," said Mrs. Mc-

"Thirty-seven, mother, for each barrel." "Nine buckshot, Joseph, is a big load for any gun, and will kill an elephant!"

Nine buckshot won't hurt a coon, mother, and I'm after bear. Thirty-seven is what I want, but it isn't enough. I've a notion to ant in forty-seven, to make sure. No, I'll take thirty-seven; but/thirty-seven ain't enough."

So Farmer McCue put in a double charge of powder and thirty-seven buckshot in each barrel. Mr. McCue is a good farmer, but his early education as a hunter was sadly neg-

"Now let that bear trespass on me again,

by jee!" said Farmer McCue. The next day he went to work again in his turnip field. His gun, loaded for bear, was with him. He had no idea of seeing the bear, so that when in making a turn in the field he came almost face to face with it, evidently enjoying itself among the turnips, from the way it was pulling them up and munching them, the farmer was obliged to open his eyes wide again and exclaim, with more vigor than before: "By jee!"

Farmer McCue was bound to get the bear, however, and, backing off a few feet to whore his gun lay, he picked it up, took good aim at the bear, and fired.



And Ared. Mrs. McCue heard the report at the house. It made the windows rattle, and reverberated among the hills like a Fourth of July salute. The farmer's wife ran to the door and looked over into the turnip field. There was a thick d of smoke over by the stone wall, where she had last seen her husband at work.

"Joseph must have killed the bear," she

But there was no bear and no Joseph to be meen. Mrs. McCue ran down into the field. She had not gone far before she saw the body of the bear stretched out among the turnips. Looking further, she saw Farmer McCue also stretched out among the turnips, as stiff as the bear. Just then Farmer Rose and his son, neighbors, happened to be driving by.

Mrs. McCue hailed them. They carried Mr. McCue into the house. One side of his face was as black as his hat, and swollen three times its natural size. His right shoulder was dislocated, and his arm was black and blue from the shoulder to the elbow. It was a good while before he could be brought to. Then he opened his left eye, and, looking at his wife, said, firmly, but feebly:

"Mother, thirty-seven's enough;" There was a hole through the bear, amidships, hig enough to run a stovepipe in. Farmer McCae, a little set in his opinion as he is, but willing to own up like a man when mother-in-law was."—Harper's Bazar. he finds he is wrong, is doing as well as could be expected,—Is w. York Stin.

With of Auclent Days.

Sir Michella Green being once, in the "What is the matter?" inquired the mass capacity of indige, about to pass the santone light.

"This bread is nwful," magalay equical Dundof death upon a can war, the fallow impor-timed him to savelf the, allo him, among other things, that he had the honor of heing a relation of helpedship, "Jow do you prove that? saltranks made. "My lord," recited the man, by a many is Bacon maintain in Hog, and life and facon have in all ages been reclaimed akin." "That is true," answer-ed the judge, "had here is given been till? ed the judge, that here is never been till it. Seeme—Young man and rejent in a comis hang, and there we until you are lang, fortable room.

is hang, and or it is a contain year at many, you can be no reartise of mine.

George I, while on a journ y to Hanover, stopped at a village inn in Hermal, and while them the herses were getting ready order of the order of three eggs to be brought to him, for which what the hermal properties of the properties of the state of the properties of the prope the lost charged him 200 florins, "Low is this?" said the king: "eggs must be very scarce at this place to bring 100 florins aplace." "Pardon me, year majesty," said the hest: "eggs are plenty enough, but kings are scarce." The king smiled at the fellow's wit sund ordered the bill to be paid.

Lord Norbury, the Irish judge, was once dining at a table, and corned beef forming one of the dishes he was asked if he would have a slice. "I would try it" he said, "if it were hung." Curran, who was present, replied: "If you were to try it, judge, it would be sure to be hung."—New York Mail and Express.

A Paradox.

It is utterly useless to try and sell a parachute to a man who is falling down stairs. And yet probably this the only time in his life when he would like to buy one or when the thing would do him any earthly good .-Cambridge Chronicle.

