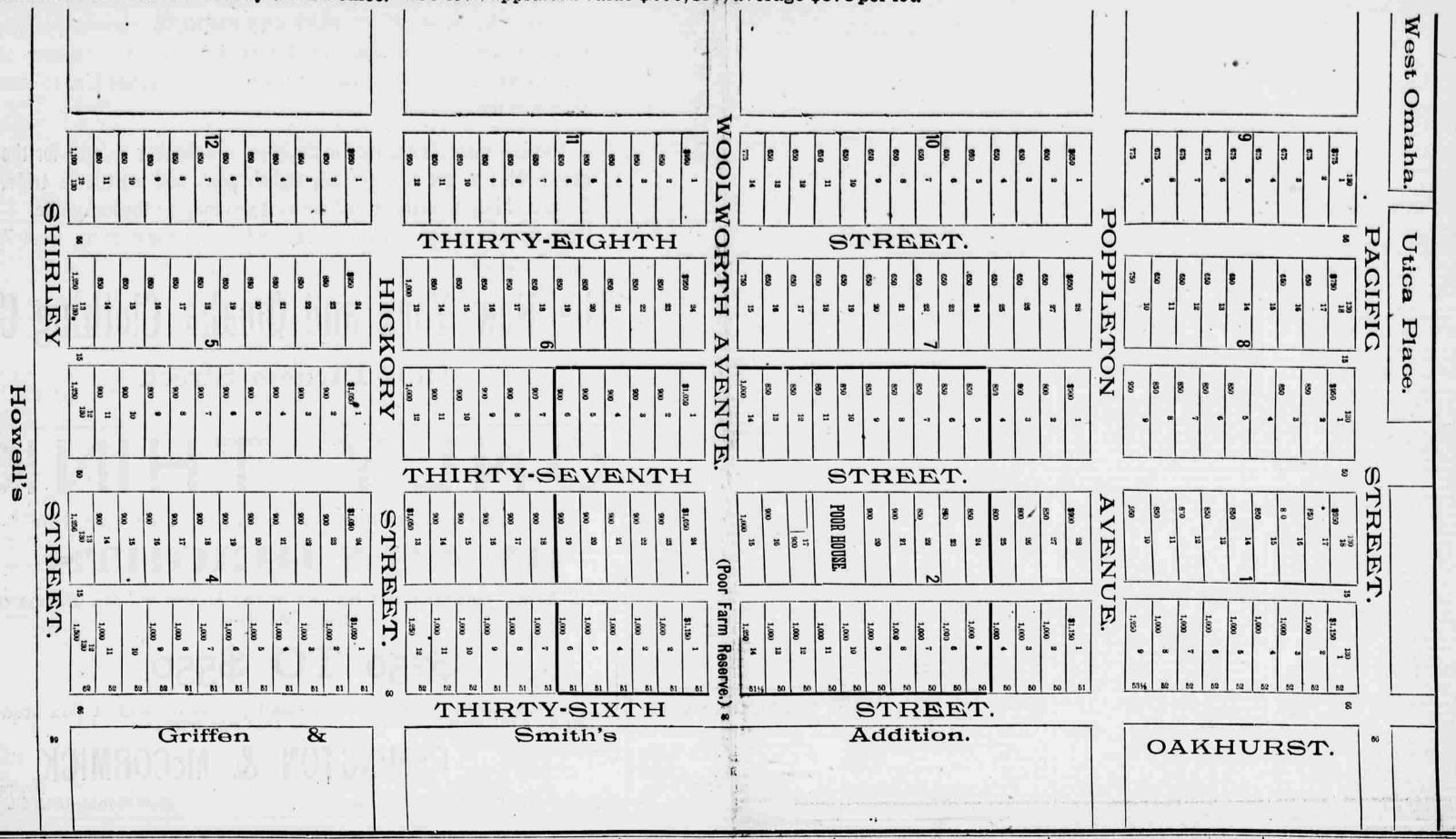
On Wednesday, April 27, 1887, the Board of County Commissioners will sell at auction the part of the old County Poor Farm, known as Douglas Addition on the following terms: One-third cash, balance equal amounts 1, 2 and 3 years, with interest 8 per cent per annum, payable annually. A deposit of \$25 will be required on each lot at time of sale as a guarantee of good faith. Sale will commence at 9 o'clock a.m. sharp. A plat showing the appraised value of each lot in the addition can be seen at the County Clerk's office. 235 lots, appraised value \$206,450; average \$878 per lot.



