"What kind of language was that you were talking to baby just now, mamma?" asked little Ethel. "That's baby talk, my dear," replied the mother. "And did I once understand that, mamma?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Fuddy—Between you and me, I believe my wife thinks more of the butcher than she does of me.

Duddy—You don't mean it!

Fuddy—I do; but I am not jealous.

Duddy—Not jealous?

Fuddy—You wouldn't be surprised if you knew what kind of thoughts she thinks of him.—Boston Transcript.

Mere Bundles of Nerves.

Some peevish, querulous people seem mere bundles of nerves. The least sound agitate their sensoriums and ruffles their tempers. No doubt they are born so. But may not their nervousness be ameliorated, if not entirely relieved? Unquestionably, and with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. By cultivating their digestion, and insuring more complete assimilation of the food with this admirable corrective, they will experience a speedy and very perceptible gain in nerve quietude. Dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation and rheumatism yield to the Bitters.

Some people are better when they are sick than at any other time.

That Everlasting Irritating Itch.

That describes Tetter, Eczema and other skin diseases. 50 cents will cure them—stop the itch at once. 50 cents pays for a box of Tetterine at drug stores or postpaid for 50 cents in stamps from J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

The first copper cent was coined in New Haven, Conn., in 1687.

I could not get along without Piso's Cure for Consumption. It always cures.—Mrs. E. C. Moulton, Needham, Mass., Oct. 22, 1894.

Some people have no appreciation for anything beyond something to eat.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila, Pa

The mortal who has all he wants has too much.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Some people frown even when they are amused.

Only the bobtail fox knows how to avoid the trap.

Montgomery Ward & Co.

We call the reader's attention to the advertisement of Montgomery Ward & Co., of Chicago, which appears in our display columns. Montgomery Ward & Co., are the originators of the mail order system of doing business, and have the largest business of its character in the world. They employ 1,000 clerks, own the buildings they occupy, carry a stock of goods representing over $1,000,000 in money, and receive from 6,000 to 16,000 letters and orders every day. They sell everything one can wear or use, and everything is sold on the guarantee that it will be found as represented, or the purchaser can exchange for other goods, or have his money refunded, as he prefers.

Knowing the high character of the firm, we have no hesitancy in saying that what they promise to do, they will do, and that they are thoroughly reliable in every way.

THE CHIEF THING

In Maintaining Good Health is Pure, Rich, Nourishing Blood.

The blood carries nourishment and furnishes support for the organs, nerves and muscles. It must be made rich and pure if you would have strong nerves, good digestion, sound sleep, or if you would be rid of that tired feeling, those disagreeable pimples, eczema, or scrofula. No medicine is equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla for purifying the blood. It is a medicine of genuine merit and will do you wonderful good. Try it now.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Dr. Webb's Locomotive Searchlight.

Persons who happened to be in the Union Station yard last night about 10:30 were struck with the unusual brilliancy of the place. The reason for this was that the private engine of Dr. Seward Webb, the Nehasene, was in the yard with a new searchlight on its pilot, which threw a very powerful light on the track and the objects within its range. The searchlight is about the size of the ordinary light carried on the pilots of locomotives, only it is many times more brilliant. The power for the light is generated in a small dynamo operated independent of the mechanism of the engine. The engine was in charge of Engineer McFadden, who was kept busy explaining the light to a curious and interested crowd of railroad men. The engine was ordered to Utica, and left on its run at 10:30. The light is able to allow the engineer to discern objects distinctly at the distance of a mile.—Albany Argus.

Only a Little Premature.

"I can't hear a suit that isn't pending," said a judge to a young lawyer who was seeking advice.

"I know it isn't pending," replied the young man, in some confusion, "but it is about to pend."—The Green Bag.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE

For the Whiskers, Mustache, and Eyebrows.

In one preparation. Easy to apply at home. Colors brown or black. The Gentlemen's favorite, because satisfactory.

R. P. Hall & Co., Proprietors, Nashua, N. H. Sold by all Druggists.

YOU Can get a set of SILVER-PLATED TEA SPOONS and information worth $4.00 by mail prepaid if you send 20c. to FAMILY SUPPLY COMPANY, WINSTON, - - - - - - - N. C.

