

MARK TWAIN GOES FISHING.

Some of His Friends Play a Very Mean Joke on Him.

Away back in the '60's, when Mark Twain resided in San Francisco, and was the regular correspondent of a Nevada paper, he was a character among the Bohemians...

THE PARTY CONSISTED.

of Mark Twain. O. P. Sutton, formerly secretary of the Pacific Bank; General John McComb, then editor of the "Alta"; a prominent San Francisco judge, now deceased; Alexander Badlam, and Fulton Berry.

TRAILED TOWARD THE SEA.

When unnoticed, Badlam attached the large red rook cod to his line, and, apprising the others of the fact, pulled him to the surface amid great excitement.

After the lines had trolled under the steamboat Berry removed the bait from his hook, and on the opposite side trailed and caught Mark Twain's line.

Mistakes of all kinds should be avoided as far as possible, and there may be a careless really culpable which gives rise to them.

A well-known philanthropist in New York, whose time was given to the help of the criminal and pauper classes, had upon his library table a Turkish figure of a laughing donkey.

DRIVEN INTO MATRIMONY.

A Boy Whose Father Thrashed Him with a Lady of Mature Years.

Louis Jelp is a stout 17-year-old boy, living in Anderson county, Ky. One day he was ploughing on his father's farm near Lawrenceburg.

After the whipping, very young Jelp, sore both in body and mind, went to the next farm, occupied by Miss Higgins, a lady with a red head and forty-one years to her credit.

The British divorce returns for thirty years, ending in 1887, show that there were 10,561 petitions for divorce or dissolution of marriage, of which 7,321 were successful.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

You must not be ashamed to ask what you do not know.

It is not what we intend, but what we do that makes us useful.

Happiness is a roadside flower growing on the highways of usefulness.

It is a good thing to be able to let go the less for the sake of the greater.

Temperance is a tree that has contentment for its root and peace for its fruit.

Do not love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.

A promise is a just debt, which should always be paid, for honor and honesty are its security.

Beware of the man who is always suspicious of everybody else's motives.

If you wish to live the life of a human being and not of a fungus, be social, be brotherly, be charitable, be sympathetic, and labor earnestly for the good of your kind.

Beautiful souls often get put into plain bodies; but they cannot be hidden, and have a power all their own, the greater for the unconsciousness or the humility which gives it grace.

There is nothing so delightful as the hearing or the speaking of the truth.

The history of the world teaches us no lesson with more impressive solemnity than this: that the only safeguard of a great intellect is a pure heart.

The best thing to give to your enemy is forgiveness; to your opponent tolerance; to a friend your heart; to your child a good example; to a father deference; to your mother conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself respect; to all men charity.

Mistakes of all kinds should be avoided as far as possible, and there may be a careless really culpable which gives rise to them.

There is a dew in one flower, and not in another, because one opens its cup and takes it, while the other closes itself and the drop runs off.

A Southern woman, lately visiting her friends in New England, exclaimed one day, "This is the best year of my life!

Why do you keep that absurd figure there?" a friend asked him.

Simply to remind me that the gravest subject has its cheerful, laughable side," he answered.

Many a Canadian needs to be daily reminded in some way that life has its amusing, happy side.

We are a nervous, anxious people, and many of us have inherited from our ancestors a belief that amusements and mirth are sinful.

The man who will not yield to disaster and disease, who makes the best of his poverty, who finds something to laugh at in all his misfortunes, will not only draw more friends to his side than his melancholy brother, but actually live longer.

Colonel Sellers had found the true philosophy of life when he lighted a candle in his empty stove.

The man whose religion makes him gloomy, austere and hopeless falsifies Christ's teaching.

In everything give thanks," cried the apostle, after he had been scourged night unto death; and again, having fought with beasts at Ephesus, he calls for his prison-cell to the weak and unhappy in all ages.

During the recent Presidential election in the United States an Albany manufacturer had printed on all the envelopes in which his workmen received their wages the following inscription:— "The one issue of this campaign: Shall American goods and products, or English goods and products, stock our home markets? Shall American wages or English wages be paid to our workmen and working women?"

At length the top of the mountain is reached, and what a sight bursts upon you.

The Wilds of Mexico.

In the wilds of Mexico! That sounds pretty strong, doesn't it? Well, when you are where, in all probability, no white man has ever been before, I do not think the expression at all out of the way.

Leaving the city of Mexico, you travel southeasterly for about 200 miles, passing numerous small Indian villages, which seem to consist mainly of naked children and dogs, and reach the city of Huamantla.

Now mount your horse and come with me. We leave Huamantla behind us and ride forward toward what seems to be a solid wall of mountains; the road is fair, that is after you have been over some others in this country, and you ride forward.

THROUGH A LOVELY VALLEY.

filled with fruit trees and flowers; the air is invigorating at this time of the year, your horse knows he is going home, and you swing along at a good pace, knowing that the following day your road will be but a cowpath over the mountains and you must make your 35 miles to-day or you will not reach the mine upon the following.

Small mountain streams are crossed, many little Indian huts are passed, and far ahead of you appears a tiny moving speck. You know what it is as nearer, and nearer you approach each other, until finally you perceive an Indian, with his knapsack tightly fastened to his shoulders, swing along at his running walk.

