DIALOGUES OF THE DAY.

"She talked so fast that I could not get a word in edgewise." "You should have resorted to sharper language."—Indianapolis Journal.

Guest—"Bring me some canvas back ducks." Waiter—"We are just out." Guest—"Well, make it a canvas back ham, then."—Chicago Record.

"Her father won over $2,000 from the baron last month at cards." "And then the baron asked him for her hand?" "Yes. He wanted to get his money back."—Life.

Proprietor—"Where is the bookkeeper?"—Office Boy—"He isn't in. His wife sent him word that the baby was asleep, and he's gone home to see what it looks like."—Louisville Truth.

Mr. Dunn—"I've called to see about a little bill I left here about a month ago." Mr. Short—"Oh! it's all right; you needn't be alarmed. I've laid it away where it won't be disturbed. No need for you to call again."—Boston Transcript.

Violinist (proudly)—"The instrument I shall use at your house to-morrow evening, Mein Herr, is over 200 years old." Parvenue—"Oh! never mind that. It is good enough. No one will know the difference."—Harper's Bazar.

Cripple—"Please help a poor man, sir; I lost my leg on the field." Wigwag—"Why, you're too young to have been in the war." Cripple (indignantly)—"Who's talking about war? I wish you to understand, sir, that I am an ex-football player."—Philadelphia Record.

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

THERE is not the least flower but seems to hold up its head, and to look pleasantly, in the secret sense of the goodness of its heavenly Maker.—South.

PROVIDENCE has given us hope and sleep as a compensation for the many cares of life.—Voltaire.

IRRITATION OF THE THROAT AND HOARSENESS are immediately relieved by "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" Have them always ready.

A HORSE will pull with all his might, but never with his mane.—Texas Siftings.

I use Piso's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice.—Dr. G. W. PATTERSON, Inkster, Mich., Nov. 5, 1894.

ONE who never drinks behind the bar—the mosquito.—Texas Siftings.

Aches

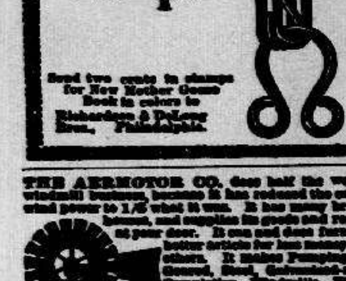
And pains of rheumatism can be cured by removing the cause, lactic acid in the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures rheumatism by neutralizing this acid. Get only

Hood's
Sarsaparilla

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25c.

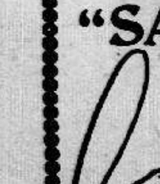
Never
unfastens by itself, you have to attend to that. Secure, reliable, strong: The DeLONG patent Hook and Eye.

See that



Send two cents in stamps for New Mother Goose Book in colors to Richardson & DeLong Bros., Philadelphia.

THE AERMOTOR CO. does half the world's windmill business, because it has reduced the cost of wind power to 1/6 what it was. It has many branch houses, and supplies its goods and repairs at your door. It can and does furnish a better article for less money than others. It makes Pumping and Geared, Steel, Galvanized-after-Completion Windmills, Tilting and Fixed Steel Towers, Steel Buzz Saw Frames, Steel Feed Cutters and Feed Grinders. On application it will name one of these articles that it will furnish until January 1st at 1/3 the usual price. It also makes Tanks and Pumps of all kinds. Send for catalogue. Factory: 12th, Rockwell and Fillmore Streets, Chicago.



POPULAR MELODIES IN CHURCH

"Wearing of the Green" Played During a Recent Service at Washington.

An incident which, if it had occurred at the middle of the services, might have resulted disastrously, caused considerable amusement at one of the Catholic churches on a recent Sunday. The service was an especially attractive one, and elaborate musical numbers had been prepared. The choir was assisted by a string orchestra, with a particularly lusty trombone. There was a sermon by an eloquent priest, and the services were carried out without a hitch until the very last. All those at the altar arranged themselves in readiness for the recessional.

