

AT THE WINDOW.

The Clerk in the Village Post-Office Has a Life Full of Experience. The life of a post-office clerk in a town of 2,000 or 3,000 inhabitants is full of pleasantness and all his paths are peace.

AN EXCUSABLE MISTAKE.



Mr. Whitehead (who had just slumped stranger on the back)—O, I beg yo' pardon, sah; thought it was my friend Smithers. Yo' hab on do berry same clo's he gen'ly warrs.

Consistency Not a Jewel. Actress (queen in extravaganza)—It seems ridiculous that I should wear diamonds about an inch in diameter.

Reciprocity. Cadley—How do you manage to give your friends such low rates on coal? Dealer—It is this way. I knock off 50 cents a ton because they are friends of mine, and then I knock off 200 pounds on each ton because I'm a friend of theirs.—Jury.

Art Criticism. "There's a Verestchagin," remarked one visitor to another in the Portland exposition art gallery. "So it is," was the reply; "very shocking indeed. It's a shame the hanging committee passed such pictures."—West Shore.

A Trade Secret. Customer (at orange stand)—How does it happen you have no blood oranges? Proprietor—Run out of aniline dye. I'll have plenty of blood oranges as soon as the boy gets back from the drug store.—Chicago Tribune.

Like Cures Like. Mrs. Stagers—George, Mrs. Jaysmith says her husband says that you use a good deal of corn juice. What do you do that for? Stagers—O'er-for my corns, of course. You know how they trouble me.—West Shore.

Woman's Love for Woman. Louise—Her face is her fortune. Isabel—Well, it is one of those rare cases where it speaks well for one to have inherited one's fortune, and not to have made it one's self.—Harper's Bazar.

An Effect of the McKinley Bill. Blinks—Why do you wear your glasses so high on your nose, Jinks? Jinks (who reads the papers)—The slasher says that the tariff has made eyeglasses go up.—Jewelers' Circular.

Mixed up. Freddy Fangle—Papa, couldn't the old patriarch afford to buy their clothes? Fangle—Certainly. Why? Freddy Fangle—Because the Bible says, They rent their garments.—Judge.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The pearl-fishing season in Ceylon only lasts twenty-two days, and during that period 11,000,000 oysters are brought to the surface by fifty divers. Ninety barrels of the yolks of eggs were an odd importation from Syria to Paris. The yolks are to be used in the preparation of leather of a very fine quality.

FALSE HYDROPHOBIA.

Its Victim Can Only Have Symptoms of Which He Has Knowledge. It may be laid down in the very beginning of our consideration of the subject that the victim of false hydrophobia can only have those symptoms of which he has knowledge.

TEARING OUT BREASTS.

One of the Sickening Practices of the Indians of the Sun Dance. At the sun dance, one of the young Indian devotees is suddenly seized by the medicine men. He is stripped naked and laid on the flat of his back.

AN ACTOR'S ADVENTURE.

How the Doyen of the Comedie Francaise Saved His Life. M. Got, the doyen of the Comedie Francaise, has given to the public some interesting and amusing anecdotes of his life as an actor.

And He Thought Right.

There is a story told of Chinese Gordon, one of the most striking which centers in his romantic personality. While he was in China there was some mutiny in the army over bad rations or stopped pay.

A Public Benefactor.

Black—What a distinguished-looking man that is, White. White—Yes; through his direct instrumentality vast numbers of his fellow beings have been raised to a higher level.

He Had Mastered His Meisterschaft.

"Who was that gentleman I just saw you talking with so earnestly?" "Oh, that was the exiled Nihilist, Mr. At-choo-at-choo-at-choo-at-chiski!"

Neverpay—"Have you completed my suit that I ordered?" Finklestein—"No, I have not yet cut do cloth, but I half your pill already made out."—Chicago Post.

"I hate him—I hate him as I do poison!" "Then why do you have him visit you?" "Well, I'll tell you, but you must not betray me. My wife does my cooking, and I want to ruin his digestion."—Harper's Bazar.

"First Messenger Boy—"I say, yer there, wat fur yer runnin' down the street just now?" Second Messenger Boy—"Ah, com-off. Some bloke giv me a push an' started me a runnin' an' I wuz too lazy to stop. See?"

"I see by the newspapers," remarked Mrs. Bunting, "that a petrified jaw two feet long has been found in California." "Why, you never told me that your ancestors came from that part of the country," replied her husband.—Figaro

—Lawyer (to Burglar)—"Don't take all I have. It's ruin." Burglar—"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do, pard. I won't livvy now, but if I get snaggged by the police I'll let you defend me and go you halves if you get me off. See?"—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

—Mrs. Higgins (to her star boarder)—"Won't you try the chicken, Mr. McJunkin?" McJunkin (passing it to his neighbor)—"Thanks, no; but the Judge here is the man to do that." Mrs. Higgins—"Why?" McJunkin—"He's used to trying tough characters, you know."—Inter Ocean.

—No Responsibility.—"So you are married, Jack?" "I am, Jim." "I hope you considered the matter well. It is a serious matter assuming the responsibilities involved in marriage." "You're wrong, my friend. I have no responsibility at all now. My wife's the boss."—Boston Courier.

"I'd like to ask you how you killed this chicken," said the homeless young man to his landlady. "Why, the girl cut its head off, of course." "With a hatchet?" "To be sure; you seem unaccountably interested." "No, but I would like to know where you buy your hatchets."—Washington Post.

—Softpate—"I don't fancy the style of sports in vogue just now. Think they're rather dull, you know. Just think of the good old days when they used to hunt the stag, and the bear, and all that sort of thing." Miss Sharpe—"Hunt the bore? Ah, yes! What a pity you did not live in those days!"—America.

—Uncle John—"It pains me, Charles, to hear you forever saying what great things you are going to do next week, next month, or next year. Why don't you try and do something now? There is no time like the present." Charles—"And it is for that reason, Uncle John, that I mean to enjoy it all I can."

—Whiffers—"Narrow escape Bliffers had yesterday, wasn't it?" Whiffers—"I didn't hear of it." Whiffers—"Why, that bore, De Gabble, button-holed him on the street and began telling him all about that first baby of his; but fortunately just as he got started a runaway horse dashed into them and Bliffers was killed."—Good News.

—Anxious Mother—"I want an order to send my daughter to an insane asylum for treatment. She is going to marry a man thirty years older than herself." Judge—"Why, madam, girl's marry men every day, and are not considered insane." Anxious Mother—"Yes, but the old man my daughter wants to marry is poor."—N. Y. Weekly.

Queer Chinese Sisterhoods. There exists in the Canton province of China different kinds of sisterhoods, such as "All Pure" sisterhood, "Never-to-be-married" sisterhoods, etc. Each sisterhood consists of about ten young maidens, who have sworn vows to Heaven never to get married, and they regard marriage as something horrid.

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"Not at all; not at all. I was merely giving you the exact pronunciation of the gentleman's name. It's sneezy enough when you have learned how."—Judge.

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PITH AND POINT.

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