

THE LIME KILN CLUB.

Literary Entertainment by Professor Rainbow Harrison.

As soon as the meeting had opened and Samuel Shin and Givadam Jones had closed coughing, Brother Gardner blandly observed: "My friends, I desire to remark that we are a visitor in the assembly room. His exequies at Professor Rainbow Harrison, an ex-bailor from the landless state of Tennessee, he has on his way to Canada to sell a patent rat trap—a trap which catches a rat, breaks his neck, and deposes the body into an alley or sea itself for another—"

"What will be said of it? He comes here recommended in the highest manner as a favored speaker, and he does not mean to show on this his delivered his essay. As he is a student of my cabin, and as he has a gift away with me, I thought it best to give him of my hands as soon as possible. If he hangs around after speaking his piece some of you had better hint to the police that he comes under the tag rat act."

Professor Harrison was shortly escorted into the hall by the professor committee. It was plain from his manner that he was used to appearing in public. He had a decided look to one shoulder, and considerably bow-legged, and at some times in his wild career he had been hit the right eye by a peeled onion and the hand remained sticking there. He did not create a favorable first impression, and many of the members pulled out their handkerchiefs and settled back for an hour of his recreation. After taking a drink of water and asking that six or seven of the water be lowered for the sake of ventilation, the professor took the platform and gave himself a few shakos.

"We are what we begin with," said the speaker, "and what will be said of it? We need not ask why the world was created. It was to be a habitation for man. It was to be a world of Yurap that it got to tippling the world over, and so I laid went at it an' made a mess of it. I don't know how it came to be. [Muttered expressions of doubt from various parts of the hall.]

"Thousands of years ago when somebody invented the jackknife de publick thought de end of de world must be nigh, but de world went right on just de same. Dem somebody invented plug tobacco an' a boss pistol, an' people held up der hands an' said dey wud keer to live any longer. De world kept gwine right 'long just de same, an' we had de pitchfork, de sleep show, de rat trap, de telegraph an' de steam engine in quick succession. A word about de rat trap. I ar de inventor an' patentee of de only self actin' rat trap on face of dis har globe. It an warranted to stand in any climate an' do its work under any circumstances. It was called de 'Bway,' an' in case of members of dis lodge will agree to take a hundred or more I will make a discount of 13 per cent. [Great figuring to see how much thirteen off would leave.]

"To return to my essay. Step by step, foot by foot, de world has gone on towards an' upwards, an' de end an' nigh. It has got so dat men fly free de air an' journey under water. Steam does de work of millions of men an' bosses, an' de genius of man an' constantly at work to turn out something new to better our condition. Dem seems to be a general impression dat we ver sorter reached de end of de rope, an' dat genius will be taken around to de barn, tied up to de manger an' be left to starve to death. [Terrible groans from the back end of the hall.] But such will not be de case. It an at least for millions miles away. I don't hardly spect to live to see it, an' I don't 'spose any of you speak to. I predict dat we will keep gwine right along as a world an' a people. Genius won't stop, an' culchur won't stop. We shall keep passin' free de refinery until dar will

come a day when man an' women will be so perfect dat dey will be no need of deir guide to heaben. Everything will be what de Greeks call spirituelle. Dar will be no chawin' an' smokin'—no swearin' an' drinkin'—no family row—no stealin' chicken an' water melons. We all shall be purty an' built arder of latest fashion. Instead of bein' to walk we shall sorter float around, an' nobody will war ober a No. 3 shoe. It won't neber rain or snow [cheers], dar won't be no police around [applause], an' if you see any body anything be wrong dar you fur it. [Tremendous cheering, during which one of the Sacred Bear Traps fell down and nearly killed Samuel Shin.]

"The sand of dis world an' de life in it, my friends, is to be sold to de common granly bewtiful. We shall get up some newwain' feelin' extra good. Dar will be champagne an' oysters floatin' around an' not costin' a red cent. We shall eat an' drink till we almost bust, an' den we shall sorter float out de window on easy laden breezes, kinder sail to rick de sky, an' de dust we know de arth will sink away, an' we all shall be asleep. [Cris of 'hear! hear!']

