

SAVED BY AN OUTLAW.

A thrilling adventure with a wild bull.

Mr. Charles Davidson, a well-known stock raiser of Toledo, Texas, reports a singular and wild bull adventure which befell him in the valley of the Franklin mountains, lying north of his place.

Mr. Davidson owned a ranch owned by a man named Blake, about twenty miles from his place, for the purpose of looking at a lot of imported sheep he had for sale, and was returning when I met a Mexican with a broken arm hobbling along the road, who told me that a bull had charged him the day before and flung him into a water hole, breaking his arm and bruising him severely.

The Mexican warned me that the one he had been attacked by was, doubtless, still in the neighborhood, and that it would stand in the water hole to keep a look out for him.

There was nothing for it but to follow the horses on foot, so off I put in as bad a gallop as you can imagine, for I was already fatigued by my long ride, and a tramp of thirty miles was anything but inviting.

charge he seemed to catch him by the horns. There was a struggle, a cloud of dust, a stamping like two strong men wrestling.

A NOVEL INVENTION.

Hereafter You May Carry Your Own Typewriter in Your Pocket.

A pocket typewriter is shortly to be offered to the British public. Typewriting instruments now in the market are of considerable size and weight—at least a person could scarcely think of carrying one about with him regularly.

Marriage Unpopular in England.

The unpopularity of marriage continues unabated, and last year was the first in recent times in which, while the price of wheat fell, the marriage rate remained stationary.

Septuagenarian Monarchs.

We live in an age of old monarchs, grand or otherwise, as well as of old statesmen. A throne in our century seems to give its possessor a fair prospect of longevity.

A Patriotic Scot.

Walter Scott tells the story of a blacksmith in the south of Scotland who disappeared from the range of vision of the great novelist and was found afterward practicing medicine in an English city.

GRAIN AND SHEET. 373

A Canadian Ghost Story.

About thirteen or fourteen years ago, a gentleman of the name of Grant, living on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, over a hundred and fifty miles below Quebec, was obliged by business to go up to that city, late in October.

The day on which the yacht started out so bravely from the safe little inlet where she had been moored, seemed to all appearance a fine one, and all on board (Mr. Grant the captain, one sailor, and two passengers) expected to cross in about seven or eight hours, for the wind was blowing freshly, quite filling the white sails, and the little boat danced merrily along over the green waves.

Striches That Run Races.

Some time ago a gentleman visited a pen of tame ostriches in Africa. At his call two beautiful birds came up to him. Being desirous of testing their speed he arranged with the keeper that they should run a race.

Stanley to Winter at Cairo.

It is not surprising that Mr. Stanley has decided to winter in Cairo, and will not be seen in London before next spring.

CHAPTER II.

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Well, I suppose she must have been carried right out to sea.

"I suppose so. Since you have finished tea we may as well go to the sitting-room, where there is a good fire, and I think I hear some one there."

"Yes, Mr. Abel, and I was just remarking that it is almost as bad as the storm poor Grant went down in."

"So it is, sir. Just what we were thinking of as we came along; Joe and Bill and me, we came to see about that bit of hauling on the Back River."

"Oh! I'll talk of that to-morrow. Cook here will be glad to see you, eh Cook? But who is at the door?"

"Three or four Indians, sir, who want to see the new store clerk about some provisions."

"Oh, show them in, Cook, by all means. Now, Mr. Abel, here is a chance for some fun. Being a ventriloquist you must amuse us this evening."

"By this time the Indians had entered, and we asked: 'How? Misser Brown, how? How? Is that you, Michael and Jerome? How do you do? Come in! So you have business with our new clerk. Here he is, and by the way, mind you don't vex him, for he is not to be meddled with; let me tell you he can raise spirits if he wants to.'"

"New Misser Brown very funny, Jerome no frightened of new store man? He not raise spirits, no more than Cook there."

"Oh, can't he? Well, if you don't look out here! What do you think, Jacques! Jacques live long time, never yet see man that make spirit come."

"All right at down there and see what he can do."

"Well, really, Mr. Brown," said the ventriloquist, if they want to see a ghost, I have no objection."

"What that do as well, Jerome?"

"When Jerome see the spirit he then believe, but not say it is well. Good man not call demons."

"Silence now, as I think he will come down the chimney," said the ventriloquist. Instantly silence reigned in the room.