A MOUNTAIN OF GOLD! 100 SHARES OF STOCK FOR $10.00 In one of the largest gold properties in Colorado. One hundred and sixty acres, patented gold-bearing ground and solid mountain of $7.00 ore. Subscription limited. Address, Broker BEN A. BLOCK, Denver, Colo. Member Colo. Mining Stock Exchange.

DO YOU SPECULATE? I have excellent inside information on two stocks; $100 invested immediately will make $600 profit. Write Chas. Hughes, 63 Wall St., N. Y.

ROBERT E. LEE. The soldier, citizen and christian hero. A great new book just ready, giving life and ancestry. A money maker. Local and traveling agents wanted. ROYAL PUBLISHING CO., 11 and Main Sts., Richmond, Va.

DRUNKARDS CAN BE SAVED WITH OUT THEIR KNOWLEDGE BY ANTI-JAG the marvelous cure for the drink habit. Write Renova Chemical Co., of Broadway, N. Y. Full particulars (in plain wrapper) mailed free.

THE GEORGIA HUMORIST

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS A TREASURE VALUED ABOVE OTHERS.

Many Ill-Assorted Marriages---To Break Up the Peace of a Happy Household Is Worse Than Murder Says the Sage of Bartow.

The poet says that "domestic happiness is the only bliss of paradise that has survived the fall." If that is so, and I reckon it is, what an awful sin it is for a man or his wife or a son or daughter to break it up. It is worse than murder, for there is then only one victim, and he is dead; but the destroyer of domestic happiness brings misery to the family, and they must live on in their sorrow. If domestic peace and love could be purchased with money, what a price it would bring, and yet it can be had without money if every member of the family would do right. I was ruminating about this and wondering if even the devil was mean enough to take pleasure in destroying the peace of a household. The book of Job does not make him that mean, for Job suffered no sorrow from any bad conduct of wife or children. Satan wants worshipers, and even dared to try to seduce the Savior to his allegiance; but he did it in an open and manly way, and lost. He is an adversary—a bad one—a powerful one ever since he was thrust out of heaven; but according to scripture he has not yet lost his power or his consequence, for the Lord talked to him in Job and the Savior had a conference with him in Mathew, and Michael, the archangel, had a dispute with him about the body of Moses. He is a bold, self-poised, defiant spirit and uses many arts to seduce mankind from their allegiance; but surely he wouldn't take away and destroy the only bliss of paradise that is left us. He hasent done it from Ingersoll, for that notable man has a most loving household, and so have many infidels and atheists and skeptics. My opinion is that our original sin has more to do with bad conduct than the devil. We are born to sin as the sparks fly upward, and the devil urges us on and apologizes for every mean thing we do and tries to comfort us, but I believe that it is in the power of every man and woman and son and daughter to preserve the family peace and to make home the most attractive place upon the earth. Then, why don't they do it? It sickens us with sorrow to read the family troubles in the daily papers. Sometimes it is the husband, sometimes the wife, sometimes the daughter, but oftener than all together it is the son that brings the blight and darkens the doors and makes parents and sisters seek to hide from the gaze of men. What makes the young men do so? Every day there is a new case somewhere—murder, suicide, embezzlement, and all is mixed up with the jails and courts and pictures in the papers and the misery of kindred and the world's cold criticism. How many families that once moved proudly with the social swelling throng have retired from it to grieve over the crushing fate of a wayward son or a daughter's shame. How many families have been broken down by reckless sons-in-law. I know some aged parents whose hair has grown prematurely gray, whose brows are furrowed with lines of sorrow and whose smiles are always sad, if they smile at all.

Young men, please stop and think. The happiness of home is worth millions of dollars. It beats the Klondike, and is right close by, and no frozen hills to cross. The pleasures of a happy home excel anything upon earth, and can be had so cheaply if father and mother and children will make it so. "He that troubleth his own house shall inherit the wind." A cross husband, a contentious, complaining wife, a selfish son or an indolent, discontented daughter can destroy the peace of the household. There are some things that are worth so much they cannot be valued. Health of body is one of them, but peace of mind is worth more than that. Some years ago there was a verdict rendered in our court at Rome giving $35,000 to a young man because of a fall from the train at night and a permanent injury to his spine. He was a man of brilliant mind and high ambition and splendid prospects, but the doctors testified that he would be a mental wreck, and his eloquent lawyer drew such a sad picture of the wreck that the jury gave this large amount as compensation. No bones were broken, nor did he suffer any pain. He walked about and visited his friends, and showed no sign of imbecility, but his mental force was impaired, his high ambition gone, and this verdict was only an approximation of the damage.

