SOME SATURDAY SALAD

Uncle Zeke's Way.

Ol' Uncle Zeke's no pattern for a man to imitate—
An' ever sence kind o' sprout, with scarce a winter treat;
But like some tree that's not for fire or shelterin' shade,
An' yit is pretty mighty fair to make a fence-rails made—
He has one merit that was good—you never saw him grum;
But he would always look with hope on everything that come!

When things that troubled others sor, he'd never ever feel sobered;
But jes' as if rain poured down all day, he would hold his jug in readiness to be filled
He use to be quite Wesleyan like, but it has flow away—
"I'll keep my children out o' law," he'd mutter jest an' say!
While of the people rich about his crops, but little care he'd get,
But jest his neighbors, wouldn't 'tempt so many now to treat!

An' so he pleaded on till death, a-holdin' the belief
That he is much more easier to win than any grief;
An' if we look for flowers sweet an' try to hoar his song,
We'll feel a vast deal happier as we pro-ceed along.
An' though we lost his life somewhat a failure, I expect
That Uncle Zeke's philosophy was mighty nigh correct!

—Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

Good Enough in Its Way.

Chicago Post: "Your uncle—" began the old friend.

"Sah!" interrupted Mrs. Jenin Obsolete Type.

"What's the matter?" asked the old friend. "He was a good man, wasn't he?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose he was good enough in his way, but we never speak of him now."

"Why, I thought that he used to be very fond of you."

"He was."

"And that he left you all his money."

"He did. I said that he was good enough in his way, didn't I?"

"Yes, of course. But I don't quite understand. Wasn't it his money that made you independently rich and enabled you to set up this establishment?"

"Of course it was, and I am very grateful to him; but I don't want it to get noised about among my society friends. It would be a fearful humiliation to admit the relationship."

"I don't see—"

"Can't you understand that he made his money in trade, and in the retail trade at that?"

"Oh, well, if that's the way you feel about it, I don't see how you came to accept it."

"Why, can't you see that it was very plebeian in him to make money in trade, but that it's all right, with us because we got it by inheritance?"

Our Angel.

With a whoop and a roar
He is out of the door
While the cock is still heralding morn,
And the neighbors around
From their raptures drowse,
To mutter a curse on his horn.

Then love sings a song
And affection is strong—
E'en tearless attest our joy—
As we try to surmise
How heart could impise
The "innocent play" of our boy.

Ah, the thought hath not pass'd
Till a piteous blast
The favor of the universe fills—
For a cradle we bring,
And an arm steel and strong—
To care that wild imp of his ills.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Knotty Problem.

Boston Traveler: "A man walked round a pole on the top of which is a monkey. As the man moves the monkey turns round so as to keep the pole on its side so as to still keep face to face with the man. Query: Which the man has gone round the pole, has he or has he not gone round the monkey?"

The answer which will occur at first sight to most persons is that the man has not gone round the monkey, since he has never been behind it.

The correct answer, however, as decided by a scientist who has had this momentous question mooted him so that the man has gone round the monkey in going round the pole.

The Conceited Cow.

A haughty cow, into a horse
Remarked, "Why cannot we,
And only we two, graze—for
A final picture—
My boss pedigree is faultless,
While your hoofs trouble
Two hundred and four times?"
"Why, I have the prettiest eyes"
With pensive moo she raised her nose,
"And really curved horns,
For the horse, bowed in indignation,
And only showed his—hoofs!"

—Harper's Round Table.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Truth: Tourist (in Oklahoma)—"When you drew your bowie and sprung at the stranger who had called you a liar, did he lose his nerve?"

Alkali Ike—"Nope; only his ear."

Somerville Journal: Wiggins—"Do you know old Wilkes?"

Waggins—"No."

Wiggins—"What sort of a man is he, anyway?"

Waggins—"Well, if he wants to marry my sweetheart—for I should have the last objection."

Detroiter—"Have you any grand dismal holes in Kansas?"

Gotheimer—"Oh, yes, sahs. The last dismal hole we got in Kansas was, I talk this grand, dah you!"

Dude: "I think I shall make better progress now in putting down the insurrection."

It was Mordecai Campes who spoke, and his words were listened to with rapt attention.

"Yes," he repeatedly, thoughtfully, "I have expected a pilot, a pilot, who knows very well recommended."

"My darling, Percypore is with you, even when I take the parcels away."

"Well, mother, you'd make you mind taking Percypore and leaving the parcels?"—Boston Beacon.

Little Boy—"Don't father snore?"

