

SHOOTING DEER FROM TREES.

The Curious Sport Indulged In by the Apple Growers of Arkansas.

In the apple growing regions of Arkansas the natives have a way of deer shooting entirely original with themselves. Deer love apples, and in the vast orchards they go to feed.

Not only do the deer eat the apples, but when the fruit is all gathered they turn their attention to the bark on the young trees and the branches of the old ones.

In the fall, when apples are plentiful, the natives watch for deer signs, and when he locates the trees which the deer frequent he goes to work gathering the fruit, always leaving two or three trees unpecked that bear the favorite apple of the deer.

Generally two or three hunters scatter out about the apple trees that are left full fruited to lure the deer to destruction. They climb into the branches of the trees a short distance from the ones that bear the fruit and remain silent and motionless to await the coming of the game.

From a station in a tree I watched one night for an hour and a half, and during all that time deer were in sight, but not close enough to shoot.

At last a splendid buck came upon the opposite side of the trees and began reaching up and picking the apples. Presently a doe put in an appearance. I sat there admiring the pair, waiting for them to move around a little to give me a better shot, when "Bang, bang!" in rapid succession my companion's gun sounded about a hundred yards from where I was stationed.

My companion, however, who had fired the shots was more successful. When I reached him, he had a buck and doe lying beside the apple tree and was just in the act of cutting their throats.

After being finished thousands of them are taken together and matched in shades. There are 50 different shades, corresponding to variations in the coloring of natural teeth.

Artificial Teeth. Inasmuch as real teeth are so easily lost, it is a comfort to know that artificial ones cost only 15 to 25 cents each at the manufacturer's.

The Ashantee Army. The Ashantee army is the male part of the Ashantee nation. Every man who can keep up on the march is obliged to serve, and after an expedition has set out the women scour the streets and almost beat to death any man whom they may discover skulking around.

Professor Edward Opton, an Ohio geologist has been making a careful study of the coal capacity of that state, and in a recent speech before the Ohio Institute of Mining Engineers stated that putting the annual amount at 25,000,000 tons it would take 1,600 years to exhaust Ohio's fields.

PLAYING A TRICK WITH A BANK BILL.

A Man Who Planned a Good Joker on His Boston Friends.

A man walked into a hotel near the Grand Central station early one morning, having just left a train. He ordered and ate a hearty breakfast, and then instead of giving his waiter the money to pay the check he handed the bill to the cashier.

"I wish," he said to the cashier, "that you would pin a slip of paper to this bank bill so that you can identify it and then put it away, please, until I call for it. I'll be back tomorrow."

"Yes," said the other, "I only want to leave it here as security for my breakfast. I'll come back to get it."

"But it's a good bill," said the cashier. "I'll accept it and give you change."

"No," replied the stranger, "I don't want you to do that. I want merely to leave this bank bill in pawn. I want to pledge it. Give me the price of my breakfast on it, and tomorrow I'll redeem it."

"Oh, I see," said the cashier, with a smile, "you want to keep this bill because it has some peculiar value through association. It's a sort of a souvenir, eh?"

"Well, not exactly," was the answer. "You see, I have been over in Boston. I went nearly broke there. When I was coming away, some of my friends insisted on lending me some money. I told them that I should not need it, but they declared I could not pull through. One of them forced \$10 on me."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," I said. "You take down the number and date of this bill. I'm coming to Boston again next week. Now to prove to you that I don't need this \$10 I'll bet you that I'll bring the same bill back with me. I'll bet a dinner for us all."

GAMBLERS DISLIKE HERRMANN.

His Tricks Are Only Too Well Known to the Green Table Sharps.

"I have had many exciting experiences with card sharps in this country," remarked Herrmann to a reporter. "In the early days the west was the great stamping ground for gamblers, and frequently I have had them invite me into a game on the train.

"No one dared to approach the woman to bear her to a place of safety; neither was there a gun or pistol handy with which to kill the beast. All at once the lion turned his gaze on the prostrate form of the woman, and with an awful roar reached her side with one bound. The spectators were horrified, expecting the next moment to see the poor woman torn limb from limb.

"That was rather discouraging, of course, to sink a shaft, so the superintendent concluded he would cork up the hole and quit. But he couldn't cork the hole. Iron plugs and braces only seemed to give the water chance to find fresh outlet around the plugs."

When almost in despair, an inspiration came to the unhappy mining man. With an iron bar he poked a big wed of rags down the hole, and on top of that filled the cavity with beans—regular big brown Mexican beans. It worked. The plugs is there yet, and the hole hasn't leaked a drop in 10 years.