What, then, is the peace of a family worth? Not merely peace of mind, but of heart, for the heart outranks the mind as the mind does the body. I was ruminating about these ill-assorted, unhappy marriages that seem in these later years to be more frequent than in the olden time, and are the prolific source of so much domestic trouble. The poet says:

"How sad and dreary is the home
Where love, domestic love no longer nesties,
But stricken by some cruel doom
Its corpse lies on the trestles."

I wonder how many modern marriages may be called happy—in how many families do peace and love rule the household. Not many among the children of the rich, I know, for they have known no want nor self-denial, and cannot bear patiently any misfortune. And even among the poor there is misery that the hard times have increased. Only yesterday a sad-faced woman came to us begging food and clothes for her children, and her story was that her husband had to run away for trying to make a living by running a blind tiger. What a curse is this marriage tie when hastily and unhappily made. If I was a girl, it seems to me, I would rather remain single all my life than bind myself body and soul to a young man who had no moral principles to govern him. The chains of matrimony! If a man commits a crime he can give bond and keep out of jail, but there is no bond provided for a poor woman who is chained to a bad, unprincipled husband. She timidly shrinks from seeking a divorce, for even that does not erase the scars of the shackles she has worn. Her life and her hopes are blighted. There is no more pitiful sight in all nature than a good woman chained for life to a bad, unkind, unprincipled man. She clings to her children as her only comfort and lives only to shield them from her shame.

But why write about these things of sorrow? I know they are unwelcome to my readers, but I have thought it a duty, and that maybe some one or more might be influenced to stop and think. On yesterday I received a long letter from an old friend asking me to plead with the young people and beg them to stop this mad career that seems to be increasing in our southern land—this unhallowed thirst for getting money by short cuts and dishonest practices—this drinking and gambling that leads to suicide or the jail—this infidelity to their marriage vows that destroys the happiness of the family.

But this will do for this time. It is not a good day for me no how. It is not Friday, but it is one of these hard, unlucky days that brings trouble in various forms. The old cow got out last night and went foraging in the suburbs and eat up a whole cotton patch, and I'm expecting the darkey every minute to come for his damages. But that's nothing. A little negro girl was rolling our little Caroline through the hall on a tricycle. The child is only two and a half years old, and is my comfort—a little blue-eyed beauty that we borrow almost every day from her mother—and I wouldn't take a million dollars for her love. But, somehow, the nurse cut the wheels around too suddenly and threw Caroline violently forward on to the iron shaft, and the bolt on the top of it mashed out two upper teeth and one lower one, and bent the others in and cut her chin badly and bruised her little lips to a jelly, and when I took her up and saw it all it made me heart sick. I wanted to weep and cry aloud for grief. For an hour or two I was nearly heart-broken for I can't bear to see such a helpless child suffer such agony. Her little mouth was all broken up and deformed. But the good Lord tempers such things to little children, and now the dear little girl is getting along nicely and sings a lisping song to her dolly. The good book tells about a place where there will be no more pain or sorrow. Well, I want to go that place as soon as the Lord wills it; and I want all my folks to go with me, and everybody else's folks, too.—Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.

The Picturesque and Peculiar City of Saba, in the West Indies.

If you will take down your geographies and look on the map of the West Indies, you will notice, between the islands of Santa Cruz and St. Christopher, two small islets which, unless your map is an unusually large and complete one, will have no names given. These two islands belong to the Dutch, and the most northerly and westerly of them is called Saba.

The Dutch are noted for their odd and quaint customs and for their perseverance, Holland being sometimes called the "Land of Pluck;" but I doubt if anywhere in all their possessions have these curious people shown their queer and eccentric habits to greater advantage than in the little out-of-the way island of Saba.