The choir leader raised his baton, described a grand flourish in the air and a grand burst of harmony burst forth from the orchestra. But instead of a sacred march it was "The Wearing of the Green." Its merry and frivolous strains pealed louder and louder, and the cheeks of the fat trombonist puffed wider and wider. But the effect! There was a scurrying among the choir singers to get out of the organ loft. There was an immediately noticeable hitching into step of the superficially solemn altar boys, and the holy fathers exerted all the muscles of their faces to retain a proper decorum of countenance.

They didn't succeed altogether, for a broad smile was on the face of more than one as he disappeared from sight. But the orchestra played blissfully on. It changed from the Irish melody to another popular air, and nobody knows but what they might have drifted into a skirt dance or "The Sunshine of Paradise Alley" had not the last of the priestly procession disappeared as quickly as possible within the sacristy doors. It is safe to say that that orchestra will find difficulty in getting another job to play sacred music.—Washington Post.

JOURNEYING TO A STAR.

There Would Be a Fascination About It If It Were Possible.

There is a perpetual fascination about the stars and the immense distances at which they lie from one another and from us. To demonstrate the vast distance of Centauri from this planet a popular scientist gives the following illustration: "We shall suppose that some wealthy directors, for want of outlet for their energy and capital, construct a railway to Centauri. We shall neglect for the present the engineering difficulties—a mere detail—and suppose them overcome and the railway open for traffic. We shall go no further and suppose that the directors have found the construction of such a railway to have been peculiarly easy and that the proprietors of the interstellar space had not been exorbitant in their terms for right of way. Therefore, with a view to encourage traffic, the directors have made the fare exceedingly moderate, viz., first-class at one penny per 100 miles. Desiring to take advantage of these facilities, a gentleman, by way of providing himself with small change for the journey, buys up the national debt of Britain and a few other countries, and presenting himself at the office demands a first-class single to Centauri.

"For this he tenders in payment the scrip of the British national debt, which just covers the cost of his ticket, but at this time the national debt from little wars has been run up to £1,100,000,000.

"Having taken his seat it occurs to him to ask:

"'At what rate do you travel?'

"'Sixty miles an hour, sir, including stoppages,' is the answer.

"'Then when shall we reach Centauri?'

"'In 48,663,000 years, sir!'"—London Answers.

Healthful for the Present.

The Fates were upon the point of adjourning over Sunday.

"Oh, by the way," interposed the chair, "there is the matter of the healthfulness of the bicycle still undecided, the committee on destiny having reported it back without recommendation. I suppose we shall have to let bicyclists live until we get a place fitted up in the hereafter for storing wheels. Is there objection? The chair hears no objection. It is so ordered."—Detroit Tribune.

Usually the Case.

In a village smithy in the north of Aberdeenshire a few worthies had gathered, and the discussion on "a man loving his second wife" was touched upon. "Nyod Smith," said Hillies, "you sud be weel able to gie an opinion on that subject. Ye've haen fower wives. Which o' them a' did ye like best?"

"Weel, Hillies, I hae my qualms o' conscience in answerin' that question. I aye liket the livin' one best."—Dundee News.

Everybody wants Clairette Soap who knows the goodness of it. Try it once and you will refuse all other kinds, too. Sold everywhere. Made only by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, ST. LOUIS.

the doctors

approve of Scott's Emulsion. For whom?

For men and women who are weak, when they should be strong; for babies and children who are thin, when they should be fat; for all who do not get from their food the nourishment they should. Poor blood is starved blood. You eat and are nourished. Consumption and scrofula never come when the blood gets its proper food. And nothing is better for starved blood than COD-LIVER OIL.

Scott's Emulsion

is COD-LIVER OIL with the taste taken out. It is for all who feel weak, have lost appetite or are losing flesh.

Be sure you get the genuine with the man and fish on it. If you need it, get it. No substitute will do.

TWO SIZES, 50c. and $1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

NO REASON.

Now tell me, my dear, don't put me aside
And look at me just in that way,
For the mist in your eyes is dimming the blue
As the clouds in the sky dim the day.
But tell me as frankly as red lips can speak
Whatever your reason could be,
When the world was before you to choose from, my sweet,
Your choice should just glorify me!
I'm neither a poet nor orator grand,
The millions don't shout at my name,
No sword have I drawn, no victories won,
I'm not on the world's scroll of fame,
No lands do I hold in title or fee,
No castles, nor flocks on the hills,
No forests or mines, no ships on the sea,
No furnaces, workshops or mills,
Having nothing but youth and a heart that is true,
And vigor and strength in my arm,
Just a man—devoted and loyal to you,
Whose life would shield yours from all harm—
Having nothing but these, I can't comprehend
Whatever your reason could be,
When the world was before you to choose from, true heart,
Your choice should just glorify me!
Then a voice faint and soft as the notes of a lute
Fell in musical tones on my ear:
"I can't tell the—reason, I—only—just—know
Taht I love you, I love you, my dear!"
—Coldwater (Mich.) Courier.