## **HUMORIST'S** HITS.

The Member From Hickory Fork and His Per Diem.

PICTURES PAINTED FOR PHUN.

Blow Time to the Golden Gate-The Spring Poet in the Sanctum-An Astonished Chines-All Hope Banished-Funny Chat.

Wants to be a Bug. [Suggested by the present craze in breast plus.]

Dora, you're a pretty miss. One that I would love to kiss, But I can't. But I can't.

For, if I were to essay,
You would check me with a "nay,",
Or "you shant."
One would know you for a firt,
Seeing you adjust your skirt
With a tug;
While upon your snapely breast
Crawls, in golden harness drest,
A live bug.
Though the "buglet's" chain is short,
He is free—to free—to court;
(Lucky knave!)
For his stamping ground's your heart

For his stamping ground's your heart, Of all parts the very part That I crave. Your sweet smiles are not for me; So I'm jealous when 1 see (Oh, dull pain!)

(Oh, dull pain!)
That obnoxious, captive bug,
Rub his head against your jug—

U—lar vein.
If his "Bugness" knew my case
He might offer me his place, And his mask.
Since you'll not grant me your hand,
Let me, chained thus, ever stand
On your basque.

He Didn't Want a Hazor to Shave With.

"Have you got a raiser in the house?"
asked an Indiana man who registered at
Willard's late last night for one night only. "I don't know of any, sir," replied the

clerk, 'and the barber shop has been closed for two hours.' closed for two hours."

"Barber shop, thunder!" exclaimed the impatient guest. "I don't want no barber shop. I'm tired out. I want to go up stairs to bed."

"All right, sir, and I'll send the razor to you in the ways in the same shops."

to you in the morning, so you can shave before breakfast."

"Young man," said the Indianian, as a light dawned upon him, "you're off your base. I don't want no razor to shave with; I want a raiser that'll git me up stairs without havin' to walk." Then the clerk tumbled, and the bellby led the guest over and put him in the

elevator. Moral: Marry a Bachelor. Tid-Bits,

My first wife was my pet, Much better she than you. DHE: Oh, I regret it, too.

The Curious Crafts Women Are. San Francisco Wasp: "It's no use try-ing to be kind-hearted in this world," sighed old Captain Spanker, whose coast, wise schooner is laid up for repairs. "This morning I saw a young gal on Kearney street whose stern sheets were skewed round over her left pistol pocket, so I sez, sez I, 'Madam, your after buige is fetched loose.''

"You're a sassy, imperdent thing, sex

she. "Well, this afternoon I seed another

"Well, this afternoon I seed another female whose rudder was hard-a-port, and I sez, sez I, "Miss, you'd better luff into this 'ere millingery store and star-board your helm."

"I'll call the perlice, you old masher! sez she, and she hit me with her parasol.
"Arter that I met a frockmaker that I knowed and told her, and she sez, sez he, "That's the fashion now, Capting.

Gentle Spring. A soft and stir is in the air, Preluding, gentle spring, When base ball umpires nest again, And hens begin to sing.

The Second Thought of an Indignant Legislator.

Arkansaw Traveler: "Mr. Speaker," said the member from Hickory Fork, "I feel it my sworn duty, sah, to git up an' arise to a question of privilege. Yistidy when I was a makin' my speech on the repeal of the g me law, some members of this body snickered at me an' hel' their noses ter keep from laugh-in' right out. I didn't pay no attention to 'em at the time, but now I want to say to 'em at the time, but now I want to say that I resent the insult, an' kin whip any knock-kneed and kidney-footed representative that snickers at me, or has ter hold his nose ter keep from snortin' like a skeered hoss. I am here, suh, (looking defiantly about him), ter honor my con-stituents by showin' them that as long as I am their representative no man can can are a nort around me and sirter. sentative that snickers at me, or has ter cavort an' snort around me, an' airterwards eat two sorts of pie with his for-mer neatness and dispatch. Mr. Speaker, I reckon I kain't find ther man that snickered, an' of course kain't do nothin' personal, but to show that I resent the insult, suh, I'll resign and go home."

