The Whistler.

H for a gun
That would carry a ton,
Or a saber keen
That would cut shingles clean,

To smite for once and forever more that terrible, concienceless midnight bore who ruthlessly breaks on a placid snore with airs that were popular years before—the man who is always whistling.

He starts at morn
With his tune forlorn,
And he'll never stop,
Though his hearers drop.

His neighbors for mercy vainly sue; he'll merrily whistle "Mikado" clear through, will turn back to "Patience" and "Pinafore" too, avoiding with care all the music sheets now—the man who is always whistling.—Merchant Traveler.

LITTLE FOLKS' BRIGHT SAYINGS.

Mary to Alice—Your doll looks very poorly. What ails it?

Alice—It frets a great deal. Alfred knocked out one of its eyes last week, and it lost a great deal of sawdust, and hasn't been the same doll since.

MAKING SURE OF HIS IDENTITY.

Not many weeks since a little girl received a visit from an uncle she had never before seen, but had heard much about. He was known to her as "Uncle Benny." At the close of her customary evening prayer she said, "Dod bless mamma, papa and Tommy and Uncle Benny," then, after a pause, she added: "Dod, his other name is Hopkins!"

A QUESTION OF EXPERIENCE.

Sunday School Teacher—Now, children, we have all been bitten, haven't we?

Children (in chorus)—Yes, marm.

Teacher—And our first parents were bitten, too, were they not?

Children (in chorus)—Yes, marm.

Teacher—Now, who bit them?

Bright Little Boy from Avenue A—Skeeters, marm.

SHE KNEW HER BIRTHPLACE.

A bright little 8-year-old was greatly attracted by a figure in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. "Say, aunty, who's that?" "That's the figure of Minerva." "Who's Minerva, aunty?" "She is the Goddess of Wisdom." "And does she come from Boston?"—Texas Siftings.

Plantation Philosophy.

I neber seed er wise man dat couldn't ack lo fool, but I hab seed many er fool dat couldn't ack wise.

Some o' de tenderest words is spoke by de ugliest men. De sweetest hick'ry nuts grows on de roughest trees.

Er 'oman dat hab married er po' man 'cause she lubed him, is mighty ap' ter want her daughter to marry er rich man, no matter whether she lube him ur not.

It ain't what yer say dat is gwine ter do de mos' good in dis life. It's whut yer git folks to listen ter. Ef folks won't listen, de best things is wasted; ef da do listen, er much po'er thing mout do a power o' good.

De man whut prayed erbout de fines' pr'ar I ever hearn cheated me outen er bale o' cotton de nairt day; an' er man whut I sorter mistrusted at 'casc he had sont up sich a stutterin' and po' pr'ar, atterwards he'ped me outen er difficulty. It aip't de man dat talks ter de Lawd de straightest dat acks de straightest wid man.—Arkansaw Traveler.

Seasonable Rhymes.

HERE AUTUMN.

When on the ground the red leaf lies,
And skies, erst blue, become austere,
And fields are brown, we then surmise
That autumn's here.

THEY PUT 'EM AWAY.

When shorter daily grows the day
And harvested are summer's fruits,
Then gentle maidens put away
Their bathing suits.

GET READY FOR A CHILL.

When twittering swallows leave the eaves,
And songsters leave the rural grove,
And harvested are all the sheaves,
Put up the stove.

CONTRARY TO THEIR PREDICTIONS.

When weather prophets do begin
To prophesy with all their soul
A winter mild and warm, put in
Ten tons of coal. —Boston Courier.

To Even Up.

Editor of a Western Literary Weekly (to young man)—Your article is excellent, sir, and we shall be glad to publish it.

Young Man—Thanks, about how much is it worth to you?

Editor—Oh, we don't pay for contributions.

Young Man—Oh! (after a moment's thought) Well, I will see my landlord to-night, and the butcher and grocer, and if I can make an arrangement with these gentlemen by which I can procure rent, meat and provisions without the unpleasant formality of paying for them, I think you and I can establish literary relations, sir, that will prove mutually agreeable. Which is the nearest way out?—Epoch.