Sugar and Preserves. Sugar and preserves were fashionable presents in Queen Bess' time. Every one seemed to have had "a sweet tooth" in those times. The dean and chapter of Salisbury, having a case to be tried before Justice Hale, presented him with six sugar loaves, for which the judge, who was exceptionally scrupulous, insisted on paying.

Close by the sparkling brook, whose silvery waters danced in the sunlight and rippled over the golden soil, they met in silence—George and Laura—drinking in the glorious beauty of the rustic scene and communing with nature in one of her chosen shrines.

Afar in the west the sun seemed to linger at the horizon's brim as if unwilling to shut out from his gaze the lovely landscape that glowed with a softened and even melancholy radiance in his departing beams.

Let us consider for a moment a singular abuse of language. It is a fashion now to speak of Mr. Sweet as an "artist," and of Miss Sweet as an "artiste," and thus grammatical tribute is paid to sex. Now, the word "artist" in English, as in French, is both masculine and feminine.

Crushing a Boston Girl.

"Is this a smoking car?" she asked in choice Bostonese as she peered through her girlish spectacles into the unencumbered conductor's face.

"No, miss," he answered, with a glad, joyous feeling that for once he was getting even with a woman. "It is not."

"You—told—me," she said in icy tones, "that it was not a smoking car." "It is not, miss. None of our cars smoke. It is the smokers' car."

A London secondhand bookseller recently advertised a little book of religious consolation. It was published in 1630 and bears the consolatory title, "A Handkerchief For Parents' Wet Eyes Upon the Death of Children."

Six-year-old Johnnie, walking through cemetery and seeing inscription on tombstone, "Not dead, but sleeping," said, "Well, I know if I was dead I wouldn't tell a story about it."

"Have you observed the height of elegance attained by the servant girl lately?" said one woman to another as they rode up town in a Madison avenue car.

"After their 'situation wanted' advertisements they put 'no cards.' Did you ever hear of anything funnier? I suppose that is because they have seen that lovely announcement in marriage notices, don't you?"

"No," answered the other woman. "It's a much more sensible reason. They have learned that mistresses are not above the feminine weakness of reading postal cards not directed to themselves. And they say 'no cards' to avoid letting their employers know that they are looking for work. The joke is rather on the other side from the one which you imagined. Don't you think so yourself?"

And the first woman admitted that she did.—New York World.

Like All the Rest.

Mother—Your husband is growing cold.

Daughter—Mercy! Why do you think so?

Mother—He does not kiss me half so affectionately as he did before you were married.—New York Weekly.

The Reason. Papa—How is it, Alice, you never get a prize at school?

Mamma—And that your friend, Louisa Sharp, gets so many?

Alice (innocently)—Ah, Louisa Sharp has such clever parents!—Liverpool Mercury.

What He Did. Jack—How did you come out of the game last night?

Sam—I didn't come out. I staid in. Came along and have something on the piece, us.—Detroit Free Press.

WE TELL YOU

nothing new when we state that it pays to engage in a permanent, most healthy and pleasant business, that returns a profit for every day's work. Such is the business we offer the working class. We teach them how to make money rapidly, and guarantee every one who follows our instructions faithfully the making of \$300.00 a month.

Every one who takes hold now and works will surely and speedily increase their earnings; there can be no question about it; others say so, and guarantee every one who follows our instructions faithfully the making of \$300.00 a month.

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Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT MAY 29, 1894. LEAVE CAMDEN STATION. For Chicago and Northwest, Vestibuled Limited Express daily 10:00 a. m. Express, 7:00 p. m.

Western Maryland Rail Road

Schedule in effect July 1st, 1894. Read Downward. STATIONS. Read Upward. A. M. P. M. A. M. P. M.

Blue Mountain Express. (Parlor Car) leaves Baltimore 6:45 a. m., stopping at above stations, New Windsor, Union Bridge, Thurston, Blue Ridge, Huna, Potosi, Ridge, Blue Mountain, Smithsburg, Hagerstown.

Blue Mountain Express. (Seat) leaves Hagerstown 6:45 a. m., stopping at above stations, New Windsor, Union Bridge, Thurston, Blue Ridge, Huna, Potosi, Ridge, Blue Mountain, Smithsburg, Hagerstown.

Baltimore and Cumberland Valley Railroad. Leave Hagerstown for Shipensburg and Intermediate Stations 6:15 and 11:10 a. m., and 1:00 p. m.

ELLY'S CATARRH CREAM BALM. It is quickly absorbed. Cleanses the nasal passages. Allays pain and inflammation. Heals the sore membrane from additional colds. Restores the sense of taste and smell.