Member from Blackberry Ridge—

"Don't do that, Bill."
"Yes, I will an' no power on earth ken prevent me."
"Bill, let me argy. Airter standin'
roun' these here hotels at night an' havin'

big railroad men callin' you major, you'll find it mighty lonesome at the Flat, hearin' nothin' but the skreech owl, tune up his fiddle that he never plays on, an' listening to the low chomp of the hogs as they eat their corn. Better stay here."
"No, suh; I've made up my mind an'

there ain't nothin' that ken make me change it."
"Think of the president of the railroad

callin' you major."
"I have thought of that."

'An' still you're goin home?" "Bill, have you thought about losin your \$10 a day?" 'What's that?'

"I say, have you thought about losin your \$10 a day?" "Mr. Speaker," continued the member from Hickory Fork, "sirter thinking of the good I mout do my constituents, I have decided to stay with you."

Wanted. Oh! for a can of dynamite,
With a powder mill standing by,
For the organ which plays "Sweet Violets"
And "Wait Till the Clouds Roll By."

He Gave Up All Hope. Chicago Tribune: "Prisoner," said a Nevada judge, "what have you to say to this indictment; are you guilty or not

guilty?" Before I answer the question, judge I'd like to ask your honor if this little spectacled dude is all the lawyer I've

"That is Mr. Ferguson, sir!" responded the judge sternly; "I have appointed him to defend you, as you seem to have no counsel."
"Judge," said the prisoner, sighing heavily, "I'm guilty."

A Timely but Cruel Suggestion. "Hello, Richelieu! You don't call on Miss Dilby any more—something up?"
"Yes, Arthur, I confess it—there is.
Why, don't you know I stayed a little late the other night, and dash me if she didn't get up and wind the clock!"

An Early Bank. Wall Street News: A party who was making arrangements to establish a bank in a new town in Dakota was asked what

All the bustles is rigged on sideways time in the morning the place would be sow, sez she. Curus crafts, these wimmin. How they manage to steer beats "Why, at nine o'clock, the usual bank-

'Stranger, it won't do! The passenger train pulls out of here at eight o'clock, and none of our folks will give you or any other man an hour's start of 'em. If you can't open at 7:45 it will be no to go into business.

Von Shpring Tragedy. Dot lofly shring vas goming, Der robbins haf appear; Soon vill der bees be humming Der boets heart to sheer.

Dot boet, he vas wording All by der candle dim; Dot editor for fighting Vas getting into trim: Dot boet mit his rhyming, Der editor to see, Come oop der shtairs a-climbing;

His heart vas tilled mit gree. Der bull dog, he vas taking A rest behind der shtoop; You bet dot he vas aching To chew der boet oop. Der shot-gun id vas loaded,

Der goat vas hungry, too; If but der boet knowed it, I vonder vot he do? Alas he hat discover Pefore von vord vas said; He quickly been knocked ofer

Pefore his rhyme vas read. Der bull dog chew der boet, Der boem chew der goat; Der editor say: "Go it!" Vile taking off his coat. Und gwick he shoot dot boet,

So soon he says his prayers, Und now, pefore he know it, He climb der golden shtairs. Only Partly Reconciled. Yonkers Gazette: "How long did you say you had been a widow, Mrs. Frank?" "About two years, sir."

"And have you become reconciled to your loss yet?' "Well, partly, yes sir."
"Partly? How am I to explain that?"
"Why, I mean that 1 am reconciled to the loss of my first husband, but not to the loss of othe companionship which I

might have from a second."

'False was the cold, hard heart which beat Her beauteous form beneath, Faise were her many vows," he moaned— "And so were her hair and teeth."

A Short Speech. Washington Critic: "I'm going to speak

my mind at that meeting to night, and don't you forget it," said an irate Metro-politan clubster to his wife. "Going to speak it plainly, are you, dear?" she asked, quietly.
"Yes, I'm going to speak my mind, my whole mind, and nothing but my mind."
"What a short speech it will be," she said, half to herself, and went on sewing.

What Astonished the Chinaman. Los Angelos, Cal., Times: Ex-Sheriff George Gard tells a good story which has hitherto never seen the light of print. When he was in San Francisco last, he happened to be riding on the front plat-form of a cable car and a Chinaman, who nad evidently been delivering laundried clothes got aboard.