An Artful Shopper.

A woman entered a dry goods store, and approached one of the clerks. "Please do these up," she said, handing him two old newspapers.

He looked surprised, and she explained.

"I ain't out on a reg'lar shopping tower, and ain't agoin' to buy anything, but there's that Mrs. Simpson, that has half of our pew at church, just loaded down with bundles. She'll never know the difference."

As the clerk was tying up the newspapers she said in a low voice:

"Make it look as much like a silk dress pattern as you can, mister; it'll worry her more." —Detroit Free Press.

A California View.

Omaha Man (on railroad train)—There is a very interesting article in this paper about the coal mines of Pennsylvania.

Los Angeles Lady—I am tired reading about strikes, thank you.

"This is about their homes. It says the average miner's home is a story and a half high, with three rooms."

"Story and a half high and with three rooms! Dear me! How rich they must be." —Omaha World.

He Was Discharged.

Reporter—I've a good item here this morning. I found a person who had been confined to one room his entire life.

City Editor—Good! Send it right up. Who is it?

Reporter—Why, a three days' old baby down at our house.—Judge.

BROTHER GARDNER'S LECTURES.

He Talks to the Lime Kiln Club About Charity.

"I war' axed las' night how dis club stood on the quoshun of charity," said Brother Gardner as the meeting opened in due form and the thermometer marked 120 degrees in Elder Toots' corner. "De club stands jist whar' it has allus stood. Nuffin' has occurred to change our minds.

"When a poo' man meets wid accident or sickness dis club has sunthin' to help him along.

"When de wife of a poo' man am left a helpless widder, dis club am bound to help her.

"When a man who has lost a limb appeals to me for bread I shan't refuse him—not onless his breaf smells of liquor.

"Our charity goes dat fur an' no furder. We have no use fur de tramp. Every piece of bread handed out to him ar' simply a premium on laziness. He tramps bekase he doan' want to work. He ar' a human sponge. Instead of lookin' fur work he ar' lookin' to escape work.

"Ebery nickle handed out to a beggar, large or small, is an incouragement to avoid honest work. Ebery penny incourages vice an' indolence.

"We hev' gone to an expense of tens of thousands of dollars fur a county house, but yet we mus' raise tens of thousands of dollars ebery y'ar for a poo' fund to take keer of de people who am too high toned to go out dar', but low toned 'nuff to walk boldly into de poo'master's office. Ebery dollar we raise is a premium on indolence, poverty and vice. So long as charity will pull 200 or 300 families through six months of de y'ar, de husbands ar' not gwine to break dar backs lookin' fur work, an' de wives ar' not gwine to worry about to-morrer.

"Dar' am mo' downright fraud an' swindlin' bein' practiced frewout de world today in de name of charity dan under all odder disguises, an' it ar' high time dat people ob sense put deir foot down. Let us now attack de reg'lar order of bizness."—Detroit Free Press.

Change of Style in Hats.

Farewell, my hat of straw; a strange vicissitude robs thee of all my former deep solicitude. You're laid aside with sundry summer jollities; with picnics, sleigh rides, and such gay frivolities. Your glory's faded, long past ripe maturity; now rest serene in darkness and obscurity.

Come hence, my sober tile of somber black. Cold weather swiftly comes upon the track of summer, and by an unchanging law you follow and supplant my summer straw. Adventures wait you. Though you may escape the moth which hovers 'neath your band of crape, you may a victim fall ere many days to some fat woman who 300 weighs. You are my trusted friend; what though men smile because a little out of style, I'll stick you through every kind of weather, and will not shoot you while you are to me hang together. —Washington Critic.

Experiencia Docet.

—Life.

Foiled.

One of the 100 citizens who dead beat their messages over the telephone walked into a place on Congress street yesterday, bowed suavely to the occupant of the office and walked directly to the telephone.

He rang up for Central and began:

"Hello, Central! Hello! Hello! Hello!"