The island is small, its greatest diameter being not over two and one-half miles, and it is nothing more than an isolated mountain-top rising out of the sea. The sides are very steep and high, rising in places for a sheer 2,000 feet. There is no harbor, no beach, no safe anchorage, and no large trees on the island. Although Saba has a population of over 2,500, yet you might sail all around it without seeing any signs of houses or settlements. If you wished to land, or "go aboard," as the Sabans say, you would have to do so on a shelving rock on the southern side of the island; and here you would find a steep, winding flight of stone steps leading up the rocky mountain side.

Following these steps, which number 800 and are called "The Ladder," you at last reach the top of the mountain, and looking inland, see a small grassy plain covered with neat white, red-roofed houses, the whole surrounded on every side by towering peaks and precipices covered with beautiful tree-ferns, bamboos, and wild plantains. This little town, the only one on the island, is known as "The Bottom"—a curious name, surely; but it is well named, nevertheless, for the plain on which it is built is nothing more than the bottom of the crater of an extinct volcano.

Descending the slope into this queerest of queer towns, you find the streets simply narrow paths walled with stone, higher in places than your head, while every inch of earth is cultivated with true Dutch thrift and industry. Here and there small patches of sugar-cane, yams and arrowroot are side by side with beans, corn and potatoes, with palm and banana trees rising over all. The population consists of whites and negroes in nearly equal numbers, while the blue-eyed and tow-headed children play with black-skinned and curly-haired piccaninnies; but all are Dutch in speech, manners and looks. The houses, shops, gardens—everything is Dutch.—St. Nicholas.

Anyone who does that which is out of the ordinary is considered mad by the public in general and policemen in particular. The other day a Finnish sailor who had been ill for some time, but who had recovered enough to go out and take the fresh air, was walking across Brooklyn bridge. He saw some men painting the coping on the top, 278 feet above the water. The idea of climbing up with them and enjoying the scene took him and he mounted up hand over hand until he reached the topmost point. A crowd collected and the terrified painters told him to go down or he would be killed. But he climbed along to a free place and then to show the crowd his security he stood on his head and waved his legs gracefully in the air. It was no more than what is done in athletic performances frequently, but when he came down he was arrested and brought up to have his sanity looked into. There is no more reason why this should have been done than that the stupid painters should have been accused of disturbing the peace or charged with insanity.

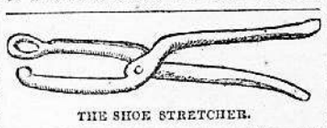
Queer Causes of Death.

Nelson Clark, a steamboatman of Paducah, Ky., was scalded to death on the steamer Jennie Gilchrist. He placed a plank on the boiler and went to sleep, when the safety valve opened with fatal result. Mrs. Helen Sayers, of Chicopee Falls, Mass., was drowned in what is known as the Bleachery pond, in the rear of Dunn's bleachery. Mrs. Sayers was giving her dog a bath, and in some manner lost her balance and fell forward into the water. Her head was submerged and she was unable to call for assistance or to get out. William Kaufmann, of Wright County, Iowa, was attacked by hiccoughs. He swallowed the proverbial nine cups of water, and his family attempted to frighten the mild convulsions from him, but he grew worse. He was a man of strong constitution, but was compelled to take to his bed, and soon after died in terrible agony. William Johnson, of Richmond, Va., was in a boat out in the stream, with companions. He lost his balance and fell overboard, sinking quickly out of sight. A fruitless search was made for the body, and when Johnson's friends went to pull in their heavily laden seines they were horrified to find the dead man's body entangled in the twine.

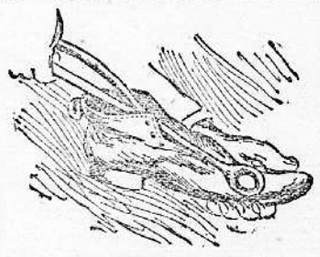
SHOE STRETCHERS

Device Can Be Applied to Point of Discomfort.

A new household device in the shape of a shoe stretcher has been recently devised, by the use of which a shoe can be readily eased just exactly at the point where the increased room is demanded without the necessity of stretching the whole shoe, as is done by the use of the last. The device consists of a tong arrangement, with a ring and ball at the extremities. By this means it is possible to get into the very toe of the shoe, or any other part as well.



THE SHOE STRETCHER.



STRETCHER IN USE.