"THE CYCLOPEEDY."

BY EUGENE FIELD.

Havin' lived next door to the Hobart place f'r goin' on 30 years, I calc'late that I know jest about ez much about the case ez anybody else now on airth, exceptin' perhaps it's ol' Jedge Baker, and he's so plaguey old 'nd so powerful feeble that he don't know nothin'.

It seems that in the spring uv '47—the year that Cy Watson's oldest boy wuz drowned in West river—there come along a book agent sellin' volyumes 'nd tracks f'r the diffusion uv knowledge, 'nd havin' got the recommend of the minister 'nd uv the select men, he done an all-fired big business in our part uv the county. His name wuz Lemuel Higgins, 'nd he wuz ez likely a talker ez I ever heerd, barrin' Lawyer Conkey, 'nd everybody allowed that when Conkey wuz round he talked so fast that the town pump 'ud have to be greased every 20 minutes.

One uv the first uv our folks that this Lemuel Higgins struck wuz Leander Hobart. Leander had jest marr'ed one uv the Peasley girls, 'nd had moved into the old homestead on the Plainville road—old Deacon Hobart havin' give up the place to him, the other boys havin' moved out west (like a lot o' darned fools that they wuz!). Leander wuz feelin' his oats jest about this time, 'nd nuthin' wuz too good f'r him.

"Hattie," sez he, "I guess I'll have to lay in a few books f'r readin' in the winter time, 'nd I've a half notion to subscribe f'r a cyclopeedy. Mr. Higgins here says they're invalerable in a famly, and that we orter have 'em, bein' as how we're likely to have the fam'ly come by!"

"Lor's sakes, Leander, how you talk!" sez Hattie, blushin' all over, ez brides allers does to heern tell uv sich things.

Waal, to make a long story short, Leander bargained with Mr. Higgins for a set uv them cyclopeedies, 'nd he signed his name to a long printed paper that showed how he agreed to take a cyclopeedy oncet in so often, which wuz to be as often ez a new one uv the volyumes wuz printed. A cyclopeedy isn't printed all at oncet, because that would make it cost too much; consekently the man that gets it up has it strung along fur apart, so as to hit folks oncet every year or two, and gin'rally about harvest time. So Leander kind uv liked the idee, and he signed the printed paper 'nd made his affidavit to it before Judge Warner.

The fust volyume of the cyclopeedy stood on a shelf in the old seckretary in the settin' room about four months before they had any use f'r it. One night 'Squire Turner's son come over to visit Leander 'nd Hattie, and they got to talkin' about apples, 'nd the sort uv apples that wuz the best. Leander allowed that the Rhode Island greenin' wuz the best, but Hattie and the Turner boy stuck up f'r the Roxbury russet, until at last a happy idee struck Leander, and sez he: "We'll leave it to the cyclopeedy, b'gosh! Whichever one the cyclopeedy sez is the best will settle it!"

"But you can't find out nothin' 'bout Roxbury russets nor Rhode Island greenin's in our cyclopeedy," sez Hattie.

"Why not, I'd like to know?" sez Leander, kind of indignant like.

"'Cause ours haint got down to the R yet," sez Hattie. "All ours tells about is things beginnin' with A."

"Well, hain't we talkin' about Apples?" sez Leander. "You aggervate me terrible, Hattie, by insistin' on knowin' what you don't know nothin' 'bout."

Leander went to the seckertary and took down the cyclopeedy 'nd hunted all through it f'r Apples, but all he could find wuz "Apple—See Pomology."

"How in thunder kin I see Pomology," sez Leander, "when there aint no Pomology to see? Gol durn a cyclopedy, anyhow!"

And he put the volume back onto the the shelf 'nd never sot eyes onto it agin.