"Dat will be de end, my friends, an' as I was sayin' about dat daisy of a rat trap it sellin', I have no respect to my family kin afford to be without one. It stands by you all day an' neber runs off at night. Single traps fifty cents each, or five for \$2. Dis closes my essay, an' hopin' dat you ver all profited mo' or less by my remarks dat my presence here dis evening may be de means of makin' you all better citizens, I heably wish you a fond good night."

When the essayist had left the hall there was a cold, solid silence of half a minute, during which Elder Toon smoked with an awful start. Then Brother Gardner said: "Dar am various kinds of essays—some good, some bad an' some middlin'. You kin neber tell what one an' gwine to be till it's put out. I don't think we shall want any mo' fur about three months. Let us go home."—Detroit Free Press.

"J. Pot." Thomas N. Nichol, who never plays cards, nevertheless tells a story of a card playing. A cotery of his acquaintances who were poker players had a night session in Chicago which closed in a contest over a jack pot containing some \$50. They had started their game on Saturday and on looking at their watches discovered that it was nearly 5 o'clock on Sunday morning. One of the players suggested, by way of penance, that whoever won the jack pot should take it to church that day and put it into the contribution box. The winner was somewhat of a humorist. He took the cash and the envelope, marked it "Pot," and laid it on the contribution plate. On Monday morning a week later, happening to pick up a paper, he was astonished to find in it a report of a ser-

mon delivered by the pastor of the church, in which a solemn allusion was made to the fact that on the previous Sunday a kind stranger had made a generous donation to the church. "I sincerely hope and trust," was the clergyman's language, "that if Mr. J. Pot is still in the city and intends to remain here he will make his permanent religious home."—New York Tribune.

Sawyer Knows Good Pine Lands. Senator Philatus Sawyer is a very close buyer when he gets into the market to purchase pine lands. Usually the man who sells him does not know who the buyer is. A few summers ago Philatus was up in Ontario county inspecting some pine, and when he found the owner as to the sale that individual, an old man with grizzly hair and whiskers, handed out a newspaper containing a report of Sawyer, looked at it closely and then at the stranger, and said: "You're old Sawyer! Blamed if I haven't been looking for you for these three years. This land ain't for sale. Pine that Sawyer wants is pine, and I'll just keep this here patch to hand-down as a heirloom to my children."

A Savage Softened. Omaha Man (meeting an old missionary friend)—Well! Well! When did you return from Africa? Returned Evangelist—I left shortly after you did, and, by the way, I was greatly encouraged by something I saw just before starting home. "Eh! What was that?" "I saw the Zulu slayer of the young Prince Imperial weeping and raving over his wickedness in killing the boy, and his people stated to me that he could not be comforted."

III Deserved Fame. Omaha Husband—Well, I told you my friend De Grand was a wonderful man. Now what do you think of him? Omaha Wife—He's a fool. "Fool! Why he is one of the most famous scientists of the day." "He's a born idiot." "How can you talk so?" "He thought this precious little treasure was a boy and she's most a month old."—Omaha World.

Dogmatic Philosophy. LAYMAN—So you believe in the infallibility of the pope, do you? Churchman—I think there is much in the doctrine that is commendable. I have noticed that many of the utterances of his holiness agree with my own.—Lowell Citizen.

A Memory of Childhood. "You are my prisoners!" were Confederates and asked many questions concerning the battle and did not attempt to conceal the fact that she was a thorough Unionist and an ardent lover of Jeff Davis. On the top of which was a setting hen. As we came near she began to exhibit the usual characteristics, and we were having considerable fun at her expense, when the door was shut with a bang and we heard the rattle of a chain and padlock. It was a close, dark place, and it was a minute or two before we reached the door and understood the situation. We began to kick and shout, and presently the woman's voice replied: "It's no use trying to get out! You are my prisoners, and kicking won't do any good. How nice and soft the bed is, but it was so long. Then we swore and blustered, but she only laughed at us. After a while she passed us some bread and butter through one of the ventilators, followed by a cupful of water, and there we remained all day, all night, and up to 8 o'clock next morning, when we were turned over to the Union cavalry.