No answer came and he went over the same ground twice more. Then he seized the crank and rang the bell for two long minutes. No answer. He had just finished another turn at it when the proprietor looked up and asked:

"What is it?"

"Why, I can't get the Central."

"Of course you can't. The wires were detached six months ago, and I don't see why they don't come and take their telephone away."

The stranger seemed to want wings to get out of that place.—Detroit Free Press.

The New Science of Palmistry.

Maternal hand—Palm cool and firm, fingers apart. Means, danger to the small boy.

Masculine hand—Fingers closed, thumb turned in, knuckles prominent. Signifies, "No new bonnet this season."

Boy's hand—Palm open, warts on thumb, fingers stubby and clean. Reads, "I've been at the preserved peaches again."

Young lady's hand—Closed pink palm, soft and warm, ring on index finger. Sign, "Ask papa."—Detroit Free Press.

Different Remedies.

A lady whose husband had a severe cold recommended flaxseed lemonade.

"Huh!" he said, irascibly, "a man can't have a cold without everybody suggesting some fool remedy. I'll send for a doctor."

So the doctor came, charged the sick man $3 for his visit and advised flaxseed lemonade.—New York Sun.

Its Effect.

Young Mr. Sissy (to his pretty cousin)—I say, Maude, how did my song, "Home Again from a Foreign Shore," seem to impress the company?

Pretty Cousin—Well, some of them, Charley, looked as if they were sorry you had got back.—New York Sun.

He Was Calm.

A youngish man, wearing good clothes and a plug hat, rushed up the steps of a Griswold street bank yesterday, hurried along to the window of the cashier, and elbowing two or three people aside, he said to the man behind the window:

"Can you give me five tens for this fifty? I'm in a great hurry to catch the train."

The cashier calmly received the bill, gave it one brief glance, and then shoved it under a stamp and returned it. It was stamped with a big red "counterfeit."

"—— you!" growled the young man with the good clothes as he hurried out.

"Rats!" replied the cashier; but he was calm—very calm.—Detroit Free Press.

A Chance Meeting.

Upon the street we met by chance,
He and I, face to face,
Each gave the other a savage glance,
And each felt out of place.

Such meetings have their share of pain,
And ours was painful, too,
Each feared the other. That was plain,
And still we nearer drew.

Poor victims we of ruthless Fate!
Fate's victims we are still,
For once I cut him out with Kate,
And he owes me a bill!
—Somerville Journal.

Easy Enough.

Wife of Young Literary Man—Why, George! A hundred dollars for that magazine story! How long did it take you to write it?

Young Husband (nonchalantly)—Oh, I don't know. A couple of days, I suppose.

Wife (exultantly)—Fifty dollars a day! That's $300 a week and $1,200 a month. Twelve times twelve is 144—$14,400 a year! Why, George, we can keep a carriage and horses just as well as not!—Harper's Bazar.

A Deadly Weapon.

"I am going to whip you sir," he wrote,
"For printing that piece on me,
I'll teach you to rail at a man of note—
My name is Smith," wrote he.
But when he came in with a whoop and a howl
To seek the editor's blood,
A brawny printer caught him foul,
And stabbed him through with the office towel,
And he fell with a heavy thud.
—Oil City Blizzard.

PLEASURES OF THE CHASE.

Remarks by Bill Nye on the Modern Fox Hunt.

THE joyous season for fox hunting is again upon us, and with the gentle fall of the autumn leaf and the sough of the scented breezes about the guarled and naked limbs of the wailing trees, the huntsman comes with his hark and his hulloo and hurrah boys, the swift rush of the chase, the thrilling scamper 'cross country, the mad dash through the Long Islander's pumpkin patch—also the mad dash, dash, dash of the farmer, the low moan of the disabled and frozen toed hen as the whooping horsemen run her down; the wild shriek of the children, the low melancholy wail of the frightened shoat as he flees away to his strawpile, the quick yet muffled plunk of the frozen tomato and the dull scrunch of the seed cucumber.

