

SQUIRREL ROBBED MAIL.

The robbing of the United States mail by a squirrel was a most unusual incident which occurred in this city the other day, says a Winona correspondent of the St. Paul Dispatch.

Martin Daszkowski, one of the oldest mail carriers in the city, was on his regular rounds and had among his mail to be delivered an advertising card to which was attached a large walnut, inside of which was the matter advertised. A little squirrel, of which there are many in Winona, seeing the nut, jumped upon Mr. Daszkowski's shoulder and, running down his arm with lightning speed, took the nut and card from his hand and then climbed a nearby tree, where it investigated the contents of the nut.

Fortunately, upon discovering that the nut was not the kind it wanted, the squirrel dropped it and the card without damaging either and they were later delivered to the proper address.

GUARANTEED.



Groakley—Why are you so sure our parachute will open?
Gassleigh—Well, the man told me if it didn't open I could bring it back.

ITS SUNNY SIDE.

"After all, life in the country has its recompense," said the man who had just returned from the city, in order to gain fame one must be a multimillionaire, an eminent philanthropist and egotist, a left, dashing or diabolical criminal, a monumental spendthrift or an absolutely blank fool; but in the average village he can become the object of hatred and envy of most of his fellowmen; be convicted at the sewing circle of being a dark and dangerous debauchee, be in imminent danger of a church trial, and have the old men wag their heads in suspicion and the little boys run out their tongues in derision when he passes by, merely by getting it stated in the weekly newspaper that he is thinking of buying a motor car." Puck.

REID'S SIMPLE DIET.

Whitelaw Reid, the American minister to Great Britain, is extremely

careful in his diet, which is of a very simple character. He drinks copiously of milk and oatmeal, but he eschews both tea and coffee. Nevertheless, when he holds a reception, as he did at Dorchester house on the Fourth of July, his guests have no reason to complain of the fare. "It was magnificent," declared a New Englander who was there.

EDISON'S RECUPERATION.

Those who chance to pass the dwelling of Thomas A. Edison, the electrician, at an early hour in the morning are sometimes astonished to hear an organ being played and wonder who is thus amusing himself at a time when others are fast asleep. It is Edison himself, who, after a long period of work in the laboratory, will refresh himself mentally by a couple of tunes on his favorite instrument, thus preparing for recuperative slumber.

NOT AN ARMLESS VENUS.

"Ah! Miss Strong, you're a regular Venus," said Jack Nory as he attempted to kiss her.
"That's what," she replied as she gave him a right arm jab on the nose and followed it up with a left arm swing to the jaw, "but, fortunately, I'm no Venus di Milo."

STUCK TO HIS WORD.

"Of course, Dibble's married, don't you know that?"
"No. Why, he said he wouldn't marry the best woman on earth."
"Yes, and he kept his word."

THE SCRAPPLE SEASON.

The scrapple season dawns upon us, with its ravishing perfumes and its poesy. Scrapple follows sauerkraut, and is itself followed by the buckwheat cake. The three constitute and compose the great gastronomic trilogy of the late autumn. They are equally savory, and their ineffable essences are alike stimulating and revivifying. Sauerkraut, perhaps, is a shade the most nourishing, and the buckwheat cake, it may be admitted, is the most romantic of the three. But even among these irresistibly seductive delicacies, scrapple holds its own. For the brief month following the falling of the leaves it is the king victual and master ailment of the great plain people.—Exchange.

ADVICE TO CANDIDATES.

An Australian, M. P. advises candidates for parliament to be seen as often as possible among the mothers in the constituencies they are courting. "It shows the domestic, the family, feeling strong; it denotes an observance of religious conventions, and it is taken as proof of a loyal heart, a heart that beats for an old acquaintance even in dust. At one contest I attended on an average two funerals a day every day of the last week, and the polling was my top score."

The HEADLIGHT for the news.

HE HAD FOUR DEUCES.

Some years ago Bro. Thomas, a preacher, used to conduct services in a tent on River street, Boston, in what was at that time called Freeman's Grove. On one occasion a visiting reverend gentleman occupied the rostrum, and his subject was "Gambling and Its Results."

In explaining what gambling was, the lecturer said:

"You take a hand of cards and commence playing. You bet 25 cents, the next man goes 50 cents better, the next man 'sees' it and goes 50 cents better, and 'I raise' it to ten dollars."

Before going more into details an old player, who had dropped in late to hear what the preacher had to say about cards, became excited at the recital of the betting and exclaimed:

"Great Scott, old man, you must have had a flush!"

The preacher, forgetting himself, replied: "No, I had better than that—four deuces."

TOO SUGGESTIVE.



The Steer—"So you haven't much use for the football season, Mr. Porker?"

The Porker—"No, it always makes me nervous to hear them say they are going to kick the pigskin."

The Steer—"Yes, and I feel uncomfortable myself. It always brings thoughts of the gridiron."

COMPANY FOR THE DOG.

A miner in the coal fields of Pennsylvania not long ago surprised his unprepossessing woman. He had been reckoned a confirmed hater of the other sex, and so it was with considerable curiosity that his friends sought out the reason for his step.

"What did ye go an' git spliced to that old face for, Dick?" asked some one.

"She ain't no beauty—that's right," agreed Dick. "The fact is, that there dog of mine, he was simply pavin' for somebody to look after him when I was away at the pit. I couldn't bear to leave him by himself, so I bits on the idea of marryin'. She ain't handsome, that old girl, but she's mighty good company for the dog!"

Mr. City Man—What is growing over there, Uncle Si?

Uncle Si—That's what.

Mr. City Man—O, how interesting! Is it chicken or lobster?—Philadelphia Press.

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