The sun now becomes intensely hot, for it is nearing noon, and about that hour you reach a small Indian hut, where you halt for dinner.

A harsh voice shrieking into your ear the single word "Ya!" That means ready; so you rouse yourself, eat your eggs and bread, drink your black coffee, light a cigarette, frown at the woman, and doze again.

It seems you have not been asleep five minutes when your servant wakes you and you find the horse reared saddled, pay the virago 12 cents, mount, and off again.

After a hearty supper, the main point of which is a bountiful supply and a stout, jolly old Indian woman to serve it.

with the master of the house, and a cheery "¡buenas noches, you roll yourself in your blanket, and are soon asleep.

Admiral Kimberley in his official report to Washington on the Samoan disaster, refers thus to the British warship Calliope:

The Calliope steamed into the harbor this morning, showing signs of having experienced heavy weather. She goes to Sydney as soon as possible for repairs, and, through the kindness of Captain Kane, her diving outfit has been turned over to us, and it will be of greatest assistance in saving stores.

The Calliope was under way, and I commend his services to the department, and trust that they will be regarded as worthy of recognition.

The Carr of Russia is said to be learning to play the cornet, and it is cruelly suggested that the nihilists will now have a good and sufficient reason for endeavoring to kill him.

Sympathized with Nature.—Granger—"Doc, thar mas be suthin' left whar ye pulled that tooth for me last week.

"Nothing here, sir, but a vacuum."

"How big is it?" "Why, about the size of a tooth, of course."

I knowed suthin' was wrong, an' I heard that nacker obhors a vakeyrum, an' I dinged if I blame'er, if he ever got one stuck inter or jaw."

Below you, for mile upon mile, stretches an immense valley, and you follow the course of winding streams as they thread their way in and out along the base of huge plateaus and embry mountains that rise here and there upon every side.

HE MADE THE BEAR DANCE.

A Farmer Paid Five Cents to See the Feast, and He was Bound to Get His Money's Worth.

As a farmer was driving with his wife on the outskirts of Kingston, N. Y. he came upon a Turk leading a tame bear.

The bear, thus encouraged, "went for" the farmer, who soon made his fingers almost meet around the bear's windpipe.

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"James, I wish you wouldn't be so foolish."

"I can't help it, Marier," said the farmer: "I wasn't brought up in the woods to be scared by owls."

She Broke Him Up.

"Oh, George, this is terrible. It will break my heart."

"I shall never get over it."

"You have no witness to prove that we ever were engaged."

"No, little one. I'm sorry, but you should have looked out for that."

"Good-bye. You'll kiss me for the last time!"

"Yes, George."

"Now, since all is over between us, I want to ask you one question."

"Certainly, dear."

"No; I do not. It is hard to realize, but what was the question you wanted to ask?"

"What is it?"

"A photograph. Thunder! Is it in good order?"

"And has been every night I have been here?"

"Indeed it has, darling. Do you want me to turn the crank just for fun?"

"No, indeed. You have turned 'him up, sotte voce." "But what a funny girl you are, to think I meant what I said; just now to tease you. I was only joking. I'm not engaged to Isabel, and we will get married as soon as you like."

"How nice! You are such a dear (kiss), sweet (kiss), good (kiss), honorable darling. I never doubted you."

"Of course not. Good-night, darling. I will see you to-morrow night. And our wedding!"

"Next week. Good-night, precious."

"To-morrow night."

"And now," she said to herself as she heard the gate close behind her, "I must not let him find out that that photograph is out of order and doesn't record a thing, until after the wedding. It broke me all up when I found it out the other day; but I reckon his darling little Mollie got there with both feet to-night."

The pension authorities of the United States have decided that a soldier, drowned while bathing in the performance of his duty, and that his relatives are entitled to a pension.

Two Vassar girls, Ella S. Leonard and Caroline G. Lingle, went to Atlantic Highlands in New York State, bought out a sickly newspaper from a man, revived it and are now doing a flourishing business.

A carriage model for a graceful figure has short, sharply pointed fenders, the back with long, narrow "Directoire" coat-tails, which reach to the very edge of the dress skirt.

The water supply of Egypt is brought a distance of over two thousand miles by the Nile, but the equatorial rains appear to have been scanty and the usual inundation has not occurred.

The rejection of prohibition in Massachusetts was expected. The State had tried prohibition before, and was not satisfied but of late years the liquor law is probably more stringent than that of any non-prohibition State in the Union.

In a letter to the Buffalo Express Capt. Hoffman, U. S. A., now stationed at Fort Niagara, says that the desertions from the United States army number 3,000 annually.

Trusts appear to have as many lives as cats. When Judge Barnett, of New York, delivered a judgment some time ago that one of the big sugar refining companies in the United States had forfeited its charter through having become a member of the Sugar Trust.

Along the west side of Lake Michigan during a rainstorm last week, clothes hung up to dry were spoiled and stained by ashes.

A recent decision of the English courts carries the law of libel to the extreme, both of absurdity and injustice.

The manager of the International Exposition at Buffalo has secured a novel attraction.

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