All—all indicate that our great national autumn sport, the sport which has for years characterized us as a nation and been imitated to some extent in England and our other colonies, is here.

The huntsman now takes the flannels off his fox, rubs his stiffened limbs with gargling oil, ties a bunch of firecrackers to his tail and runs him around the barn a few times to see if he is in good order.

The foxhound is a cross of the bloodhound, the greyhound, the bulldog and the chump. When you step on his tail he is said to be in full cry. The foxhound obtains from his ancestors on the bloodhound side of the house his keen scent, which enables him while in full cry 'cross country to pause and hunt for chipmunks. He also obtains from the bloodhound branch of his family a wild yearning to star in an "Uncle Tom" company, and watch Little Eva meander up the flume at $2 per week. From the greyhound he gets his most miraculous speed, which enables him to attain a rate of velocity so great that he is unable to pause during the excitement of the chase, frequently running so far during the day that it takes him a week to get back, when, of course, all interest has died out. From the bulldog the foxhound obtains his great tenacity of purpose, his deep seated convictions, his quick perceptions, his love of home and his clinging nature. From the chump the foxhound gets his high intellectuality and that mental power which enables him to distinguish almost at a glance the salient points of difference between a 3-year-old steer and a $2 bill.

The foxhound is about two feet in height, and 120 of them would be considered an ample number for a quiet little fox hunt. Some hunters think this number inadequate, but unless the fox be unusually skittish and crawl under the barn 120 foxhounds ought to be enough. The trouble generally is that hunters make too much noise, thus scaring the fox so that he tries to get away from them. This necessitates hard riding and great activity on the part of the whippersin. Frightening a fox almost always results in sending him out of the road and compelling horsemen to stop in order to take down a panel of fence every little while that they may follow the animal, and before you can get the fence put up again the owner is on the ground, and after you have made change with him and mounted again the fox may be nine miles away. Try by all means to keep your fox in the road!

NYE AND HIS FOXHOUND.

It makes a great difference what kind of a fox you use, however. I once had a fox on my Pumpkin butte estates that lasted me three years, and I never knew him to shy or turn out of the road for anything but a loaded team. He was the best fox for hunting purposes that I ever had. Every spring I would sprinkle him with Scotch snuff and put him away in the bureau till fall. He would then come out bright and chipper. He was always ready to enter into the chase with all the chic and embonpoint of a regular Kenasha, and nothing pleased him better than to be about eight miles in advance of my thoroughbred pack in full cry scampering across the country, while stretching back a few miles behind the dogs followed a pale young man and his financeer, each riding a horse that had sat down too hard on its tail at some time and driven it into his system about six joints.

Too much stress cannot be placed upon the costume worn while fox hunting, and in fact that is, after all, the life and soul of the chase. For ladies nothing looks better than a close fitting jacket, sewed together with thread of the same shade, and a skirt. Neat fitting cavalry boots and a plug hat complete the costume. Then, with a hus in one hand and a cry in the other, she is prepared to mount. Lead the horse up to a stone wall or a freight car and spring lightly into the saddle with a glad cry. A freight car is the best thing from which to mount a horse, but it is too unwieldy and frequently delays the chase. For this reason, too, much luggage should not be carried on a fox hunt. Some gentlemen carry a change of canes neatly concealed in a shawl strap, but even this may be dispensed with.

For gentlemen a dark, four button cutaway coat, with neat, loose fitting white panties, will generally scare a fox into convulsions, so that he may be easily killed with a club. A short waisted plug hat may be worn also, in order to distinguish the hunter from the whipperin, who wears a baseball cap.

Fox hunting combines the danger and the wild, tumultuous joy of the skating rink, the toboggan slide, the mush and milk sociable and the straw ride.

With a good horse, an air cushion, a reliable earth stopper and an aniseeed bag, a man must indeed be thoroughly blase who cannot enjoy a scamper across country, over the Pennsylvania wold, the New Jersey mere, the Connecticut moor, the Indiana glade, the Missouri brake, the Michigan mead, the American tarn, the fen, the gulch, the buffalo wallow, the cranberry marsh, the glen, the draw, the canyon, the ravine, the forks, the bottom or the settlement.

