

A REVOLUTION INDEED.



1. I've tied that dog to the chair and don't believe he can run away again.



2. What is this? A revolution in Cuba?



3. Great heavens! I wonder if Spain will be overthrown?



Very timely.  
"Some English words are very confusing."  
"For instance?"  
"Well, 'rowing' and 'rowing.' In some sentences, you can't tell whether it's rowing or fighting."  
"Yes, and the worst is that in some match races you can't tell either."  
Chicago Record.

WONDERFUL IMAGINATION.



Mrs. Fry—Why, Mr. Fats, riding a bicycle, I see! For your health, I suppose.  
Mr. Fats—Yes, and it's wonderful how much weight I've lost. Don't you notice the difference?

A Natural Result.



"De Wittious says he had a horse to fall dead under him once."  
"He probably had just told one of his alleged funny stories."

"Cleopatra's needle weighs 180 tons—or so I have been told," said Harkaway. "I don't wonder she preferred flitting to sewing," commented Dawson. Harper's Bazaar.

Wandering Philadelphian Identified.  
A prominent up-town man tells a story on himself. He says: "I was in Chicago a short time ago, and, knowing that I would receive through the post office a money order within the next day or two, I went around to the post office to identify myself to them in advance. 'I am expecting a money order to the amount of —,' I said to the clerk in that division; and my name is —.' I showed him some letters addressed to me from other parts. 'Now,' I continued, 'if I am not the man I claim to be I must have killed him, and am now impersonating him.' The clerk laughed, but I could see, I thought, visions of more Holmes murders were floating through his mind. Well, the order came on time, and when I called to get the money the same clerk was at the desk. He took one look at me, sized me up, and without more ado counted out the money and handed it to me, saying: 'Oh, yes; you're the fellow who murdered the man.'"  
Philadelphia Record.

LIFTING THE MORTGAGE.

Or One of The Trolley Victim's Triumphs.