That's the way the thing run f'r years 'nd years. Leander would've gin up the plaguey bargain but he couldn't; he had signed a printed paper 'nd had swore to it afore a justice of the peace. Higgins would have had the law on him if he had throwed up the trade.

The most aggervatin' feature uv it all wuz that a new one uv ther cussid cyclopeedies wuz allus sure to show up at the wrong time—when Leander wuz hard up or had jest been afflicted in some way or other. His barn burnt down two nights afore the volyume containin' the letter B arrived, 'nd Leander needed all his chink to pay f'r lumber, but Higgins sot back on that affidavit and defied the life out uv him.

"Never mind, Leander," sez his wife, soothin' like, "it's a good book to have in the house, anyhow, now that we've got a baby."

"That's so," sez Leander, "babies does begin with B don't it?"

You see their fust baby had been born; they named him Peasley—Peasley Hobart—after Hattie's folks. So, seein' as how it wuz payin' f'r a book that told about babies Leander didn't begrudge that five dollars so much after all.

"Leander," sez Hattie one forenoon, "that B cyclopeedy ain't no account. There aint nothin' in it about babies except 'See Maternity.'"

"Waal, I'll be gosh durned!" sez Leander. That wuz all he said, and he couldn't do nothin' at all, f'r that book agent, Lemuel Higgins, had the dead wood on him—the mean, sneakin' critter!

So the years passed on, one of them cyclopeedies showin' up now 'nd then—sometimes every two years 'nd sometimes every four, but allus at a time when Leander found it peaky hard to give up a fiver. It warn't no use cussin' Higgins; Higgins just laffed when Leander allowed that the cyclopeedy wuz no good 'nd that he wuz bein' robbed. Meantime Leander's family wuz increasin' and growin'. Little Sarey had the hoopin' cough dreadful one winter, but the cyclopeedy didn't help out at all, 'cause all it said wuz: "Hoopin' Cough — See Whoopin' Cough"—and, uv course, there warn't no Whoopin' Cough to see, bein' as how the W hadn't come yet!

Oncet when Hiram wanted to dreen the home pasture, he went to the cyclopeedy to find out about it, but all he diskivered wuz: "Drain—See Tile." This wuz in 1859, and the cyclopeedy had only got down to G.

The cow wuz sick with lung fever one spell, and Leander laid her dyin' to that cussid cyclopeedy, 'cause when he went to readin' 'bout cows it told him to "See Zoology."

But what's the use uv harrowin' up one's feelin's talkin' 'nd thinkin' about these things? Leander got so after awhile that the cyclopeedy didn't worry him at all; he grew to look at it ez one uv the crosses that human critters has to bear without complainin' through this vale uv tears. The only thing that bothered him wuz the fear that mebbe he wouldn't live to see the last volume—to tell the truth, this kind uv got to be his hobby, and I've heern him talk 'bout it many a time settin' round the stove at the tavern 'nd squirtin' tobacco juice at the sawdust box. His wife, Hattie, passed away with the yaller janders the winter W came, and all that seemed to reconcile Leander to survivin' her wuz the prospect uv seein' the last volyume uv that cyclopeedy. Lemuel Higgins, the book agent, had gone to his everlastin' punishment; but his son, Hiram, had succeeded to his father's business 'nd continued to visit the folks his old man had roped in. By this time Leander's children had growed up; all on 'em wuz marr'd, and there wuz numeris grandchildren to amuse the ol' gentleman. But Leander wuzn't to be satisfied with the common things uv airth; he didn't seem to take no pleasure in his grandchildren like most men do; his mind wuz allers sot on somethin' else—for hours 'nd hours, yes, all day long, he'd set out on the front stoop lookin' wistfully up the road for that book agent to come along with a cyclopeedy. He didn't want to die till he'd got all the cyclopeedies his contract called for; he wanted to have everything straightened out before he passed away.

When—oh, how well I recollect it—When Y come along he wuz so overcome that he fell over in a fit uv paralysis, 'nd the old gentleman never got over it. For the next three years he drooped 'nd pined, and seemed like he couldn't hold out much longer. Finally he had to take to his bed—he was so old 'nd feeble—but he made 'em move the bed up against the winder so he could watch for that last volyume of the cyclopeedy.

