

## *The Pepper-Box*

### The Pepper-Box - October 9, 1891

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THE PEPPER-BOX.

VOLUME I.

SELMER, TENN., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1891.

NUMBER 29.

WHAT HE FOUND TO SAY.

John Hood one night said to his wife: "I've got to write up my life; 'Twould be quite interesting, too, 'Some of us times that I've thought."

WASHINGTON LETTER.

The Old Horse Cars at Last Supplanted by Cable Trains. Incidents Connected with Changing the Antiquated Lines into Modernly Equipped Plants—Cabling Around the Capitol—The Bad Boy.

WITH ROD AND GUN.

The Fishing and Hunting Fields of the West. Where to Look for Bass, Pike and Muskallunge—Game Still Plentiful in North Dakota and Montana—Hints for Sportsmen.

REVISED VERSIONS.

Charles Lamb made some famous puns, and according to the London Truth, his mantle seems to have fallen upon his namesake, Mr. Charles Lamb Kenney.

The Coming Genit.

Office Boy—Beg pardon, sir, but I was awful sorry to see the way Mrs. Jinks went for you this mornin'.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

The Servant-Girl Problem Invades Their Home.

Mr. B. Grapples It with Both Hands—How He Interviewed Several Applicants—His Discernment and Subsequent Ignominious Retreat.

"YOU know of an intelligence office in this neighborhood?"

"Mrs. Bowser, as her liege lord came home to dinner the other day."

"Do you know the facts in this case?" she asked, with considerable spirit.

"I don't know the least doubt that you went out into the kitchen with the air of a duchess and tried to make her feel that she was only mad."

"Mrs. Bowser, I know your ways! They have driven fifty different girls out of our house before this one."

"Of course not," she replied, "but certainly, every husband has more or less. Those traits were born in him."

"How?" she asked, and the wonder is that the girl stayed two hours.

"I run my house somewhat differently from the average. For instance, you will be regarded here more as a companion than a servant."

"I'll try to do me more good to hear you say that."

"You will be given opportunity to cultivate your mind."

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Cable monument, the Garfield statue, and the steep ascent of B street, which tax the skill and science of the civil engineers.



THE BAD BOY'S TRICK.

foot under ground, and right through that space the cable line must run. The work is very difficult, and it is only now that the project is being carried out.

Everybody does not complain of the dust, noise and other inconveniences attending this great work.

Round shoulders are almost invariably accompanied by weak lungs, but may be cured by the simple and easily performed exercise of raising one's self upon the toes.

At Bangor, the La Croix river furnishes bass, pickerel, pike and other fish and in its vicinity deer, foxes and wild turkeys are plentiful.

A DENIZEN OF THE BIG HOLE. of range of shot, while if the shot were to prove blank, often the body could not be obtained, as it would be beyond the hunter's reach.

Returned Tourist—Your uncle is not here, I see.

The city man who daily enters the vortex of the business life, who sits in a four-story office and plans, directs and consummates the work of fishing and hunting.



A DAY AT MANDAN, N. D.

muskallunge, pickerel, yellow pike, wall-eyed pike, rock bass, small-mouthed bass, silver bass and perch.

Several muskallunge, weighing from 30 to 40 pounds have been taken from the waters of Fox lake, but there is no insurance company which will insure one of such a catch.

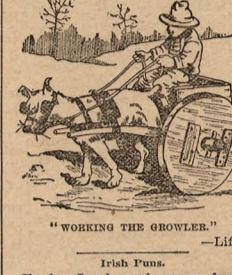
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Wonderful Frosting. A curious effect of the wear and tear to which the earth's crust is ever being subjected is exhibited in the singularly cupped pinnacles existing on South corner in the Washatch mountains.

Not that I see.



"THE BEST THING OUT."



"WORKING THE GROWLER."

Charles Lamb made some famous puns, and according to the London Truth, his mantle seems to have fallen upon his namesake, Mr. Charles Lamb Kenney.

Western Magistrate—You are charged, sir, with killing six of our oldest and most respected citizens. What have you to say?

Abby (who is thirsty)—How long will we have to wait for dinner?

De Gush (in the doorway of an Italian cathedral)—We have nothing like this in America, Smithkins. I love these deep arched doorways; they suggest quiet, contentment and—er—respect, you know.

"I wish I were like champagne," he sighed.

Returned Tourist—Your uncle is not here, I see.

Office Boy—By the way he was rippin' an' rarin' round at us—Good News

Miss De Pink's Purchase. Miss De Pink (who wants a little innocent powder for her complexion)—Have you any—er—infant powder?

Teacher—James, give me the definition of occur.

Visitor—The wind seems to shake that scarecrow over there a little. I've noticed it quiver two or three times.

Editor—Same as usual—it's too long.—Munsey's Weekly.

Cholly—What's the matter, he death fellah? 'Y' look all played out, 'n' dew-stiff neck?

Young Dudley—Well, sir, why didn't you give her enough at the start to be independent?

Old Uncle Enoch Silabee—Call this a hot one? Why, fren, I'm remember when—Judge.





