

VOLUME XX.

EXPRESS MESSENGER'S STORY. By MARO O. ROLFE.

About eight years ago, when I had not railroaded as long as I have now, I was employed as messenger on a western railway...

had more leisure, an insupportable wish took possession of me to look at the faces of the two dead men. I wasn't more morbidly curious, and I can't describe it in any way better than to say it was a sort of a vague desire which I could not quit without satisfying it.

PRESIDENTS BEAR HUNT ROOSEVELT WRITES THRILLING NARRATIVE OF COLORADO OUTING.

The "Killing of the Big Bear," Once of His Most Exciting Feats is Described by Him in Most Graphic Language—Intimate Knowledge of Brains is Shown.

THE PULPIT.

AN ELOQUENT SUNDAY SERMON BY THE REV. JOHN DOUGLAS ADAM. Subject: Moral Lamehood.

JUST FOR FUN.

Why, my dear, why? Why, my dear, why? Why, my dear, why? Why, my dear, why?

MARKS SCENE OF FATAL ACCIDENT TO ENGLISH EARL.

Monuments there are to commemorate all kinds of sentiments from those of the most splendid and beautiful, to those of the simplest and humblest, from the glorious Taj Mahal of India, to the alms of shingle placed by a little child in its garden, to commemorate the loss of some little pet.

COUGHED UP TWO.

After suffering for two weeks with influenza, Mrs. Bridget Mangan coughed up a frog from her throat, and she recovered in a few days.

Well, you may suppose that I felt just the least bit squeamish about accepting such an unwholesome berth; but the superintendent gave me my orders, and I always some time with duty, however disagreeable it might be. Then the pay was larger than I had ever received before; and as I was acquainted with a good girl who was ready to help me inhabit a house whenever I should be able to own one, that was quite an object to me. I can assure you.

When I yet gazed at the supposed corpse, the other eye opened a little, and I was sure it was looking at me! I was convinced there was fraud here; but to show that I was not here, but that I had not been here, I was to be as plain as a pike staff.

There was a slight sound at the door. If the depot hadn't been deserted by every one except us two, the switch engine hadn't been up at the head of the yard, where my couldn't bear his incessant puffing, I don't believe we would have heard the sound at all. But we both noticed it at once, and as I looked out of the office into the large room beyond, I saw a man standing just inside the outer door, with his head inclined toward us as if he were trying to overhear our conversation. He saw me at the moment I first noticed him. I knew it from the little start of surprise he gave as his eyes met mine.

"I thought, senator, that you were going to insist on being vindicated before a jury." "I was. But my lawyers have been fortunate enough to find a flaw in the indictment."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"So your first fiancée threw you over!" "Do you think she ever regretted it?" "I'm beginning to think she did. I married immediately, and the never married at all!"—Detroit Free Press.

"I'm thoroughly convinced there's a burglar downstairs." "Well, dear," replied the husband, sleepily, "I hope you don't expect me to have the courage of your convictions."—Philadelphia Ledger.