"Go, Huddle, and Be Happy." "It ain't everybody I'd trust my little gal," said old farmer Skinner to the love lion young gal who had become enamored with Miss Sally Spinner and wished to carry her from the place and make her his home. "The little gal, who was 5 feet and 11 inches tall in her bare feet (as she was at that moment), hid her father, blushing face on the door, fond old father's shoulder, and wept happy tears as he said to the deeply moved man, "You are a good keeper of my birdling, Jack. Recollect that she's been raised kind o' tender like. Two acres a day is all I ever asked to be, and an acre of corn a day is all she's used to being. She kin do light work, such as makin' rail fences and diggin' post holes, and burnin' brush, and all that, but ain't used to ferri' farm work, and you musn't ask too much of her. It's hard for her old dad to give his little sunshine up. He'll have to split his own cornfield and dig his own laters now. But go, huddle, and be happy."—Tid Bits.

He Could Not Tell His Own Baby. "Don't you know your own baby?" This question was put to a man about 35 years old in an uptown photograph gallery the other day. "Well, I know I'm supposed to, but six months old babies look so much alike, and this is our first. I'm free to confess that I'm not positive about that being my baby's picture." The photograph was cabinet size, and the photographer was very much surprised that the paternal parent could not recognize it. "It's a perfect picture of the original, whether it's your child or not," remarked the artist. "Oh, yes, I'll admit it's a good picture, but what I'm in doubt about is whether it's mine. Haven't you got the negative with the name or number on, to make sure? If I should go home with the wrong picture my wife would never let me near the bed." The negative was produced and found to correspond with the entry in the book: "Mrs. —, half dozen cabinet—baby." The visitor then paid for the pictures and left the studio.—Troy Times.

The Beefery Troubles. American Beef Packer—Well, what's the matter now? Jobber's Agent—Matter enough. The London firm I represent are contractors for an English army, and you've got them into a peck of trouble. "How so?" "One of the soldiers at Aldershot found an old beef wood pipe in the can of American beef issued to him, and made a complaint." "See here, you Englishmen think we're going to pack a new meerschaum and a pound of Lone Jack in every can of American beef! We'll fight first."—Omaha World.

It Catches a Fellow. Professor N. F. Shaler has an article in Scribner's on "The Stability of the Earth." We have not examined the professor's theories yet, but we have sat down on this mundane sphere several times with more emphasis than grass, and the opinion that it is stable to an unqualified and disgusting degree.—Washington Hatchet.

An Illinois Idea. An eminent Italian has just discovered that fish are fond of music. He was aware of that fact long ago. When he lived near the creek the fish used to come out on the banks and stick up their ears to hear us sing.—Newman (Ill.) Independent.

Like It Vhas to Sherman. Dot same people who spit oaf'er der finger for luck when dey see a white horse will loaf around sooner than work for twilf shillin' a day. I tell my boy dot. Truth has mighty and must prevail, but he hadt prater look a leved out if he sees a man drunk and goes und tells his wife. Sometimes a lie vhas shust what makes peopies happy. The reason why we look pack on our shild-hood mit soch fondness is because we want to remember der years and heartaches. Dot same man who don't believ in Heafen because he can't see him will accept of a jug of whisky simply py der smell. One time when I goes mit der beebec to see about a dead dog in my neighbor's yard, he comes out und fluds two dead cats under my owa wood shed. It vhas always my pelief dot guide boards were put up at highway corners to make more miles for travelers. If we don't know how long der road is, we comes to some place all der sooner. Some day when I shall come to believe all der world vhas lost. I shall shlut out der

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The command to which I belonged left Gettysburg about 10 o'clock at night, and for the first three or four hours the men were kept well in hand under the impression that we were only changing positions to secure an advantage over the Federals. As daylight broke and we realized that we were on the way home squads and individuals broke away at every opportunity to forage for a breakfast. In company with two private soldiers belonging in my company I slipped away from the column about sunrise, and, while a black looking thunder storm seemed close at hand, we bolted into a piece of woods by the roadside and then struck for a highway running at right angles, and on which we could make out three or four farm houses. We selected the first or nearest, and as we entered the gate a woman opened the door and stood waiting for us to approach. She knew we

circumstances alter cases. Omaha Boy—Say, sis, you know Mr. Nice-fellow lagged your pardon for steppin' on your dress when I big hole hit it? Omaha Miss—Well, what of it? "An' you said it didn't matter a bit, an' you was glad of it?" "Yes."