"Once more and for the last time, Mabel Hickups, I ask you to marry me."  
"Once more and for the last time, James Gaddishacks, I answer No."  
"Remember, I hold the mortgage on the old farm."  
"I remember."  
"This day week, then, I shall foreclose it. You and your poor old mother, who sits weeping yonder, will be turned out of doors, homeless and penniless, wanderers on the face and hands of the earth. Oh, think of your mother, Mabel."  
"Oh, have some pity, sir," wailed the poor broken widow.  
"Peace, mother," said the brave girl, who intended no allusion thereby to the fact that her mother was broken, "peace." Then turning to her tormentor, she exclaimed: "False one! Seek not thus to play upon my sympathies. No, I am pledged to marry William Dibs and I will keep my truth."  
"Yes, and where is William Dibs now? Why does he not come to your aid? Where is he, I say?"  
For the first time Mabel hung her head and murmured low: "In Brooklyn."  
"In Brooklyn, eh? Ha! Ha! Ha!" James Gaddishacks laughed a mocking laugh, cold as a dog's nose. It struck a chill to Mabel's very vitals. She shuddered as if she had bitten into a lemon.  
"In Brooklyn, eh?" continued Gaddishacks. "I've heard of Brooklyn. That is where people wander around for days and days trying to find the way to the meat-market. They wander around misdirected by every policeman, until they perish with hunger. He leaned over his shrinking girl, and hissed these words into her ear: "They perish!"  
With quivering indignation Mabel shook out a reef and straightened to her full height. With one long, sweeping gesture, she pointed to the door.  
"Leave! Leave this house! Our house!" "Your house?" she asked.  
"Yes, our house, for it is ours till next week. Till then under this roof you have no right to breathe into my ear your vile insinuations. Get! Get! Get!"  
"But where will you go, if you will, but not into mine. No-t-t-t-t-t-t-t-t-t-t!"  
The villain, stricken with remorse, clasped his hand over his heart and staggered to the door. With his hand upon the knob, he paused and sighed aloud: "Alas! I cannot breathe into my own ear. Heaven help me!"  
Mabel threw herself into a chair and burst into a flood of tears.  
"Calm yourself, my daughter," said her weeping mother, "all may yet be well. Alas! how often does the jagged man strive to escort the other fellow home."  
Mabel gave one last wild snuffle and uttered: "It is not fear for myself that unsettles me, but fear for William. For three long months I have not had the scratch of a pen from him. And yet—and yet—"  
"And yet what?"  
Rising from her chair and smiling through her tears, the brave girl exclaimed: "Something tells me that William will yet come to the rescue. Good old Bill!"  
The week passed.  
Each day Mabel watched for the postman, but each day the gray-clad messenger shook his head and answered "Nil."  
"Never mind. To-morrow will bring a letter," she declared, hoping against hope. Through the long day she bore up bravely, but at night when there was no eye to see she wept until her pillow was as wet as soap.  
The morning of the foreclosure came. No word from William.  
It was 10 o'clock and the friends and neighbors of the Hickups from far and near assembled to witness the sale, some to mingle their tears with those of the widow and her daughter, and some to triumph over their downfall, for the Hickupses had always held up their heads, unlike the other villagers who joked them forward like bicyclists.  
James Gaddishacks strode up with a smile on his handsome, evil face, and curling a loose leaf on his Subito Mortis cigar, whispered to Mabel: "It is not too late yet, my proud beauty. Say but the little word 'Yes' and this mortgage shall be cancelled in the shake of a lamb's tail."  
But she made out that she didn't hear him.  
Suddenly there was a commotion in the bloomers of the crowd—skirts having gone out of fashion—"Way there! Gangway!"  
"It is William!" squealed Mabel, and flung herself into his arms.  
"Ouch!" he groaned, "to a little easy."  
It was indeed William, damaged it is true, but still William.  
He kissed her tenderly on the forehead, and then picking a loose hair from his lips, inquired: "How much is this mortgage?"  
"Six thousand, five hundred and eighty-four dollars and twenty-two cents," returned Gaddishacks haughtily. "More money than you ever saw."  
"Is it?" laughed William lightly, as he beckoned to a strong, brawny man standing hard by.  
The hard-by man had a push-cart in his possession. William snatched off the cover. "Feast your eyes on that," he cried. "Here is \$10,000 all in cold, hard nickels!"  
"Folks!" hissed Gaddishacks over his nether lip.  
"Mabel, the home is yours," cried William.  
"Nay, say rather ours. 'Twould be no home wert thou not also in cahoots."  
"Cue-r-r-r-r on ye bell," remarked Gaddishacks, as he made out the receipt.  
"Oh William," whispered Mabel, "what made you not write to me all these weary pestering days when you knew what a stew I was in?"  
"My darling," he murmured, "I was amassing all this wealth and part of the time I was unconscious."  
"Unconscious?"  
"Yes, dear, in the hospital. For your sweet sake I have stood on tracks and let trolley-cars bump into me, knowing that every time I got judgment for damages from the companies you were so much nearer saving the old home-stead. Hug me easy, my own precious one."  
"This is your little sister, Tammy," said the father, showing him the baby; "you will love her dearly, will you not?"  
"Yes, of course," replied Tommy, inspecting the latest arrival. "But it'll cost a great deal to keep her, won't it?"  
"I presume so."  
"Yes," said Tommy, with a long-drawn breath; "and when I asked you the other day to buy me a white rabbit you said you couldn't afford it."  
"Oh, Harold," she said, "you do not love me as you did before we were married."  
"Yes, I do," he protested.  
"But you don't yearn for my society as you did."  
"Ethel," he said gently but firmly, "I used to yearn on a salary of \$18 a week. When a man has the expense of a family to look after he's got to quit yearning and go to hustling."  
Washington Star.

Mrs. Minks—Isn't it queer that such a little bit of country as England can raise such a vast amount of territory?  
Mr. Minks—Yes, I don't know. You're not very big yourself, my dear.—New York Weekly.

SHE DON'T LIKE HIM ANY MORE.



She—Do you think I can ever do anything with my voice?  
He—Well, it may do in case of fire.

Solomon and the Fool.

One day Solomon and a fool were walking together.  
"Solomon," said the fool, "why is it you never talk?"  
"Fool," said Solomon, "that I may listen to other people's wisdom."  
And then, after a pause, "But why is it you always talk?"  
"That other people, I suppose," quoth the fool, "may listen to my wisdom."  
Whereat Solomon held his tongue and went home though fully.—Truth.

"What is that place down there?" asked she of one of the officers. "Why, that is the steerage," answered he. "And does it take all of those people to make the boat go straight?"—Tid-Bits.