The end come one balmy day in the spring uv '87. His life wuz a' ebbin' powerful fast; the minister wuz there, 'nd me, 'nd Dock Wilson, 'nd Jedge Baker, 'nd most uv the fam'ly. Lovin' hands smoothed the wrinkled forehead 'nd breshed back the long, scant, white hair, but the eyes of the dyin' man wuz sot upon that piece uv road down which the cyclopeedy man allus come.

All to oncet a bright 'nd joyful look come into them eyes, 'nd ol' Leander riz up in bed 'nd sez: "It's come!"

"What is it, father?" asked his daughter Sarey, sobbin' like.

"Hush," sez the minister, solemnly; "he sees the shinin' gates uv the Noo Jerusalum."

"No, no," cried the aged man; "it is the cyclopeedy—the letter Z—it's comin'!"

And, sure enough, the door opened, and in walked Higgins. He tottered rather than walked, f'r he had growed old 'nd feeble in his wicked perfession.

"Here's the Z cyclopeedy, Mr. Hobart," says Higgins.

Leander clutched it; he hugged it to his pantin' bosom; then stealin' one pale hand under the piller he drew out a faded bank note 'nd gave it to Higgins.

"I thank thee for this boon," sez Leander, rollin' his eyes up devoutly; then he gave a deep sigh.

"Hold on," cried Higgins, excitedly, "you've made a mistake—it isn't the last—"

But Leander didn't hear him—his soul had fled from its mortal tenement 'nd hed soared rejoicin' to realms uv everlastin' bliss.

"He is no more," sez Dock Wilson, methaporically.

"Then who are his heirs?" asked that mean critter Higgins.

"We be," sez the family.

"Do you conjointly and severely acknowledge and assume the obligation of deceased to me?" he asked 'em.

"What obligation?" asked Peasley Hobart, stern like.

"Deceased died owin' me f'r a cyclopedy!" sez Higgins.

"That's a lie!" sez Peasley. "We all seen him pay you for the Z!"

"But there's another one to come," sez Higgins.

"Another?" they all asked.

"Yes, the index!" sez he.

So there wuz, and I'll be eternally durned if he ain't a'suin' the estate in the probate court now f'r the price uv it!—St. Louis Republic.

A CRUEL WOMAN.

An East Indian Lady of Rank Who Was Merciless.

In person the Begum Somru was small, with a graceful, softly rounded figure, a complexion of dazzling fairness, large black eyes full of animation, delicately chiseled features, and a hand and arm of such perfect symmetry that native poets sang of them as matchless wonders of beauty. Her dress was always in exquisite taste and of the costliest material. She spoke Persian and Hindustani fluently. Her manners were charming, and her conversation spirited, sensible, and engaging. But, as a setoff to this long array of personal attractions, her character was detestable. She was cruel, vindictive and treacherous. If one of her servants displeased or disobeyed her, she would order his nose and ears to be cut off in her presence, and watch the mutilation with gusto, while she placidly smoked her hookah.

When one of her dancing girls offended her by attracting the attention of a favorite officer, she, in a fit of furious jealousy, ordered the unfortunate girl to be buried alive. There was a small vault under the pavement of the saloon in which the nautch dances were held, and in that vault the Begum saw her victim bricked up. When the horrible work was done, she commanded the rest of the nautch girls to come out and dance over the grave in which their still living sister was entombed. According to one account—denied by some of those who have investigated the story—the Begum, that she might extract the last drops of fiendish pleasure out of the cup of revenge, had her couch placed exactly over the vault.—Chambers' Journal.

—It is quite deplorable to see how many rational creatures mistake suffering for sanctity, and think a sad face and a gloomy habit of mind propitious offerings to that deity whose works are all light and luster and harmony and loveliness.—Lady Morgan.

—Use none but a silver spoon for your [illegible]

IDIOMS OF THE PRIZE RING.

Sporting Reporter Taken to Task by His Chief.

"Where's that sporting reporter?" yelled the end-of-the-century editor, as he finished reading the graphic description of a prize fight.

"Here, sir. What's wanted?" and Mr. Biffs stood before his chief.