The four Indians were as mute and motionless as though cut out of stone, while the other men quietly smoked their pipes and watched to see what was coming.

"Who is there?" asked Mr. Brown.

"Your friend," answered a well known voice recognized by all as Mr. Grant's.

"What do you want?"

"I come because sent for," answered the ventriloquist, making his voice answer from the chimney.

What One Juror Can Do.

At a rough estimate the witnesses' expenses in the Cronin trial were \$5,000, legal expenses \$20,000, stenographers and typewriters \$30,000, and the jury \$8,000, and the total cost not far from \$100,000.

The Patient Died Too.

The doctors who attended the late King of Portugal during the last few weeks of his illness presented bills for their services amounting to nearly \$100,000.

None so Deaf.

It has been noticed that sometimes people who are slightly deaf appear to be able to hear certain sounds better than they are to hear others; and from this the proverb has arisen, 'None so deaf as those who want to hear.'

The story is a well known one of the rich father, who was somewhat deaf, and who was asked one day by his scapegrace son, 'Father, will you give me fifty dollars?'

'What?' said the father, putting his hand to his ear.

'Will you give me a hundred dollars?' shouted the young man.

'Hold on!' said the father, 'I heard you well enough the first time.'

A somewhat similar story is told of Sir Richard Steele, who, when he was preparing a room in York Buildings, London, for public orations, happened to be a good deal behind in his payments to his workmen.

Coming one day into the hall to see what progress was made, Steele ordered the carpenter to get into the rostrum and make a speech, in order to observe how it would be heard.

The carpenter mounted the stage, and, scratching his head, told Sir Richard that he did not know what to say.

'I'm no orator, sir,' he said.

'Oh, no matter,' said Steele, 'say the first thing that comes uppermost in your head.'

'Why, then, Sir Richard,' said the man, 'here we have been working for your honor these six months, and cannot get a penny of our money. Pray, sir, when do you intend to—'

'That will do—that will do!' said Steele, 'You may come down. I heard you quite distinctly, but I didn't like your subject.'

How Things Go in Life.

McFingle—Do you know that seedy-looking individual over there?

McFangle—Yes. He's the inventor of the most wonderful and useful engines in the world.

'Indeed! And who is that handsomely dressed, prosperous-looking man to whom he is talking?'

'Oh, he invented an oil can to use on the engine invented by the other.'

The Farmer Knew Better.

'What is that?' asked the farmer of the musician, pointing to his tuning instrument.

'That is a pitchfork,' was the reply.

'You must take me for a jay,' commented the farmer, as he took departure.

One More Score.

The Czar—Great Peter I all is indeed lostworth! Who fired that bombvitch? General, the Count Skippoff—Peace, sire.

It was his imperial highness the emperor of Germany kissing his imperial highness the emperor of Austria on the other side of the train.—[Pack,

Not That Time.

'Did you—did you ever—?' he began as he leaned across the aisle of the street car.

'Did you ever—?' The other lifted the hammer of his shooting iron.

'Did you ever have the quincy?'

'Ah! I thought you were going to speak of the weather,' sighed the gunner, as he returned his weapon to its place.

Memory Doctor Wanted.

Caller—"Are you the memory doctor?"

Professor—"I am a professor of the science of—"

"Yes, I know; you fix up memories."

"In common parlance, yes."

"That's what I heard. Well I want my memory doctored."

"That is very easily done. All you have to do is to adopt my system and in a little while you will get so that you can remember anything at all."

"That isn't what I want. I want my memory fixed so I can't remember anything. I have been called as a witness in a hoodlum trial."—[New York Weekly.

Heroic Treatment.

Customer (in drug store)—Give me about ten grains of quinine in four ounces of whiskey. My physician says if I don't take plenty of quinine I'm a dead man.

Clerk—Sorry, sir, but we've all out of quinine; there's a carload on the way.

Customer—I a pose there is, but it doesn't do me any good. Well, give eight ounces of whiskey then, I've got to do something for this terrible m-

A Little Too Previous.

A good story is going the rounds about a certain married man. He got up one morning in a terrible hurry, rushed around frantically, built a fire, decided that he wouldn't have time to wait for breakfast, had his wife make him a cup of coffee—all he could do was to get the coffee, but he forgot to get the sugar, and the coffee, when he drank it, was as good as nothing.

Overcast, said "good morning" to his wife, looked at the clock, found it was 2.30 a. m., and went back to bed.