"You savvy Leavenworth stleet?" asked the Mongol of the gripman after he had ridden some distance. "Yes, I savvy Leavenworth street," answered the grip.
"Me likee catchee Leavenworth stleet."
"All right, John; you'll catch Leaven-

"All right, John; you'll catch Leaven-worth street," was the assuring rejoinder, and turning to Gard, the gripman said in an undertone: "Hold on to the rail; I'm going to dump him."

The car was running at a rather high speed as it approached the point indicated, and the gripman sang out, "Here's Leavenworth street, John."

The Chinaman took his basket and prepared to step off, when the gripman, letting to the cable and putting his brake down hard, stopped the car so suddenly that it shot the washeeman off

as if from a catapult. John tumbled over and over with his basket, and then, pick-ing himself up, an astonished look on his pantalettes, exclaimed: dam! Wachemalla? Stling

Much Dephyr. A farmer once called his cow "Zephyr,"
She seemed such an amiable hephyr,
When the farmer drew near,
She kicked off his ear,
And now the old farmer's much dephyr.

bloke?

She Didn't Want a Family.

He was in a maudlin sentimental mood and was talking between the cups, terrific hogwash to Miss Phoebe Orkintrooler, and he wanted to snare her mature affections by means of a not too obtrusive present. Unfortunately, obtrusive present. Unfortunately, Phœbe is a little bit matter-of-fact and doesn't quite see the beauty of

"You will let me provide you with pledge of affection?" he pleaded. 'Snakes alive, man! I don't want a family."

Once more is the silver cord busted and the golden bowl smashed to bits.

Foretold Her Own Death. Hartford Times: One of those mys-terious forewarnings of approaching death, which are as numerous as they are

death, which are as numerous as they are impressive, has just culminated in the passing away, in this city, on the day predicted of Mrs. Roxy Alvord, wife of the late Truman Woodford, aged ninety-four. A few months ago Mrs. Alvord, while in good health, received a strong impression that she would die on the 1st day of April, and so informed her daughter, with whom she lived. So strong was this impression that she wished to communicate with relatives in other cities, from whom she had not heard for a long time—but, before any heard for a long time-but, before any word was sent letters were received from the very persons mentioned, they apparently being guided by the same mysterious intelligence. Mrs. Alvord also arranged for the payment of interest money due about the time of her expected death. She continued in good health for one of her age, but was firm in her belief of the trath of her forewarning. About three weeks ago Mrs. Alvord had a fall while walking about the house in the night, and broke her hip. Owing to her advanced age, it was impossible to set the bone, and she gradually failed until her death, April 1, the day set by her mysterious impression three or four montsh ago.

Those who ridicule the idea that any disembodied intelligence conveyed the mysterious foreknowledge, and account for the coincidence by saying that in such cases the person's mind is fixed on the foretold date, and so strongly as to produce, by the simple fact, the fulfillment of the prediction, go too far for the safety of their own ground, and on the other hand overlook a great variety of other facts, which go far to upset the theory. First, if a mental impression can determine life or death, that fact, of itself, is a significant hint of the power of the mind, if nificant hint of the power of the mind, if not of its probable destiny to a post-mortem existence. Second, other facts, mortem existence. Second, other facts, enough to fill a volume, exist, to show that the intelligence (whatever one may call it, or believe it to be) that gives to so many persons a warning of their approaching death, can, and does, see causes, leading to that fatal result, which nobody in the flesh can see. For example, a man bearing the very name of the lady above referred to—a Mr. Woodford, living some thirty years ago in Avon, and whose business included the running of a saw mill—had, one night, a vivid and disturbing dream, in which he was told that his death was near, that it would be caused by the breaking of a revolving saw, of which one piece would out open his head. He told his family about the dream, and very quickly thereafter it all happened, just as he had been mysteriously told.

## MY SENORITA.

One bright spring morning in 187when the diligencia rolled out of Toboso, I found myself the only passenger.