Oueer Wrinkles.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER. Old Mr. Bently (reading the paper)—f see that Solomon has been indicted for bigumy. Old Mrs. Bently-Well, it's bout time. The idea of a man having 700 wives.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

Lady (locking at Harlem flat)-The rooms seem very small. Janitor (frankly)-Yessum, de rooms am small fo' a fac'. Lady-I don't see how my husband, baby and I could ever go to bed in that room. Janitor-Yo' might do as the other lady an gemmen did what occerpied de rooms befo'. Lady-How was that! Janitor-Dey went ter bed tandem.

WRONGFULLY ACCUSED.

Magistrate (to prisoner)—Have you ever been arrested before, Uncle Rastus? Uncle Rastus-Yes, sah. Magistrate-How many times! Uncle Rastus-Well, 'bout fo'ty, I giss, but, yo' honah, one of dem times I wuzzent convicted. Dey proved me as innercent as er new bo'n babe

A SOVEREIGN REMEDY. "Well, Sister Sus'n Jane, I cert'n'y am rejoicedid dat yo' 'ain't got de tarryfled fever; but of yo' has jes' got common malary, why, queenan's de ting fur dat. It tastes bad, but de wuss a medersin tastes de mo' good it doos you."

ALTOGETHER COMMENDABLE.

Mrs. Waldo, a Boston lady (to her niece, visiting from Chicago)-I am glad to know, Cicely, dear, that you are interested in literature.

Cicely-Yes, we have recently formed a club, you know. One member subscribes for Harper's, another for The Century, another for The Popular Science Monthly, and so on, and then we all go snacks.

IN THE PAMILY.

Magistrate—You are old enough to know better than to drink whisky, Uncle Rastus. Uncle Rastus-I kain't help it, yo' honah. I inheritid a tas' fo' it. Magistrate—Inherited a taste for it? Uncle Rastus-Yas sah. Dat boy Sam 'o mine is drunk mos' ob de time.-New York Sun.

Facetim.

A WICKED LITTLE BOY.

Bobby-Ma, you don't want me to play with wicked boys, do you? Mother—No, indeed, Bobby. Bobby—Well, if one little boy kicks another little boy, isn't it wicked for him to kick him back! Mother-Yes, Bobby, very wicked. Bobby-Then I don't play with Tommy White any more. He's too wicked. I kicked him this morning, and he kicked me back.

A QUESTION OF FINISH.

Miss Higgs-And what course would you wish your daughter to pursue-the dead languages and the severer studies, or French and deportment? Mrs. Veneer (whose husband has just retired from the furniture line with a fortune)-Oh, no! I can't abide the dead finish; give her the French polish, even if it costs a little more.

SUCCESSFUL ALL ABOUND. 'Most everybody has his pet phrase, which he is apt to use upon all occasions. Mr. Hayseed's "met with some success." "How are you getting on with your stock raising!" he was asked recently. "Well," he replied, "I've met with some success in raisin' calves."
"How is your oldest boy doing at school?"
"Well, he's meetin' with some success as a scholar." "He ought to, for he's been well brought up. Your wife is a splendid woman, Mr. Hayseed." "Well, yes, the old lady has er-met with some success as a female.

COMING TO THE RESCUE Visitor—How old are you, Willie? Willio—Six years old. Visitor—And when were you 6? Willie—I don't know. Visitor—Oh, Willio! a great big boy like yeu, and not know when you were 6 years old! Willio's Little Sister—I know when he was 6 years old. Visitor-There, Willie; your sister knows. When was it, Sadie! Little Sister-On his birthday.

A DOG'S UNFORTUNATE MISTAKE.

"Yes." said Mr. Hendricks to the minister, "I am proud of that dog. Why, he knows the different days of the week." Just then the dog began to run to a gun which stood in the corner, then back to his master, and wag "He's made a mistake this time, pa," said young Bobby; "he thinks it's Sunday.'

WHY THEY ENVIED ADAM AND EVE.