"You state here," said the editor, without looking up, "that Young Nausea and the Pawtucket Pontoon entered the ring in the pink of condition"

"If it's there I wrote it," Mr. Biffs proudly replied. "They never monkey with my copy."

"Were the men pink?"

The sporting editor looked startled.

"No, not exactly," he replied at length.

"What color were they, then?"

"Yellow, I think," Mr. Biffs confessed, as he shifted his weight to the other leg. His work had never before been questioned.

"Why in thunder didn't you say so, instead of deluding the public with the belief that we have pink people in this country. Now, your account states that the men tipped the beam at 154 pounds. What did they tip it with?"

"Themselves. That's what the men weighed," Mr. Biffs answered. He was growing warmer.

"Oh, it is, is it? Very singular. How about the nine rattling rounds the men fought? Did you hear anything rattle?"

Mr. Biffs sat down and wiped his moistened brow.

"I also see that a fat purse was hung up. On what was this purse suspended?"

"The mill," said Mr. Biffs feebly.

"Then you forgot to mention that the fight took place in a mill. Young Nausea, you remark, was a hog for punishment. That is an elegant term, I must admit, but I do not understand it. Kick a hog in the face and he will quit. Isn't that so?"

The talented and versatile Mr. Biffs groaned aloud in the anguish of his spirit. The horrors of the printed prize fight were beginning to dawn upon his darkened intellect.

"In the fourth round," went on the remorseless editor, "Young Nausea reached for the Pontoon's wind. Was this gentleman's wind visible to the naked eye, or did Young Nausea use forceps?"

Mr. Biffs arose and staggered weakly toward the door.

"Rallying quickly, the Pontoon landed a lala-cooler in his opponent's bread basket, sending him to grass. That's funny," mused the editor. "I never knew before that pugilists carried their lunch into the ring; but then you were there, Mr. Biffs, and—"

But a wild yell in the corridor announced that Reason and Mr. Biffs had flown together.—N. Y. Journal.

HE WAS LITERARY, TOO.

His Sister Was Employed in a Book Bindery.

I was prowling through Mulberry Bend one night to see the darker side of tenement life, when a boy about 10 years old came up to me as I stood for a moment on a corner, and queried:

"Gittin' stuff fur a sermon next Sunday?"

"No, I'm not a preacher," I replied.

"That's lucky fur you! They gin preachers the cold chuck around here. Stranger doin' the slums, mebbe?"

"No."

"Cause if you was I'd whistle fur de gang and we'd be on to you like a house! Gittin' pictures wid a kodack, mebbe?"

"No."

"De last kodack feller down here got away wid his life, but dat was all. Say, Cully, was you an artist wid de brush?"

"No, I'm not an artist."

"Cause I wanted to remark dat you might possibly git away, but you'd be lame all de rest of your life! You don't look like one of de purfesh!"

"No, I'm not a thief, burglar or pickpocket," I answered.

"Cause if you was you'd hev to whack up half a dollar to buy beer fur de gang, you know, or some of 'em would put de peelers on. What is your perticklar lay, Cully, if it wouldn't break yer neck to give it away?"

"Writing for the newspapers."

"Dat's literary, hain't it?"

"Yes."

"Cully, put it dere!" he said, as he extended a hand which hadn't felt water for four weeks. "I'm right in it myself!"

"As how?"

"I've a sister in a book-bindery, and me daddy runs the engine in a job office. Shake agin, Cully—a literary shake!"—Detroit Free Press.

His Retort Courteous.

She had yielded to the fascinations of the new woman idea, and was at least a neck ahead of the most advanced. Her husband was meek and lowly, and they lived out on Fannin street. After supper she put on her bloomers, got her hat and cane, and said she was going down to the club for an hour or two. Henry had gone to bed, and was trying to figure out why he had been born. She reached up to the gas burner and said: "Is there anything I can do for you, Henry, before I put out the light?" "Yes, my dear; I'm feeling rather nervous tonight. Would you mind looking under the bed to see if there's a woman there before you go out?"—Houston Post.

Repartee.

"You are a liar."

The words rang out clear in the air. A hush of dread fell upon the spectators.

"Curse you! Repeat those words, and—"

"Bah!" cried the first speaker. "I defy you; do your worst."

The two men sprang to a table and seized—

Pen and ink. They were peglists.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

No Knife.

