

**Dog Tailors in Paris.**

In Paris the most fashionable of the "dog tailors" has a store in the Palais Royal, where he keeps an immense stock of apparel for dogs only. There are on the shelves overcoats for summer and winter, rain coats and dusters, traveling coats, fur coats, suits for "at homes" and with pockets to admit of handkerchiefs and railroad tickets, for such must be purchased in France if the dog is taken along in the car. The great novelty of this season is underwear and linen for dogs. Shirts are made of batiste for healthy dogs, and of surah silk or wool for dogs suffering from nervous diseases or subject to colds; these shirts are embroidered with the monogram of the dog and that of the owner. The handkerchief, which is not so much used for the nose as to wipe the eyes of the canine, bears the name of the dog embroidered in one corner. After many unsuccessful attempts, it has at last been possible to make shoes for dogs, which are made of soft rubber and fit the feet of the dog as a glove would a lady's hand. It appears that the stores where the fashionable necessities for dogs are sold do an excellent business. These articles are naturally purchased by wealthy people only, and they don't care how much they spend upon their pets. One of these "Tailleurs pour chiens" stated that, for the wedding of the daughter of a foreign diplomat, special suits were made for the dogs, to imitate the livery of the respective ambassadors' servants; a wealthy banker, whose daughter married recently, had dressed up the two pet dogs of the family in white silk, and during the civil ceremony these dogs were drawn up in line with the bridesmaids.—*Paris Letter.*

**Tall Stories About Giants.**

There are no books in the world that are equal to the two Talmuds as far as outlandish stories of fiction and preposterous superstition and tradition are concerned. According to the Talmudic writers, the early giants, those which lived before the flood, and which were giants indeed, as compared with the so-called colossal specimens of the human family which lived just before the deluge, were the children of angels and the daughters of men, concerning whom there is an account given in Genesis.

Og was the hero of the Talmudic romances. They say that he was over six miles in height, and that he "drank water from the clouds and toasted fish by holding them near the blazing rays of the sun." Og was a contemporary of Noah, and often visited the old gentleman while the latter was engaged in the famous ark building experiment. Finally the giant incurred Noah's displeasure, and the upshot of the whole affair was that when the ark slipped her moorings after the flood had been raging for several days, the man of great stature was flatly refused a berth. After the flood was over and the waters had subsided Noah is said to have been greatly chagrined by meeting Og, who was quietly strolling about as though nothing had happened. He had actually survived the deluge (so the Rabbis say) by wading the water, which only came to his armpits.—*St. Louis Republic.*

**Benefits of Cycling.**

The bicycle, which is made responsible for all kinds of things, good, bad and indifferent, is now charged with having enslaved, at a low calculation, 500,000 males who were formerly addicted to the smoking habit, and who have now abandoned it because it is difficult to ride and smoke at the same time. There is, of course, a corresponding loss to the tobacco trade. The journal argues that if these 500,000 males of the bike craze have weaned themselves from smoking only two cigars less a day—and this is a moderate consumption—then the consumption of cigars is decreasing at the rate of 700,000,000 in a year. These figures may be exaggerated, but there is nevertheless a perceptible decrease in tobacco consumption, and it is no discredit to the wheel that in that direction it is encouraging economy. It has also assisted the cause of temperance by diminishing the consumption of intoxicants. The rider is obliged to keep a cool head, and cannot, therefore, drink much; the amusement, moreover, is so healthful that, instead of creating a desire for artificial stimulants, it inclines the rider to innocent draughts, and, best of all, to fresh and cool water.

A reformed burglar, who has no further use for the knowledge himself, says there are three things a burglar dreads. One is a baby, the second is a little dog that sleeps with his eyes open and barks if a needle falls, and the third is a newspaper, which almost always crackles when a foot touches it. Unless a burglar is so desperate that he will risk his life, he will leave the moment he strikes a house strewn with newspapers.

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Court Phoenix No. 182. Meet on the last Monday of each month, in the True Blue hall in McArthur's Block.  
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HERBERT SANDFORD, R. S.