He was one of those men who are always and forever harping on how differently his mother used to do things. Apropos of the irritating subject, at dinner one day she said, with a sigh: "My dear, you've no idea how I envy Eve!" "And why, pray? "Because, my dear, she never once heard Adam say, with exasperating frigidity, 'These pies lack the flavor of those my mother baked.'" "And I know some married men who must

"Well, I never," remarked Damley, as he tried to like through a mulin the other morn-ing at breakfast.

"Well, it's better bred then you are," was the freezing respects.

The alleave that express r the breakfast table was so deep that it panelles a hole in

A MATHEMATICAL PROCATION. Sympathetic visitor—Good quarters, there, old fellow; you ought to be satisfied with

Repentant bachelor—Yes, Fin satisfied now with my quarters. They are good enough, What I want is a better half.—Life.

There was a young hely named Vaughan, Vino treat dis ribrer vidi scaughan, Ai dile cave de biscarit Vica i criste e able quit Shot bins and forth on the Laghan

and the same of the control of the same factors of the same of the same factors of the

A solemn man in a western city recently entered a restaurant, followed by his dog, seated himself and called for a bill of fare. It was given him.

"What would you like to have, sir?" asked the waiter, flipping the table with his napkin.
"Well," said the solemn man, reflectively,

"gimme some ox tail soup." "Gimme the same," said the dog. The waiter's face assumed the color of cold

"Cup o' coffee and plenty of milk," went on the solemn man.

"Gimme the same," said the dog. The waiter shuddered, and, turning, fled for the kitchen. A man with a squint at an adjoining table was much interested in the scene. He had

observed it closely, and finally spoke to the solemn mun. "It must be a fearful lot o' work to teach

that dog to talk, mister."
"It was," said the solemn man, "I should think so," said the dog.

The man with the squint was much impressed. He began making wild offers, and when he reached \$200 the solemn man re-

"Well," he said, "I can't refuse that. I hate to part with him, but you can have him." "He'll be sorry for it," said the dog.

The man with a squint drew a check for the amount, which he gave to the solemn man. The man was about leaving when the dog cried again: "Never mind, I'll get oven. I'll never

speak again." He never did. The gentleman with the squint was the pro-

prietor of a show. The solemn man was a professional ventriloquist .-- Buffalo Express.

Where They Should Dwell. " Cooks should settle in Greece. Fresh young men in Greenland. Prize fighters in Wrangleland. Angry men should go to Ireland. Waiters should find comfort in China.

The enterprising man should be a Russian. Scolding women should go among the Tartars.
Wicked people should stop on the road to Rouen.

Quakers would feel at home in the Friendly fslands, Hotel keepers should settle in the Feed-ye

Profane men should travel to Mecklenburg-Schwerin. Hot-headed individuals should migrate to

Iceland and Chili. Married folks should content themselves in the United States.

Dressmakers might find it profitable to locate in the Basque provinces.—H. J. Shell-man in The Judge.

Brevities.

A minister made an interminable call upon a lady of his acquaintance. Her little daughter, who was present, grew weary of his conversation, and whispered in an audible key: "Don't he bring his amen with him, mamma?" -San Francisco Call.

A farmer sent \$1 for a lightning potato bug killer, which he saw advertised in a paper, and received by return mail two blocks of wood, with directions printed on as follows: "Take this block, which is No. 1, in the right hand, place the bug on No. 2, and press them together. Remove the bug, and proceed as before."-Hudson (N. Y.) Register.

Piton, late private in the marines, who has recently returned from Tonquin with a wooden leg, called the other day on his friend Guibollard, who exclaimed with his wonted fervor: Brave warriers, thanks to you France has now one foot in the remote east-" "Right you are," replied Piton, "'twas I who left it there."—Vie Parisienne.

The girls will be pleased with a uniform marriage law if the uniform is pretty and there is a man in it.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

A coal stove is a cast iron paradox. It wont burn unless you put it up, and then it wont burn unless you shake it down .- Dansville Breeze.