Little Girl—"What ways?"

Little Boy—"When a little boy does anything he has made himself sorry for, and tried his mother hard, does it he gets a paddy?"—Detroit Weekly.

Before the English missionary was half done he King of the Fangs-looks suddenly much taller and, and thinking under what would have been the circumstances, he tried such things, expired in great agony.

The coroner's jury sat on him at once. Used from a foreign subject, boiling in his throat," was their verdict.—New York Recorder.

New York Weekly: Farmer's wife—"The cow looks very ugly this June."

Farmer's wife—"The birds are chirping South very loud."

Husband—"Yes."

Farmer's wife—"The beavers are building far up if they didn't expect a freeze before next May."

Husband—"Yes, Mariah; the signs point to a late and hard winter and then again don't you think we ought to make Tom's pay day a week ago last April? It's man over late, Mariah."

"Tom" chuckled the whole as he was passed shortly. He thought he knew the most trying moment of his life.

And afterward, when they put their arms into him, he laughed right aloud.—New York Recorder.

The very smallest coin now current in Europe, and the one having the least value, is the Greek lepton. The lepton is accurately one-half of a mill in our money. It is the 100th part of a drachma, which is worth a small fraction over 19 cents. Analyzed money, which would make the drachma worth less than one-fifth of a cent, drops the lepton to a fraction of a mill. Practical specialists have yet to be found who can profitably conducted on paper.

A man with a painful expression of countenance sat on a city car the other day. "Are you ill?" someone asked.

"No."

"Have you lost anything?"

"Never had anything to lose."

"What's the matter then?"

"I'm sitting on a nickel."

"Well, why don't you get up?"

"Well, I was the first dupe, but I got to thinking that I was going to wash as hands as he was hunting me, and concluded to set here awhile."—Spare Moments.

"Why don't you speak up and answer the question?" angrily demanded the judge.

"Gimme time, judge!" the prisoner smartly retorted.

And the judge gave him ninety days, with the privilege of renewal at maturity.—New York Recorder.

Farmer Hayrix—"My boy wants me to send him to college, but I don't believe the results is worth the money, do you?"

Farmer Konscheck—"Yuss. My cousin Jake's boy, he went to college and graduated a head of hair and with a lot of muscle that he's making $50 a week as the 'Wild Giant of Madagascar,' an' he has to show twice a day."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Cincinnati Enquirer: The temperance apostle was walking along the sidewalk, serene in the consciousness of his own goodness, when a well dressed man stopped him and shook his hand.

"Guess you don't remember me," said the well dressed man.

"Why—eh—"

"Three years ago I attended one of your meetings and heard you draw a graphic picture of the mechanic whose children went ragged, while the children of the saloonkeeper, with whom he spent his wages, were dressed in silks. The story fitted my case to a T."

"And you reformed?"

"Should say I did reform. Went into the saloon business myself."

That Roman emperor who wanted to make his horse a consul was not such a fool, after all. If reform would only put four-footed gophers in office, they, at least, could do no harm.—Truth.

Each letter makes the present with
Emphasis and quite clear,
But no one stops to tell his thanks
For what I did last year.

—Washington Star.

An Englishman, traveling on the Continent, engaged the services of a smart courier, and, on arriving at an inn one evening, he sent him for the travelers' register, that he might enter his name, in accordance with the Austrian police regulations. The man replied that he had anticipated his wishes and registered him as an "English gentleman of independent means." "But how did you write my name?" "I can't exactly pronounce it, but I copied it faithfully from mister's portmanteau." "Let's hear it then." "Bring me the book." What was our traveling man's amazement at seeing, instead of a very plain English name of two syllables, the following portentous entry: "Monsieur Warranbeforeallthemen."—Devon Gazette.

Dunnem—"I've said that hell is a bottomless pit, don't I?"

Jenkins—"Yes, I believe so."