"There is only one thing," she said to her dearest girl friend, "that makes me doubt Herbert's affection for me." "What is that?" "He thinks that some of the snap-shot photographs he has taken of me are good likenesses."—Washington Star.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP NEVER FLATTERS.



She—Yes, Mr. Hunter, she is quite fascinating in company, but at home—why, there's no living with her—selfish, beastly temper. In fact, she's quite a disagreeable person.  
She—Oh, I'm her best friend.

"Aw, Miss Feighr," asked Charles Algemann Chapp, "I've known why it is I think you are like a mirror."  
"Give it up."  
"Well, y'see, you're such a—aw—a good looking lass."—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

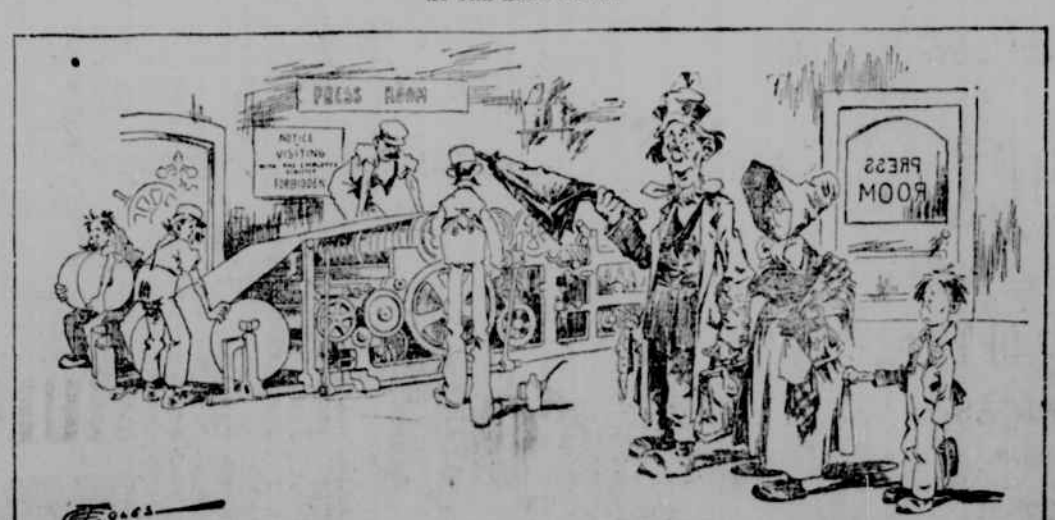
AFTER THE WEDDING.



De Caverly—Who gave the bride away?  
Van Cleave—Her little brother. He told the guests that she had called Cholly her "last chance."

Servant (applying for place)—"And I shall require the address of your last servant."  
Landlord (to customer loitering on four chairs)—"Sir, you've only had one glass of beer, and you are behaving as if you had consumed a shilling's worth—her, of course."—Judge.

AT THE EXPOSITION.



2. Farmer Greenleaf—Holy Smoke, Lisbeth, look at that threshin' machine.

"I am very popular," said the chrysanthemum. "Nearly every man who sees me wants to buttonhole me."—The Florist.

"Let's go on a bust," said one man at Key West to another. "What sort of a bust?" "Filibuster."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Hayseed—What might ye be callin' that thing ye hev on? City Man—A sweater. Hayseed—A sweater? Holy smoke! ain't the sun enough of a sweater fer ye?—Judge.

When "I'm Dying, Egypt, Dying," Was Written.

It seems to be a pretty well established fact that Gen. William H. Lytle had the manuscript of his celebrated poem, "I'm Dying, Egypt, Dying," on his person when the Confederates came across his body at Chickamauga.  
It has been said that he wrote it at Cincinnati before the war, but it now appears that he composed it at odd hours in the camp.  
It had not been finished the night before the battle, and feeling, as he told his biographer, a premonition of death on the morrow, he arose to finish it by the dull light of a tent lantern.  
Before morning he read it complete to his friend, and before noon he lay on that bloody field pierced with two Minie balls. He commanded a brigade in Sheridan's division.—Maysville Republic.

A CREDITOR OF EVERY STREET.



Collie—Why were you walking on the roof this morning?  
Chollie—It's the only way that I can get down town safely, don't che know.

THE HEIGHT OF BLISS.