"Cause you like to sew, an' you didn't know what to do with yourself if you hadn't anything to mend?" "Well, what of it, I say?" "It wasn't Mr. Nice-fellow that stepped on your dress. It was me." "Oh! you horrid, awkward, little wretch. I'd skin you alive."—Omaha World.

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Showing Solitaires. Father to family physician—Isn't George Sampson a relative of yours, doctor? Family Physician—Yes, he is a nephew. Father—He wants my daughter Clara, but I gave him to understand that she wouldn't get any of my money after her marriage. Family Physician—That was right, George was asking after your health to-day.—Harper's Bazar.

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"I belong to an Improved Order of Red Men, and I'm going to paint this town a crimson hue before I get through, you bet," remarked a hilarious individual to a blue coated guardian of the night in the vicinity of Boston mark the other day. "Right," replied the man with the lilly, "I belong to the 'best club' you come along with me, and I'll propose you for membership." After a little persuasion (the red man was escorted to the lodge in La Grange street.—Boston Budget.

During a trial at Tazewell Court House, Va., which took place recently, a counsel accused a witness of perjury; the witness immediately retorted that the counsel not only made an invariable practice of walking round the truck, but at times told lies that would have shocked Ananias. At this juncture both gentlemen drew revolvers and had a high old time of it with the six shooters. On the first shot being fired, the judge promptly disappeared under his desk. Crack! crack! crack! echoed through the court till the shooting irons were emptied. Then five stretchers were brought in, and five wounded men were carried out. One was the learned counsel. After their removal the judge cautiously crept from his place of shelter, mounted the bench, rebuked the witness and the trial was resumed.—London Judo.

OUR BABY.

PROBABLY DESCRIBED BY HIS LITTLE SISTER.

Our baby is a dier race. He's awful cunning. And well his worth 3 paves the share of work I him do. I hope he will stay, although He's squeezed almost to death; It makes him 6 sometimes, I know, And takes away his breath.

Our home is since these came The angel from above; He's so affection, His name is "Totterly Woosley Love."

He makes our papa look 6 And he's 100 year old; I pray he never will incline To be a 0 baby.

When he's awake his eyes are blue; I lift him when I can; He'll be 20 4 1 2 Lift up when he's a man.—H. C. Dodge in Goodall's Sun.

The Wrong Man's Deal. It is Mr. Blumenthal's deal, and Mr. Cohen polishes his glasses hurriedly with a view to making a careful survey of the shuffle. Mr. Blumenthal's friend, Mr. Dinkelspiel, considers it an appropriate occasion for a remark: "Mister Cohen, I heart you was a good chunch of diamonds. Will you kindly look at dis chemise blue vice, seven carat—" "Osgusse me," replies Mr. Cohen without removing his eyes from the pack, "I giffs no attention to diamonds on Chaskey Blumenthal's deal. I vas lookin' for ginks."—New York Sun.

The Unsatisfied Wall. Soon the frost will have taken Its grip from the earth, And the spring time awaken Birds, flowers and birds; No more on the paving We'll drop with a thud; Instead, we'll be raving—"Great Caesar, his bust!"—Boston Budget.

She Trusted the Lord. First Churchman to the groom, der chutch to tank de Land dey ain't no mo' erquacks. Ain't yo' gwine, too, my sister? Second Lady—No, no, my sister, I no gwine! Will you attend de brick chutch? First Lady—De brick chutch fo' tru, but don't yo' trust de Land, my sister. Second Lady—I trust de Land, my sister, I trust 'em, but I neber fool wid um—Life.

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Unfavorable Conditions. Sitter in position for photograph—By the way, what do you charge for photographs? Photographer—Nine dollars the half dozen. Now let your eyes rest naturally on that sign, "Terms Cash," and look pleasant.—New York Sun.