Stranger (sarcastically)—I hear you use a knife in partaking of your water here.

Chicago Man (with dignity)—Possibly some of the lower classes use a knife, but everybody who is anybody uses a fork, sir.—Detroit Tribune.

Search for Facts.

Philanthropic Old Gentleman—How in the world did you ever fall to this state?

Seedy Individual—I am a reporter, sir, and I've got an assignment to write an article on the evil effects of drink.—Judge.

No Room to Paper Them.

Visitor—Yes, it's a very pleasant flat. But aren't the rooms just a trifle small?

Mr. Flat Dweller—So you notice it, too, do you? Well, they were all right till last week, but the walls were painted last Monday.—Somerville Journal.

A Happy Englishman.

Spinks—Your English guest seems to be enjoying his visit to this country. He looks very happy.

Binks—Yes. He's found more things than he expected to grumble about.—N. Y. Weekly.

—Wickedness, when properly punished, is disgraceful only to the offender; unpunished, it is disgraceful to the whole community.—C. Simmons.

How completely THE BLACK CAT, Boston's new five-cent magazine, has captivated the story-reading world, is shown by the fact that in three months it has already reached a sale of 150,000 copies. And the favor it has found with the press is equally well indicated by the editorial comments of leading papers throughout the country. The New York Mail and Express, for instance, refers to it as "the literary pet," while the Louisville Commercial says: "We predict that this delightfully original and interesting magazine, which is published by the Shortstory Publishing Co., Boston, Mass., will have the largest sale ever reached by any publication. Its cleverly told stories of mystery, exciting detective tales, and thrilling stories of adventure render THE BLACK CAT a delightful new departure in story telling."

ALL that is good in art is the expression of one soul talking to another, and is precious according to the greatness of the soul that utters it.—Ruskin.

"The Melancholy Days Have Come,

The saddest of the year," not when autumn has arrived, as poet Bryant intimates, but when a fellow gets bilious. The "sere and yellow leaf" is in his complexion if not in the foliage at that inauspicious time. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will soon discipline his rebellious liver, and regulate his bowels, besides toning his stomach and healthfully stimulating his kidneys. Malaria, rheumatism and nervousness are also relieved by the Bitters.

AT THE PARTY.—He—"Do you know, I always feel like a fool in a full-dress suit." She—"What a pity you can't hide your feelings a little."—Truth.

"I WOULD like some powder, please." "Face, gun or bug?"—Life.

"SOME mighty good people," said Uncle Eben, "gibs er lot ob advice whah dey might 'complish more by locatin' dah chicken-coop whah it wouldn' be so temptations."—Washington Star.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLE.—He—"What would you think, dear, if I should say you were a harp of a thousand strings?" She—"I should think, love, that you were a lyre."—Town and Country Journal.

"SOME white folks seems ter 'magine," said Uncle Eben, "dat dey is so much bettah'n other people dat dar ain' no necessity foh 'em ter show it by dar actions."—Washington Star.

"WHAT! you refuse me $20—me, your intimate friend, whom you once called your second ego!" "Ah, my dear boy, I know myself too well—you would never return the money."—Le Figaro.

MADGE—"I'm in an awful fix." Ethel—"What is it, dear?" Madge—"Jack insists that I shall return his engagement ring, and for the life of me I can't tell which one it is."—Brooklyn Life.

COUNSEL—"Well, after the [illegible] gave you a blow what happened?" Prisoner—"He gave me a third one." [illegible]—"You mean a second one?" Prisoner—"No, sir, I landed him the second one."—[illegible]

LOVER—"I know as well as anybody that she has no beauty or money or accomplishments or anything, but I love her." Friend—"And in any case she will still be your better half."—Fliegende Blaetter.

OUT OF IT ENTIRELY.—She—"I wouldn't go out sleighing with a man I couldn't trust." He—"I am afraid you wouldn't go with me." She—"Why not?" He—"I am a man that even a livery-stable keeper wouldn't trust."—Puck.

DAUGHTER (reading letter)—"But, pa, dear, in the last word you put a letter too much." Pa (self-made, and not a bit of pride about him)—"'Ave I, dear? Never mind; I dare say I've left one out in some other word, so that'll square it."—Tit-Bits.

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