Fashion has many times decided to sit down on the bustle, but it still holds its own, and is bigger than over. Now Orleans Picayune.

Now that the oleomargarine has been shelved we propose to start a crusade against oleomilkerine.—Ban Francisco Alta. It is very mortifying for a young man to

ask for a girl's hand and receive her father's foot. - Lowell Citizen. After all it may turn out that the only

honest butter is the goat. - New Age. A phrenologist says that fulness under the denotes language. The phrenologist must have run across a man who told some-

body else he lied. - Drake's Magazine. "Brown as a berry" is an alliterative chestnut that should be shelved. Berries are not brown, but red.-East End Bulletin. This is especially true of black berries .- Pittsburg

Dispatch.

Some men are born hogs, some achieve hoggishness, and some never learn to chew tobacco at all.—Dansville Breeze.

Our Yankee friends could not capture Charleston during the wer, but they have done it now. It is a city that had to be shaken before taken.—Maron Telegraph.

EVOLUTION OF THE BEAU.

-St. Paul Herald.

chief.

Jottings from Life. The outcome of the Geronimo matter will probably be the hanging of Gen. Miles and the reduction to the ranks of the Apache

ANXIOUS ABOUT HIS PARENT. Call boy (to old gentleman in green room)-Mlle. De Perchong desires me to assure you that she will be down as soon as she recovers from her fatigue and changes her clothes

Old gentleman-Here, hold on; I say, there isn't anything serious the matter with mother. is there! A BALL ROOM PANORAMA,

With Portraits of the Maidens One is Apt to Jostle There.



But beware the maid of When you see her, For she's ever light-tai And you'll find if yc. She'll discourse in acc On the Whichness of Indeed you'll be in con: And you'll be both cold On the verge of desper _____ When she asks, as like If you'll give a dissertat

On the Whenness of th Under guidiance parental, You will see at any ball. Maidens grave and sentimental

Who fond suitors would enthrail, And in manner tran-scendental They will sigh with one and all; They will talk to you

for hours On the beauties of a star. Lisping praises of the

flowers. On the moon we see afar, And of sylvan dells and bowers,

where you are. There's the rich old daughter-

She's too wealthy to be sold-But, though many men have sought her. Still her hand she does withhold, For she must, her mother's taught her, Buy a title with her gold. She may smile when you address her,

If of lords there is a dearth.



press her
With your honesty
and worth,
For she'll think you an agressor If you're not of noble birth.

Then there's she who's sweet and pretty, Who is stately, fair Who is clever, who is

the ball: But she's poor, and that's the pity, For 'tis wealth does her enthrail. But

A florist says that "ent tails boiled for ten A florist says that "ent tails belied for ten minutes won't drop off." A cat would probably profer to go through 15% without a tail to be been through 15% without a tail formulator inducing size of What's the matters.—Portisconn Hernal.

-AT-J. F. BRONSON.

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A correspondent asks: "Is it wrong to cheat a hawver?" First cheat the lawyer, and then we will answer the commandam.—Providence Telegraph.

"It is a cold day when there are no Indians on the warpant," says an elecanage. True, they always ancreaded in the fall—Consider World.

Archibald Perbes has not time different hims and queens but when he wafts up to a rest of the day that he contains the more than those of may he have larger for a more than those of may he have larger gazet on the contains but not so as a wafter gazet on the contains the more of a wafter for design and Walls. A western editor in referring to an estimate contains for converse in Walls and the contains the more of a wall have a contained with the chetal for a c with luxuriant smoking rooms, and the

ther has most than the continuity larger than the continuity of a brided States contour.—Detroit Free Press.

Gen. Guitar is running for congress in Missouri, and Fid flor Taylor is after the governor's chair in Tennessee. We trust that Covernor Drum will step forward, if his whole nature is absorbed in one homogeneous must simplify and let us have concert of netion.—Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

There is said to be a volume in New Zenhaud that sliegs out mud. All it needs is an efficient of the point of the control of the control

A Sure Cure-