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A woman at Wolf Pit, N. C., who got angry with her husband, threw a poker at him and hit the baby. And this in a section where the women can practice at hens all winter!—Burlington (Vt.) Free Press.

The funeral of a New York alderman, the other day, cost the city \$1,040. But New York's experience with her aldermen has shown her that it is far cheaper to bury them, even at that price, than to keep 'em alive.—Chicago Times.

Dennis was the pride of his corps. He was very uniform worper. He could not be beaten. And with infinite cheer. At the canton would run up a scorp.

Talmage said in his lecture the other night that "the man who can sing and won't sing should be sent to Sing Sing." That would be too severe. It is the man who can't sing and will sing who should be sent to Sing Sing. P. R.—For ninety-nine years.—Norstorn Herald.

"I belong to an Improved Order of Red Men, and I'm going to paint this town a crimson hue before I get through, you bet," remarked a hilarious individual to a blue coated guardian of the night in the vicinity of Boston mark the other day. "Right," replied the man with the lilly, "I belong to the 'best club' you come along with me, and I'll propose you for membership." After a little persuasion (the red man was escorted to the lodge in La Grange street.—Boston Budget.

During a trial at Tazewell Court House, Va., which took place recently, a counsel accused a witness of perjury; the witness immediately retorted that the counsel not only made an invariable practice of walking round the truck, but at times told lies that would have shocked Ananias. At this juncture both gentlemen drew revolvers and had a high old time of it with the six shooters. On the first shot being fired, the judge promptly disappeared under his desk. Crack! crack! crack! echoed through the court till the shooting irons were emptied. Then five stretchers were brought in, and five wounded men were carried out. One was the learned counsel. After their removal the judge cautiously crept from his place of shelter, mounted the bench, rebuked the witness and the trial was resumed.—London Judo.

OUR BABY.

PROBABLY DESCRIBED BY HIS LITTLE SISTER.

Our baby is a dier race. He's awful cunning. And well his worth 3 paves the share of work I him do. I hope he will stay, although He's squeezed almost to death; It makes him 6 sometimes, I know, And takes away his breath.

Our home is since these came The angel from above; He's so affection, His name is "Totterly Woosley Love."

He makes our papa look 6 And he's 100 year old; I pray he never will incline To be a 0 baby.

When he's awake his eyes are blue; I lift him when I can; He'll be 20 4 1 2 Lift up when he's a man.—H. C. Dodge in Goodall's Sun.

The Wrong Man's Deal. It is Mr. Blumenthal's deal, and Mr. Cohen polishes his glasses hurriedly with a view to making a careful survey of the shuffle. Mr. Blumenthal's friend, Mr. Dinkelspiel, considers it an appropriate occasion for a remark: "Mister Cohen, I heart you was a good chunch of diamonds. Will you kindly look at dis chemise blue vice, seven carat—" "Osgusse me," replies Mr. Cohen without removing his eyes from the pack, "I giffs no attention to diamonds on Chaskey Blumenthal's deal. I vas lookin' for ginks."—New York Sun.

The Unsatisfied Wall. Soon the frost will have taken Its grip from the earth, And the spring time awaken Birds, flowers and birds; No more on the paving We'll drop with a thud; Instead, we'll be raving—"Great Caesar, his bust!"—Boston Budget.

She Trusted the Lord. First Churchman to the groom, der chutch to tank de Land dey ain't no mo' erquacks. Ain't yo' gwine, too, my sister? Second Lady—No, no, my sister, I no gwine! Will you attend de brick chutch? First Lady—De brick chutch fo' tru, but don't yo' trust de Land, my sister. Second Lady—I trust de Land, my sister, I trust 'em, but I neber fool wid um—Life.

A Colorable Case. First Churchman to the groom, der chutch to tank de Land dey ain't no mo' erquacks. Ain't yo' gwine, too, my sister? Second Lady—No, no, my sister, I no gwine! Will you attend de brick chutch? First Lady—De brick chutch fo' tru, but don't yo' trust de Land, my sister. Second Lady—I trust de Land, my sister, I trust 'em, but I neber fool wid um—Life.