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4 50	3 32	Hale,	12 25	†7 45
4 30	3 25	Arn,	12 34	8 10
4 15	3 18	Emery,	12 42	8 25
4 00	3 10	Whittemore,	12 50	8 55
3 40	3 02	Mills,	12 58	9 20
3 20	2 50	Prescott,	1 10	9 50
2 55	2 38	Shearer,	1 22	10 15
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JENNIE: "Well, during the last few months, for example, you have taken up painting,

without any teacher; you came to the rescue when Miss Lafarge deserted her Delsarte class so suddenly, and certainly we are all improving in grace under your instruction; I heard you telling Tommy Eames last evening how his club made mistakes in playing baseball; you seem to be up on all the latest 'fads,' and know just what to do under all circumstances; you entertain beautifully; and in the last month you have improved so in health, owing, you tell me, to your physical culture exercises. Where do you get all of your information from in this little out-of-the way place?—for you never go to the city."

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HUMOROUS.

Did it ever occur to you that a swan's up-side is never down?"

A dead beat is a man who doesn't work himself but works everybody else.—Elmira Gazette.

Reading a typewritten letter from your sweetheart is like kissing your sister.—Kate Field's Washington.

"I think I'll give the country the shake," remarked the Malaria as it prepared for business.—Texas Siftings.

At the Fifth Hour. Zenobia—"I like autumn." Augusta—"How so?" Zenobia—"Autumn leaves."—New York Herald.

At the Toll-gate. Collector—"What have you got in that cart?" "Half a sheep." "Alive or dead?"—Il Motto per Ridere.

Friend—"Why don't you write a joke on the ice bill?" Humorist (savagely)—"I guess not. I've just paid one."—Yankee Blade.

Teacher—"When is the proper time to gather apples?" Pupil—"When the big dog isn't in the orchard."—(Fliegende Blaetter.

"The whirled is mine," exclaimed young Saply when he proposed to Miss Angel during the waltz and was accepted.—King's Jester.

There was a wedding in the New York Deaf and Dumb Asylum last week; but we understand it was a very quiet affair.—Yonkers Statesman.

"If there is anything I dislike," said Bligins as the editor returned his witty effort, "it's a man who won't take a joke."—Washington Star.

At an examination of students one young gentleman, being asked to describe Henry VIII, replied. "He was a professional widower."—The Tub.

The Kind of Fowl She Wasn't.—He—"Is Daisy Leftover the goose she sometimes seems?" She—"Well, she's certainly no chicken."—Pluck.

"Now, Johnny, can you tell the committee where the cradle of the human race was?" "Yes, ma'am; in the Rocky Mountains."—Boston Gazette.

"You are the world to me," he whispered. "All right," she answered. "You can be the sun. I'm going to marry your father."—New York Herald.

"I'm so sorry," said Mrs. Parvenu, bidding good-night to her guests after the reception, "that the storm kept all our best people away!"—Boston Herald.

She—"Will you take a part in our theatricals?" He—"Aw—weally—I—aw—should so like to. What shall I take?" She—"Tickets."—Judge.

She—"Papa, may I marry Jack? I could go further and fare worse." He—"You couldn't fare worse." She—"Then what's the use of my going further?"—Judge.

Jack—"How do you know Hornblend married Miss Roche for her gold?" Ethel—"She told me he assayed several times before he proposed."—New York Herald.

Hawes—"Your ward sends an uninstructed delegation, does it not?" Warde Heeler—"No; not exactly. Two of 'em can write their own names."—Indianapolis Journal.

It Couldn't Be. Winks—"I hear that De Chappie fell in a fit on Broadway to-day." Minks—"Impossible. He had on a suit of English-made clothes."—New York Weekly.

That Settled It. Amy—"George, dear, what do you think of my new reformed gown?" Mr. Dolley (surveying it critically)—"There is something in it I like." Amy—"What?" Mr. Dolley—"You."—Judge.

Friend—"After your experience in the Hotel Royal fire, I shouldn't think you'd want to go to the Hotel Rattletrap. It's just as dangerous." Miss Spinster—"You should have seen the handsome fireman that carried me out."—New York Weekly.

Algy (much agitated)—"Gwacious! Have you heard that the trouble between Caneby and Checkerton has resulted in a duel?" Jack—"Mercy, no!" Algy—"Yaas; you should have seen them face each othaw, pale but intwepid. Lots were dwawn, and Caneby, poor old fellow, must wear a turndown collar fow the next six months."—Harper's Bazar.