I had a ride of forty miles before me to the city of Mexico, and the prospect of making the trip alone did not suit me. The driver of the diligencia, one Gil Perez, had a villainous face, a face suggestive of treason, strategems and spoils, and every time it turned in my direction I instinctively felt under the seat to see

if my value was still there. My valise was fully worthy of this attention on my part. It contained \$10,000 in gold, the result of collecting trip to Toboso, undertaken in the interest of a wealthy American client at the

capital. The interior of the vehicle was capable of accommodating six or eight persons, and I longed for a fellow-passen-

We had not left the outskirts of the town fairly behind us, when the lumber-ing old coach was brought to a sudden tandstill, the four horses throwing them selves into a line across the road, with the evident intention of taking to the "Carrajo," howled Gil Perez from his

lofty perch as he gave his whip a vicious crack. "Thou devil of a Saucho, I will cut out thy heart and liver; and as for thee Perdita, I will flay thee alive. I laughed. When the driver talked in this fashion to his beasts he was in good humor. His lusty oaths and frightful

threats counted for nothing.

The cause of our halt was soon explained. Two young women had sig-naled Gil Perez to stop. One of them was immediately bundled into the vehicle by her companion and the driver. It seemed to me that some bind of the tropics, with an overpowering glitter of gorgeous plumage, had swooped down upon me, and I naturally looked out of the window until I could think of some

thing to say. It struck me that the new passenger's maid, for such the young woman outside appeared to be, was a very picturesque affair. She had a rich complexion, with fine black eyes, and her hair, arranged in a long, glossy plant, hung down nearly to her heels. Her head, neck and shoul ders were perfectly bare, and her only garments were a loose-fitting white cot-ton tunic and a petticoat of red and blue reaching to her knees. She gave me a saucy look, and kissed her hand to her mistress, keeping up a lively chatter all the time.

After the driver had stowed away the light baggage of the senorita, as he called her, and a parting adios had been ex-changed between the lady and the siry-looking young woman who was to be left behind, the diligencia started, and was soon rumbling on its way. Under the circumstances it was impos-

sible for me to go on looking at the land-scape forever. It was clearly my duty to make myself agreeable to the senorita.

The task did not appear at all unpleasant to me after I had furtively surveyed the situation out of the tail of my eye. If an excuse for opening the conversaion had been lacking, Gil Perez was polite enough to supply it.
"The senor will be delighted to know,"

he said, with a flourish, "that the senor-ita will honor us with her company all

the way to the city."
I managed in rather crippled Spanish to express my almost delirious pleasure, and wound up by saying that I had been in a state of utter gloom and despair over my solitary journey.
To my surprise the senorita replied in excellent English, and said that she was

overjoyed to have an American for a fer "I like the Americans," she said, "they

are, what do you call it? Nice, I think, is the word. Yes, they are so nice."
"Talks like one of our boarding-school misses," I said to myself, and then I made some suitable reply. There was no question about it.

senorita was pretty. Tall as a daughter of the gods, with midnight hair and eyes, harmonizing well with her brunette complexion, she was what I called, impressed as I was with her costume, a blazing beauty. She was not dressed for travel-ing, but perhaps she considered a ride of forty miles a mere trifle. She was at-tired after the fashion of the senoritas had seen promenading in the parks at the capital. Her hair was studded with flashing gems, and her dress was of some almost diaphanous material that seemed to gleam and shimmer with the pr smatic hues of the rainbow. She wore the inevitable black lace mantilla, which ladies are seldom seen without in Spanish-American countries, but if it was in tended to effectually conceal her snows shoulders it was a lamentable failure as a disguise; as much so as the V-shaped bodice which was so liberally cut that I

tound myself softly quoting: On her white breast a sparkling cross she

Which Jews might kiss and infidels adore. My fair companion was not long in telling me that she was returning from a brief visit to a sick relative. Beyond that she had little to reveal about herself But she did not scruple to ask any num-ber of questions. Did I like Mexico. Was I traveling for business or pleasure: What did I think of the Mexican ladies:

I answered all these questions, as I lazily and complacently watched the flut-tering fan with which this beautiful creature appeared to do at least half her conversation. In fact I grew unnecessarily communicative. I mentioned my visit to Toboso, and told of my success in collecting an old debt for which I was to receive a good fee.

. "And the senor is not afraid of robbers?" hinted the senorita.
"Well, certainly not in the daytime," I replied. "I have a good seven-shooter, and with the driver to help me I ought to

be able to hold my own.' "You Americans are so brave," murmured the senorita; "but the brigands are very bold. I have seen them in the suburbs of the capital."
"Senorita," I answered, "look at this little toy, and tell me if a highwayman would care to face it."