She—Satan ought to be happy.  
He—Why, dearest?  
She—Think of having three rings.  
And then he regrets he gave her even one.

THE NEW GARR.

Some of the Dangers Which Young Women Brave Nowadays.

"I have just called, Miss Simpson," said the angry lover, "to say farewell; but before I say it I want you to know that I discovered your falseness and I despise you for it!"  
"Why, Billy, what is the matter?"  
"Oh, you know well enough. Maybe I didn't pass the gate last evening and see you with your head on another man's shoulder. Who is the unhappy man?"  
"But, Billy, I haven't seen any man but you, dearest; honest, I haven't!"  
"No, I suppose not. Then maybe I am blind, deaf and dumb, and an idiot. Maybe you didn't have company last evening?"  
"No one, Billy, but my best friend, Emily. No, I didn't and I think you are a wretch."  
"And you didn't stand at the gate?"  
"Oh, yes, we did. We were counting the stars in the big dipper—making wishes on them."  
"Oh, yes, I suppose I was blind. Now maybe you'll describe Emily to me?"  
"Why, she had on her bowler, her black blazer suit, a white shirt waist, with a black satin tie, and a white duck vest. You know Emily, Billy."  
"Billy—Unlucky I see."  
And what might have been a modern tragedy was averted, and Billy made up at once.—Boston Home Journal.

Mamma's Darling.

Many a father thinks that the babe is admiring him when it is simply trying to express its contempt.  
If a baby's power was equal to its malevolence, there would be a great many more murders committed in this country.  
The colic is the only thing that will tackle a baby without first considering the consequences.  
There was no baby in the ark. If there had been, all the animals would have succumbed to insomnia.  
A baby will leave its bottle at any time to feed upon the caterpillar he sees crawling across the dais.  
If a full-grown man had a voice in proportion to a baby, he could make himself heard from here to New York city.  
Babies know more than we think they do. They always know when 1 a. m. arrives and are sure to wake up.  
Babies not only believe in early rising, but insist on everyone around them acting on the same belief.—Florida Times Union.

A Wedding in Sumner County.

Chief Justice Charles Barney Hogan of Sumner county joined together one night last week, the destinies of two dusky individuals with the following ceremony:  
"This is one of the awful and heart-rending epochs of human existence, which should be approached with prayer and without indolence or levity. It should be expiated upon profoundly. It is a step which should be taken with careful consideration and with mature reflection. If there be any of any potent or lawful reason why these two parties should not be joined together in the indissoluble bonds of holy matrimony, let him, her, or whoever sachay forward and shoot off his fly-trap without any hesitation or mental reservation, or else forever hereafter hold his peace."  
The Squire then concluded the solemn ceremony in the following strain:  
As no one comes forward forbidding the banns,  
Jim, you and Betty will please join hands.  
Jim, with firm resolution and without regret,  
By this institution you marry Bet.  
Bet, with all the affection you have for Jim,  
Forsaking all others do you marry him?  
Then for better or worse and during life,  
I pronounce you both to be man and wife.  
Now, up the hill, Jim, or down the level,  
Salute your bride, you ugly black devil.  
—Hazel Green Hgvald.

"There goes young Van Doodle over there; did you hear that he tried to blow out his brains when the heiress refused him?" "No; did he succeed?" "They don't know."—Brooklyn Life.

"Why, Mr. Counsellor, you are trying to open the front door with your cigar."  
"Really now! I wonder if—he—I've been smoking the latch key?"—Schone Blauze Dorau.

In the Club Library—"Is Gumpert writing an essay? Every time I come in here I find him poring over a dictionary or encyclopedia." "No. The doctor told him to avoid phlogistics, and he was ashamed to ask what that means so he's looking it up. He's already read over the 's' five times, and now he's begun at the beginning and is systematically going through the dictionary."—Truth.

Prof. Weed Becomes Enthusiastic.



1. Professor Weed (the botanist)—Ladies, you should not be content with a superficial knowledge of this great science. You should go below the surface, so to speak. Water plants are very interesting.

2 Let me illustrate!



3. Chorus from the ladies—A beautiful illustration, Professor. Professor Weed—Wait a moment, ladies, I'm not through yet!



4. Now, as I said, this is an interesting plant. When I was down there I cut the stem off at the roots with my lucky knife.