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P. C. BURGESS, Leader.  
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**Hunkinson's Mail.**

THE POSTMISTRESS OF BEAUTIFUL SHORE VISITS CHICAGO ON BUSINESS.

Assistant Postmaster Hubbard was sitting in his private office when a gaunt woman of uncertain age was shown in, says the Chicago Record.

"I come to see about it," she said, as she took a seat.  
"Yes, madam; about what?"  
"That letter."

"I guess I don't quite understand you," the postmaster observed, looking about uneasily to see if there was any chance of the visitor having a bomb about her person.

"That letter of Bill Hunkinson's, you know. Bill Hunkinson, of Beautiful Shore, Neb."

"You will have to be more explicit, madam," said the official, with his voice still laden with care and apprehension.

"Oh, I thought you'd remember that, sure. I'm Mrs. Marthy Walters, the Postmistress of Beautiful Shore, and I've come clear in here to see if it was wrong. I don't want to do nothin' wrong, an' I don't feel quite easy. You see, Bill Hunkinson was sent to the penitentiary for rustlin' four 'flyin' W' cattle off the G. I. C. range. They talked of hangin' him, but there wasn't any tree in the country."

"Yes?"  
"Well, Grothers, the feller on the next claim to mine, had been worryin' me half to death wantin' me to marry him. Usset to come around and sing just outside my sod house where I had the post-office on the Beautiful Shore road. Sung fearful, too. Usset to git drunk on reservation whisky an' swear he'd kill himself if I wouldn't have him. Acted scandalous, and bein' a worthless man, I couldn't abide him. But that didn't make him any the easier in his conduct. Made him worse. Well, after Hunkinson went down to Lincoln to stay inside, this here letter came. It came from Chicago. You remember it?"

"No, I don't, I assure you."  
"Last April?"

"I cannot recall it."  
"Well, mebbe you have more than we do at Beautiful Shore. At any rate, when it come Grothers was at his drunkest and affectionatest. I hated to see the letter go to waste, so I called him in an' give it to him. Told him it was his'n. I knew he couldn't read, an' he made me read it for him. I told him it said his lost grandfather had just died in Chicago an' left him \$4,000,000 an' wanted him to come right on east an' prove it. He riz up an' declared in baughty pride that he was now done with me forever an' was glad he hadn't married under his station. Sold out his claim an' critters and next day left for Chicago. What has bothered me all this time is, was it all right? The letter couldn't done Hunkinson no good anyway, for it was only an advertisement for a new kind of overalls made by some Chicago feller. Was I justified, or is a Government man comin' out there to make trouble? It worried me till I allowed I'd come in here and ask you."

"I think it will be all right," Mr. Hubbard replied.

"Much obliged. I don't see how it could hurt anybody, if you're satisfied. Grothers was a dreadful displeasin' man."

**He Wanted It Sent.**

The old man with long chin whiskers laboriously wrote out his telegram and handed it to the receiving clerk.

"Will that go right away?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," replied the clerk, as he counted the words and laid the telegram on the operator's desk. "Twenty-five cents, please."

The old man paid the money, but still hung around the office, and every few minutes he drifted to the window and glanced in the direction of the operator.

"Say," he said at last, "when are you goin' to send that there telegram?"

"It's been sent," replied the clerk.

"You're a liar," retorted the old man, hotly. "You think you can fool me 'cause I'm from the country, but I've got eyes, an' I kin use them. That telegram's lyin' on the desk over there yet, an' the feller you give it to ain't done nothin' but jest read it an' play on that there ticker. I want it sent to the feller whose name is writ on it, an' durn quick, too."—*Chicago Post.*

**Nye's Favorite Story.**

Bill Nye's pet story was the one as to how he was charged \$4 for a sandwich in a village in New Jersey. He told the man who sold it that it was a high price for a sandwich, and said that he had frequently gotten a ten course dinner with four kinds of wine for just making a speech, and finally asked the man why he charged \$4 for a ham sandwich.

"Well, I'll tell you," said the sandwich man, "the fact is, by gad, I need the money."