He Wanted to Die.

He was determined to die. Life was a burden. Like Hamlet, he had often debated the all-deciding question, to be or not to be, yet like Hamlet he was a little afraid.

When his best girl went back on him, however, nervousness gave way to sombre resolution. He certainly must die now, even if he had to kill himself. As he was in the best of health, and weighed one hundred and eighty pounds, it looked very much as if he would have to assist Death a little if he looked for that grim personage to comfort him with oblivion.

But he must be buried in style. He had a patrician horror of cheap coffins, tawdry burial clothes, and an unappreciative undertaker. As his salary was moderate, he began to save up money. It was weary of work, waiting for dollars to accumulate in order that he might place himself where, in all probability, there are no dollars.

His first purchase was a coffin. None of your epemeral wooden affairs, but a leaden casket, so fancifully carved that he immediately stood it up in the corner of his room and hung his Sunday clothes therein. Friends wondered at his taste, but he would warp the edge of their curiosity with some such remarks as:

"Well, you know, I always was original in my tastes."

The next sepulchral item was a shroud. Penurious people might have asked:

"Why not be buried in your best suit? You won't have to take it off again, it's bound to last as long as you will need it."

But he had come to the conclusion that a shroud was the proper caper. The old Greeks wore them and he was a Harvard graduate. So a shroud he purchased. It was a silk one, dead white, so white in fact that it was ghastly. He quite fell in love with its appropriateness, and before going to bed would wrap himself in it and stand before the glass.

"By Jove! I'll make a fine looking corpse," he would say. "If I can only keep a proper expression."

After the shroud was bought, he kept on saving money for various other post-mortem expenses attendant upon a tasty and genteel funoral. There must be carriages, flowers, crape, black gloves, and what not. All these he provided for, and at length, all the expenses attendant upon doing away with one's self were, so to speak, liquidated.

One more consideration remained, an important one to him, if to no one else. This was the way by which he should take himself off. Hanging was vulgar and criminal, electricity was awfully mysterious. Why not try poison? Here the range was very, very wide. Prussic acid, strychnine, arsenic, were objectionable in view of the preliminary pains inflicted. An opate! Ah! That was the thing.

So he provided himself with plenty of morphine, and made up his mind that if the sun dawned upon his corporeal existence one more time, it would not be his fault.

That night he went to bed, firmly convinced that he would be a dead man in less than ten hours. While making these ant-mortem reflections he unfortunately forgot himself so far as to fall asleep.

He awoke with a thrill, as the story tellers say, and remembered that he had not, as yet killed himself. So he got up, lighted the gas, and carefully measured out enough morphine to kill a small sized regiment. So far not a nerve quivered. He was in fact so much in love with the dramatic after-effects of his idea that the usual fear of death had not visited him. He was absorbed in thinking of the notoriety of which he would be the centre.

He held the death-dealing powder in one hand and turned to take a last look at his precious coffin and shroud. Then, his eyes dilated, a sudden tremor shook his form. He staggered back like a drunken man, and the poison fell from his trembling fingers.

The coffin and shroud were gone!

At the far end of the room was an open window. He rushed thither, looked out and saw a step ladder below. The truth forced itself upon him, and with, as it were, a sickening thud.

Burglars! And of all things in the world to be stolen! To steal a coffin and shroud! Well they were valuable enough. They had cost him the sum of at least a year's savings. How he had pinched and denied himself, to afford this one ghastly luxury! And now it was taken from him.

What should he do? Even the morphine lay scattered upon the floor. He had but twenty-seven cents, and his salary was already overdrawn in order that he might "shuffle off this mortal coil" with eclat, and pass to the tomb with that degree of posthumous glory which was dearer to him than the life he had made ready to resign in order to acquire it.

But now—he tottered back and fell upon the bed, quite overcome by the dread alternative left. He simply dared not die, unless he could be buried in style. To be huddled into a pine coffin and shoveled into an insignificant grave, anyhow, was simply unbearable. There was, therefore, but one thing left.

The thought of it wrung from him a groan of anguish as he lay prostrate.

He must continue to live.

So he did. Three months later, when suicide had lost its charms, and beefsteaks were more than palatable, one of his old friends drew him aside.