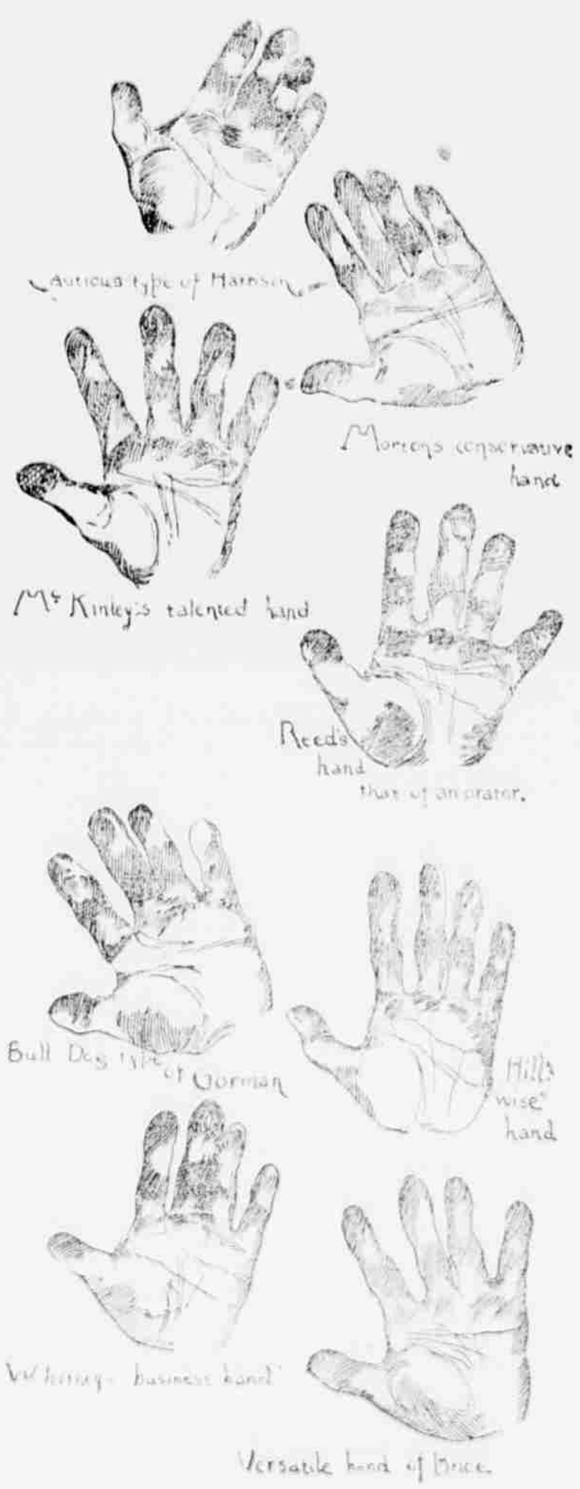
Dunnem—"Then how can it be paved with good intentions?"—Rosbury Gazette.

Bradley—"Talkin' Winning forgot his lines at the amateur theatricals last night."

Brixton—"Not so very good them noted up a little, I guess, of waiting. I hear the prompt of approaching footsteps," he said, "I hear the prompter of approaching danger."—Puck's Weekly.

Chicago Times: "What I need," said the statesman to the speaker of his work in Washington, "is a good private secretary to

BANDPRINTS OF EIGHT LEADING AMERICANS



—Philadelphia Press.

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No one will wonder that the bright-eyed old lady, whose mind is as alert and clear as ever, should be anxious for others to try Paine's celery compound.

Mrs. Emyle Hyde Grinnell was born in Bennington, Vt., July 4, 1796, and is today living with her granddaughter, the wife of Martin Fowler, at Grafton, Vt., a town lifted from near Fort Ethan Allen. Her father was a farmer and cooper, and she lived upon the farm until her marriage. Mrs. Grinnell has none of the infirmities of old age. She rises early, dusts about the house, and when the weather will permit walks outdoors. Her eyesight is so good that she threads a needle and spends many hours crocheting and doing fancy work. She keeps abreast of the times and is remarkably well informed upon many subjects. She declares that she does not feel any older than she did for years, and it people half her age enjoyed such good health as she does she would consider them fortunate. She has seven children, four boys and three girls, two of which are living today.

Mrs. Grinnell writes:

"Grafton, Vt., Oct. 11, 1895.

"Paine's celery compound has been my staple preserver during the last few years. Whenever I have an ache or a pain a few doses of this medicine gives me relief and comfort. For women, even though much younger than I, celery as good health, for my appetite is natural, my sleep refreshing, and I can walk quite a distance without feeling tired. People are surprised at my vigorous appearance and activity, which I believe is the result of my using Paine's celery compound. It has cured me of constipation, and is of great help to me when overtired. Gratefully yours,

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Nothing in the past has ever approached it in power of building up weakened nerve tissue and giving strength to the tired body. In severe cases of persistent headaches, dyspepsia, neuralgia and sleeplessness, due to nervous feebleness, Paine's celery compound has a record of rapid and lasting cures that embraces every city and town in the wide sweep of the United States.

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