

THE SHEAF OF RICHEST GRAIN.

He saw the ripe wheat waiting. All golden in the sun... And strong and stalwart reapers went by him, one by one...

FRONTIER LIFE.

Seven years since, when I was quite a young man and gray in silvering my hair—I had occasion to visit the far West in government employ...

Such a one was Jack Dunlaw. Jack's headquarters were at the station on the Overland Mail route, where he was located for a few weeks...

For many years he had been recognized as the leading spirit in that vicinity, and from that position he grew independent of all restraint...

The keeper of the station, Frank Russell, was a medium-sized man, some forty years of age, who had recently come to the place, bringing with him a family, consisting of one daughter, his wife, and a young man who had been in his employ several years...

As she broke from his grasp and escaped at length, he turned to the bar again, and with some beaming remarks, threw down a coin and sauntered out...

There were half-dozen volunteers, and the details were speedily arranged. Three shots were to be allowed, at one hundred and fifty paces, and the winner should make the shortest string, starting from the center of

WANT BURIED TREASURE

Story of a Herder Who Saw Three Men Conceal Gold and Jewelry—Misfortune or Death Has Been Sought for the Prize.

A local attorney departed for San Francisco, says the Los Angeles Times to further the search for the alleged buried fortune in the foothills. If his arrangements come to a successful issue, every foot of the Cahuenga pass will have a thorough inspection...

Stephen stepped to the spot where the coveted prize lay. Then turning again to the discomfited bullock who had now risen to his feet, he thus addressed him:—

Jack Dunlaw, I am not done with you yet. A few days ago you brutally insulted Cora Russell. I could have done it if I had not pitied you. Now you can take your choice—go, and on your knees ask pardon, and then quit this place forever, or die where you stand!

Report has it that the man found in the cache one package of American gold coin and two others containing watches and fine jewelry, among them some good sized diamonds. Otero scarcely knew whether to announce his great find or not; but he finally buried it again in another section of the canyon.

When Otero departed from the dairy ranch his mule carried in its pack the treasure from the canyon, and he had decided to return to his old home in Mexico. He was a great favorite with his employer, and the latter insisted that he remain at least several months longer.

The herder was so frightened at the position in which he found himself that he decided the best thing he could do was to leave the country, so he announced to his employer that he had decided to return to his old home in Mexico.

When Otero's arrival in Los Angeles he stayed at the hacienda of Jesus Martinez, whose home was on what is now Washington street.

After Otero's arrival in Los Angeles he stayed at the hacienda of Jesus Martinez, whose home was on what is now Washington street. The first thing Otero did in this city was to attend a lively Spanish fandango, where he overexerted himself, and the next day he fell ill of pneumonia.

Some enthusiastic Dundee (Scotland) anglers are about to convert a morass near the town into an artificial loch thirty-five acres in extent, so as to have Loch Leven trout near at home.

An investigation of the Obi and Yenets rivers, made under the auspices of the Russian government, has revealed the fact that these streams are navigable by ocean steamers to a distance of one thousand miles from their mouths.

A Chelsea (England) hospital is mourning the loss of a bequest of \$6000 through a legal informality. The testator signed his will in his bedroom, and the witnesses thoughtlessly carried it into another room before signing it, thus making the document invalid.

At a place called the Pines on the Sao river, a dog has taken the place of the father of a fox family. The old fox was killed last fall, leaving a widow and four little foxes, and lately a spangled dog, owned by Henry Cove, has crept acquaintance with Mamma Fox and her young ones, and may be seen daily frolicking with them.

The first January newspaper published in 1823.

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE ENTITLED, "IMITATORS OF GOD."

The Rev. Dr. John Reid answers the question, "What is the meaning of the text, 'Be ye therefore followers of God, as dear children?'"

It is in the nature of things, acquired truth is the result of work done, the issue of a battle which has been won. In other words, truth has to be earned before it can be maintained. But in the case of what we call knowledge, it is not so.

MURDEROUS CATS.

They Kill Thousands of Birds Every Year.

It is with great pleasure that I see in different magazines and journals how many people are trying to protect the birds, especially the bluebirds and wrens.

Yet from the beginning to end this whole criticism that Christianity is narrow in its spirit and contracting in its effects moves on a misconception. Human life can never be a mere preparation for a life to come, but it is a life in itself, a life in the present.

God Dominates All.

As the mountain of Fujiyama dominates the landscape, so the God of the Bible dominates the world.

This is the reply we Christians make to those who say that our religion is a mere superstition, and that it is a mere preparation for a life to come.