A MONUMENT OF LOVE.

Story of the Building of the Famous Moorish Palace of the Alhambra.

The Alhambra of Spain has attained a fame equalled by no other palace on earth. This marvelous creation of Moorish fancy is situated in what was in its time one of the strongest and largest fortresses in the world. Capable of containing an army of 40,000 men, it was at once the admiration of the Moors and the dread of the Spaniards. The Moors called it the Maiden Fortress, and had a superstition that when it fell the Moorish power in Spain would come to an end. The belief was justified by the event, for Kal-al-Hamrah, the Red Castle, was the last Moorish stronghold to surrender to the Spaniards, it being given up the year before the discovery of America, and the eight centuries of constant war between the Moors and the Spaniards were brought to a close. The dainty palace within the walls of the huge fortress was the work of Ibn el Ahmar, and was inspired by his love for his wife. Teleika was her name, some say Zeleika, and others give her various appellations, so she may have had more names than one, but, no matter what was her name, she found life in the great fortress rather dull, and, to please her, Ibn el Ahmar began the elegant palace as a home for her and a refuge for himself from the cares of business and the fatigues of war. It proved too long and expensive an undertaking for his life and pocketbook, but his son and grandson each was bountifully supplied with wives, whom they were anxious to please, so it was continued by the one and finished by the other in 1314, over sixty years from the time when its foundations were laid.

Mistaken Pride.

Phil May, the artist and caricaturist, tells of a funny experience he had on his return from a tour for the Graphic:

When I came back to London I hastened to the office, and imagine my gratification when I saw everywhere scription in large letters, "Welcome to May."

"This is indeed fame," I thought; and when I got to the Graphic office there was another inscription, with flowers and all the rest of it: "Welcome to M. and G." The G. worried me a bit, but then the name of the man who went out with me commenced with G.

I told the editor of my gratification.

"Why you egotistical idiot,' he remarked politely, "It's nothing to do with you! It's the marriage of Prince George and Princess May."

When you have a country woman to dinner, notice how shy she is of the butter you serve.

WHY SO MANY REGULAR PHYSICIANS FAIL

To Cure Female Ills—Some True Reasons Why Mrs. Pinkham is More Successful Than the Family Doctors.

A woman is sick; some disease peculiar to her sex is fast developing in her system. She goes to her family physician and tells him a story, but not the whole story.

She holds something back, loses her head, becomes agitated, forgets what she wants to say, and finally conceals what she ought to have told, and thus completely mystifies the doctor.

Is it any wonder, therefore, that the doctor fails to cure the disease? Still, we cannot blame the woman, for it is very embarrassing to detail some of the symptoms of her suffering, even to her family physician.

It was for this reason that years ago Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., determined to step in and help her sex. Having had considerable experience in treating female ills with her Vegetable Compound, she encouraged the women of America to write to her for advice in regard to their complaints, and, being a woman, it was easy for her ailing sisters to pour into her ears every detail of their suffering.

In this way she was able to do for them what the physicians were unable to do, simply because she had the proper information to work upon, and from the little group of women who sought her advice years ago a great army of her fellow-beings are to-day constantly applying for advice and relief, and the fact that more than one hundred thousand of them have been successfully treated by Mrs. Pinkham during the last year is indicative of the grand results which are produced by her unequaled experience and training.

No physician in the world has had such a training, or has such an amount of information at hand to assist in the treatment of all kinds of female ills, from the simplest local irritation to the most complicated diseases of the womb.

This, therefore, is the reason why Mrs. Pinkham, in her laboratory at Lynn, Mass., is able to do more for the ailing women of America than the family physician. Any woman, therefore, is responsible for her own suffering who will not take the trouble to write to Mrs. Pinkham for advice.

The testimonials which we are constantly publishing from grateful women establish beyond a doubt the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to conquer female diseases.

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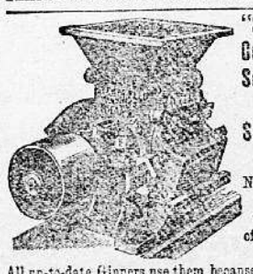

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ARKANSAS LADIES DON'T LIE.

Mrs Martha A Johnson.