"I say, old boy, if you want that shroud and coffin, we've got 'em at home in our attic. We had to steal 'em, you know, to cure you."

He heard, he comprehended, and yet he did not kill this self-confessing criminal. Instead he laughed long and heartily.

"Let's go out and take something," said he.

His cure was complete. He also has another best girl now.

Honesty in Yoruba.

A curious illustration of the honesty of some savage people is given in the report of a recent traveler in Yoruba, West Africa. He says he often saw on a mat by the roadside small quantities of maize-flour, bean-bread, cooked yams, or other articles of food carefully arranged for sale, while near at hand a broken calabash was placed for receipt of cowries, which are the currency of the country. In passing, the men in his caravan would choose the articles of food they desired and put a number of cowries into the calabash after consulting among themselves as to the exact price which they had paid at the last town or market-shed. For forty cowries, which is less than two cents, a man could fully satisfy his hunger, and the hunger of an African laboring under a load for from fifteen to twenty miles a day is not to be easily appeased. It never occured to any of the carriers to underpay or to take anything of which they did not know the price. The owner of the article was probably a mile or two away working placidly at home, while her little commercial business at the roadside was taking care of itself.

In Yoruba water is stored in large jars near every hut or roadside shed, and may be had for the asking or taken freely by the passing traveler. It is one of the unwritten laws of the country that a hungry traveler may at any time stop at any farm or field and cook sufficient food from the standing crops for one meal, but it would be considered a heinous offense to carry any away with him. Such honesty would hardly be found among civilized people.—Geographical Magazine.

A Rock Foretells the Weather.

According to Roy Meninger, a traveler who has just returned from Mexico, there is a rock near the village of Chilpancigno in the Sierra Madre del Sur that possesses the virtue of foretelling rain twenty-four hours before it falls. Mr. Meninger was incredulous until the rock gave an exhibition of its powers. It stands alone in a little valley of great fertility, and seems to protrude from the ground rather than rest upon its surface. It is about five feet in height by ten in length, and it is of a dull grayish color, the surface being polished and cold to the touch. About a day before the rain comes the rock takes on a redish hue, and its temperature rises to about 60 degrees Fahrenheit. The heat and color increase until rain is precipitated, when the rock cools and gradually resumes its original gray. In a thunder-storm the stone emits a pale blue light, and there is every indication that it is charged with electricity. Local mineralogists say the heat is from a volcanic source.

Friendship is one of those subjects on which much has been written—indeed a great deal more has been written than is understood about it. Perhaps Dante's definition of friendship is the shortest and best one of all. He was asked by the prince of Corona how the fact was to be accounted for that in the household of princes the court fool was in greater favor than the philosopher. "Similarity of mind is the cause of friendship the world over," was the fierce reply of Dante, thereby incurring the eternal enmity of the prince. There are many causes that separate friends. One of the chasms that separate friends is sarcasm. Another is borrowing money. Make friends with your creditors if you can, but never make a creditor of your friend. Some persons look for perfection in a friend. They are doomed to disapointment.

Why the Third Finger was Chosen.

How many women who fondly love the golden symbol of their wedding vow know why they wear it on the left hand. That particular digit was chosen because it was believed by the Egyptians to be directly connected by a slender nerve to the heart itself. And these ancient worshipers of Isis held this finger sacred to Apollo and sun, and therefore gold was the metal chosen for the ring.

A Mean Man.

"Yes," said the society lady the other night at a swell west affair, "I have been across the ocean eleven times."

The smart young man adjusted his monocle and said:

"Ah? Born abroad?"

"No, indeed. Why do you ask?"

"Because, if you were born in this country and crossed the ocean eleven times you would now be on the other side, don'tcherknow?"

The lady figured a moment on the tips of her pretty fingers, blushed violently, and fled.—St. Louis Republic.

He—"Do you mean to marry?" She—"Perhaps I may some time." He—"Have you made up your mind who the man will be?" She—"Mercy! no!" He—"Still you think you'll marry somebody some time?" She—"I may." He (desperately)—"Well, what's the matter with me?"—Somerville Journal.

"My friend, what do you do with your earnings every week—put part of them in the savings bank?" "No, sir," says the hackman. "After paying the butcher and grocer and rent, I pack away what's left in barrels. I'm afraid of those savings banks."

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