An Impressive Spectacle.

When you stop to consider what the church of God is, you are struck with the magnitude of the spectacle of hundreds of thousands of souls worshipping the God of the Bible.

Lead a Simple Life.

Be content to lead a simple life where God has placed you. Be obedient to your parents, to the Lord, and to the laws of the land.

A FINE FLAVORING.

Orange rinds in their fresh state make a fine flavoring. A good extract is prepared by boiling the yellow rind of a Mediterranean orange in water.

By Telephone Across the Continent.

Long distance telephone connection has at last been made from Chicago, Ill., via Kansas City, Mo., Denver, Colo., Ogden, Utah, and Butte, Mont., with Portland, Ore., and the only thing now to prevent a man in Boston, Mass., from talking to a friend on the Pacific coast is the fact that at present the electric current will carry the human voice clearly only about a thousand miles.

Princess Hohenzollern.

Princess Hohenzollern, who has been touring in the Rocky mountains, says she is compelled to admit that the scenery does not exist in any other part of the world.

CHUG, CHUG, CHUG, TOOT, TOOT!

Half a thousand devil cars comin' down the Pines on Sao river, comin' from the west, and every fellow sure that he's in front of all the rest.

ST FOR FUN

"Divorces are multiplying." "That's odd. I thought that their function was to divide."—Town Topics.

Downton—How did Dickens, the rich architect, become so poor? Nilton—He built a house for himself.—New York Weekly.

The Lady—That isn't the same story you told me before. The Beggar—No, lady; you didn't believe the other one.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

"A woman," remarked the bachelor boarder, "always reminds me of an egg." "The answer?" "You can never tell her age by her looks."—Chicago News.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is a man whose wife is dead? Pa—A widower, my son. Little Willie—And if he marries again he's a widower, isn't he, pa?

Artist—This mermaid is my masterpiece. Mrs. Gushly—Dear me! How did you ever get a model to pose in the water all that time without moving?—Detroit Free Press.

The Bridegroom—You said you were to give me a grand present on our wedding day. How about it? His Father-in-Law—Didn't I give you my daughter?—Philadelphia Press.

Hicks—Sussex seems to be in a highly prosperous condition, and yet you find no one who is only going on from hand to mouth. Wicks—That's right. He's a dentist, you know.—Boston Transcript.

"Smithers says he lights one cigar from another, now, he smokes so much." "I don't wonder, considering the kind of cigars he smokes." "Why?" "Matches would cost more."—Modern Society.

"A man who is addicted to the tobacco habit," remarked the moralizer, "will do anything for a smoke." "Yes," rejoined the demoralizer, "he will travel in a smoke-train."—Chicago Daily News.

Tess—What's the celebration at Boss's house this evening? Jess—She's keeping her birthday. Tess—Well, it will be a great success if she only keeps it as well as she keeps the date of her birth.—Philadelphia Press.

Brown—Green sent a dollar to a man who advertised a method for beating the slot machines. Smith—Did he get the information? Brown—Yes; he received a card on which was printed, "Keep your money in your pocket."—Chicago Daily News.

"These hot flashes through my head," remarked the pepper box, "are simply awful." "You have my sympathy," rejoined the salt cellar, "in not feeling very fresh myself." And so said the vinegar crust, "have a sour stomach, as usual."

"Did you tell my wife that I had made my will and left all my property to her?" asked the sick man. "No," replied the lawyer. "What did she say?" "Inquired the invalid. "Oh," answered the legal adviser, "she glanced in the mirror and asked if I thought she would look well in black."

Question of Provincialism. A senator of Missouri tells me the reply made by a Kansas City man, who was visiting New York city, to a man somewhat disposed to patronize the westerner. Said the latter: "We're all alike here. It's a fine state, and I like the people. There's only one fault in the inhabitants, and that is they are too provincial."

At this the Missouri man became very angry. "Let me tell you one thing!" he shouted. "Missourians may be provincial in some things, but in one, at least, they're far less provincial than are the people of New York."

"Indeed," queried the New Yorker, "in what?" "In the way we speak," replied the Missouri man. "No one in New York knows much about Missouri; but every one in Missouri knows all about New York."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Young man was wondering a large cart to deliver some goods at a land cart on the outskirts of Malling. He met a local magnate, who said, "Where are you going?" "Young Man: To the house, sir." "The Magnate: Do you know who I am?" "Yes, sir."

"Why don't you touch your hat to me?" "I will, if you don't take care of the handle of my hammer."—Spokane Daily Chronicle.

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