Malvern, Ark., says: Have used Dr. M. A. Simmons Liver Medicine 10 years, and find it a great deal better than "Zeilin's Regulator" and "Black Draught." It has been of great benefit to my Daughter and Niece during their monthly troubles for Obstructed Menstruation. There should be no home without it.

The Turn of Life.

The cessation of the menses usually occurs between the ages of forty and fifty. Great irregularity takes place in the periodic discharges for some time before the final cessation, the female usually experiencing sudden flashes of heat, fullness in the head, headache and other evidences of constitutional disturbance. The nervous system sympathetically responds, and there is great irritability and melancholy, the patient is discouraged and has a sense of fullness or suffocation.

At no time in her life does a woman need more constant care and watchful tenderness, nor has more need for a remedy to invigorate and strengthen her. The bowels should be kept regular with Dr. M. A. Simmons Liver Medicine, and if Dr. Simmons Squaw Vine Wine is used during the whole of this critical period, it will invigorate and enrich her blood, soothe and strengthen her nerves and thus relieve the suffering and enable her to pass safely through the dangers, prolong her life and afford her strength and joy in her declining years.

A. P. Euston

Pine Bluff, Ark., writes: Dr. M. A. Simmons Liver Medicine has been a God send to myself and family for 20 years. It cures Chills and Fevers, Bilious Fevers, Sick Headache. I think there is no comparison between it and "Black Draught" and "Zeilin's Liver Regulator."

Fullness of Blood in Head.

Where there is great determination of blood to the head, the blood-vessels of the brain become greatly congested, and there exists flushed face, giddiness, especially on stooping, and throbbing pain in the head, increased by movement. It may be caused by living too freely; too late rising in the morning; combined with an inactive life. Menstrual derangements in females will often occasion it. Dr. Simmons Squaw Vine Wine is especially made for this, and it cures.

Adaptability of Animals.

An impression prevails that insects and other creatures are so co-related with their food that they can scarcely exist unless the special food seemingly essential to them is ready to hand, says Meehan's Monthly. This is believed true not only of food, but of their habits in general. The yucca and the yucca moth are so closely connected that it does seem as if each is absolutely dependent on the other—and one might well ask what would the chimney swallow do without chimneys in which to build its nests—or cherry or peach tree gum with which to build them.

But just as the vegetarian would have to abandon his principles where there was nothing in the icy region but musk ox and walrus to feed on, so animal nature generally has the instinct of preservation to take to that which first comes to hand when favorite resources fail. The chimney swallow built its nest somewhere before the white man constructed chimneys. The potato beetle had its home on the plains long before it ever knew a potato, and the writer has seen the common elm leaf beetle feeding voraciously in the mountains of North Carolina on a species of skull-cap—scutellaria—touching apparently no other plant, in localities where elms were absent.

In Germantown gardens half-starved bees take to grapes and raspberries. In the same locality the common robin has hard times. There had been no rain from the fourth of July to the eleventh of October, and, everything having become parched long since, insects that had lived on green food had not increased. The robins took to green seeds and fruits. The apples on the orchard trees were dug out as if by mice. An American golden pippin, with a heavy crop, presented a remarkable appearance with what should be apples hanging on the trees like empty walnut shells. In brief, no creature would ignore the promptings of nature. It will change its habits when necessity demands.

The London Times takes comfort in publishing a table showing that in the ordinary course of nature the thrones of Germany, Russia, Greece and Roumania will be occupied by descendants of Queen Victoria. Judging from the past, no especial advantage will arise either to these powers or Great Britain from these royal relationships. Such ties did not prevent the wresting of Schleswig-Holstein from Denmark, nor preserve the King of Greece from a walloping by Turkey.

"If you haven't been takin' a bath I'll eat my hat!" declared Mr. Weary Watkins.

"Guess I'll have to own up," assented Mr. Dismal Dawson.

"Whut d'ye mean by it?"

"Election bet; that's all."—Indianapolis Journal.

She Was in Doubt.

Benham—Well, if you want to know it, I married you for your money.

Mrs. Benham—I wish I could tell as easily what I married you for.—Judge.

"I hear Miss Evangate's new play is a historic one."

"Why not? She's getting somewhat historic herself."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

It is pretty hard to decide on the meanest man you ever knew.

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