I handed her my pistol, a weapon of the latest improved pattern. She examined it with interest. "Let me lay it on the seat here, and

conceal it under my mantilla," she sug-gested. "If we need it I can hand it to you quicker than you could draw it from your pocket." As it was really a good idea, I consented readily.

We did not suffer for topics of conversation; but this girl, made such a pretty picture in her strange costume that I sufficient entertainment in look-

ing at her. I was just beginning to admit to myself that I was madly in love with her, when the diligencia gave a lurch, and came to a full stop in a dark and thickly wooded place through which we were passing.

"El Tornado!" shouted Gil Perez.

"Merciful saints!" cried the senorita. I felt an uneasy thrill, El Tornado

was the bravest and most desperate origand in that region. He had a short time before kidnapped a wealthy banker, and in default of a ransom had with his own hand blown out the prisoner's brains.

"Quick! My pistol!" I exclaimed, But a mysterious change had come over the senorita. Before the word were out of my mouth she had the weapon at full cock leveled at my head. "Senor Americano," she said, "it is

useless to resist. See!"
A glance showed that I was helpless. Only four robbers were in sight, but they

were four against one, to say nothing of the senorita. The men were all masked One held the horses of the diligencia a pistol pointed at his head, while the covered me with their weapons and de

covered me with their weapons and demanded my valise.

"The senor will hand it to you."
Could that voice be the senoritas? Undoubtedly it was, but it sounded strangely.
With three revolvers focused on mewithin a few linches of my head, there was nothing to do but to make the best of it. I quietly delivered the valise with its golden contents. The door was opened and the senorita was assisted on by one of the brigands. She was instantly helped into a vacant saddle, and El Tornado exchanged a few whispers with Tornado exchanged a few whispers with her. Then he turned to me.

"Thanks, senor, for your attention to this lady. You carry with you our best wishes, Adios!"
"Adios, senor," chimed in the lady, waving her hand.

I grumbled out an answer, and the little cavalcade spurred off at a gallop.
Gil Perez was but of little comfort to
me. He crossed himself several times,

and told me that I was lucky in escaping from El Tornado with my life. Then he swore at Sancho and Perdita, and lashed the horses until they dashed forward at the top of their speed.

One night a week after I was coming out of the opera house with a friend. The president and a group of officials came along, and we made way for them. Suddenly a face that once seen could never be forgotten, flashed before my eyes. Leaning on the arm of a distinguishedlooking officer in a colonel's uniform was the senorita, my own senorita! What is the matter?"asked my friend.

"That woman!" I cried, "Who is "The Senora Alvarez," was the quick answer.

"And the man?" "Her husband, Colonel Alvarez,"
"Taken back as I was, I thought of what was due to my friend. I told him

"I am sorry you have lost your senorita," he said, with a grim smile, "but keep your discovery to yourself. I have no doubt Alvarez does sometimes take a hand in highway robbery under the name of E Tornado, and his wife helps him. She posted the gang about your visit to Toboso. Everything that occurred was prearranged. But you have no remedy. Alvarez is an officer of high standing. If you make the charge that standing. If you make the charge he is El Tornado you will be shot as sure

Other Americans took the same view, and, as my client showed no disposition to make a fight for the recovery of his I took my departure states without again seeing my senorita.

Worked Up Her Muscle.

A lady who once bought a big bustle
To get it on had quite a tustle.
She worked hard all the day,
Till the sun passed away,
And at night she had quite a large muscle
Going to Heaven on a Slow Train San Francisco Chronicle: "Fall in, stranger, fall in!" shouted a Salvation Army leader, as he finished his exhorta-tion and shouldered his banner on the street corner the other evening. "Come

along with me." Where are you going?' thoughtfully replied a sad looking man on the curb-

"I'm going to heaven," said the Salvationist "I've been on the road nine years.

"Well, if you've been nine years on the road," replied the scoffer, "and haven't got any further than Kearney street, you'd better give it up, pard." And the bystanders induiged in a rich baritone smile as the procession moved off warbling that beautiful hymn, "We'll Get There All the Same."