For the young American nobleman whose ducal father made his money by inventing a fluent pill, or who gained his great wealth by relieving humanity by means of a lining pad, a liver pad, a kidney pad or a foot pad fox hunting is first rate. BILL NYE.

P. S.—The above is written in the utmost good humor, and I hope that nothing I may have said can possibly cause any fox hunter who may read it to take a fence. B. N.
—New York World.

LITTLE LAUGHS.

"Corn on the ear shrinks about 40 per cent," says an agricultural journal. We are most interested in corns on the foot. We have never known them to shrink to any perceptible extent.—Philadelphia Call.

"What are you doing here?" asked the contractor. "I am the watchman." "Oh, I see; and what do you watch?" "Watch for the boss mostly."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

"What was the biggest school of mackerel you ever saw?" asked a summer boarder of old Capt. Gloster. "The biggest school of mackerel I ever saw?" repeated the captain, shifting his quid and hitching up his trousers. "Well, ma'am, the biggest school of mackerel I ever saw was off the Banks, away back in '61. But, Lor' bless you, ma'am, that wa'n't no school of mackerel. That was a university."—Somerville Journal.

P. T. Barnum says the day of the circus clown has passed, and that no such individual will accompany his shows next season. Mr. Barnum has done a great deal for this country, but this is his master stroke.—Detroit Free Press.

A man in Mexico who carried a carbine and a revolver and tried to kill another man is described as being "of gentlemanly appearance and good address." If he had carried another revolver and a bowie knife he might have been looked upon as a leader in polite society.—Dayton Democrat.

A Texas paper advertises for "a first class driving horse for a lady that must be young and gentle and easy to manage."—Texas Siftings.

Stranger—I notice you drove the president over the same street twice. Omaha Man—Yes, we arranged the route that way. You see, we drove him through that street on his arrival, and then drove him through it when we went back, an hour later. "Exactly! I thought it was an oversight." "Oh, no. We wanted to give him a chance to see how western cities grow."—Omaha World.

Busy Father—My daughter, I must take an early train to-morrow; the alarm clock is out of order, and some one will have to sit up so as to wake me. Dutiful Daughter—I'll do it, pa. "My dear, you are a daily and hourly blessing to me. Are you sure you can keep awake?" "Oh, yes; George will be here to-night."—Omaha World.

Cyclone cellars in the west are no longer refuges of safety. An able bodied cyclone came along the other day, picked up one of these holes in the ground and whirled it through the air into the next township, where it was lodged on top of a tree. So a correspondent intimates, and he would hardly lie about a little thing like that.—Norristown Herald.

Didn't Like the Method.

The superintendent of public instruction asked an old negro why he did not send his son to school.

"Becaze I foun' dat he wux er wastin' his time, sah, dat's why."

"Wastin' his time?"

"Yes, sah. Come gibin him er little old spellin' book."

"What did you want him to have?"

"P'litical 'conomy. I wants him ter be er polertician."

"Well, but he must study a spelling book first."

"What fur?"

"So he can learn how to read."

"Who wants him to read?"

"Why, he must read or he can't study political economy."

"Kaint study political 'conomy widout he ken read."

"No."

"An' he kan't read lesse'n he study de spellin' book."

"No."

"I reckon yer better go on, sah, an' let me ten ter mer own erfairs. Sent de chile ter school three weeks an' deff axad him ter make er speech an' he couldn't do it. Jes' go on an' let me run dis yer mercheen."—Arkansas Traveler.

Gave Him Away.

Mr. Denny is a minister with quite a family of children. He entertains his friends quite often at the parsonage, and usually at supper. He has a custom of giving certain things at the table into the charge of certain of the children. Benny, for example, sees that the guests are properly taken care of in the way of meats and other solids, Harold has bread and butter and things of that nature under his supervision, while the little girls have their special provinces in the realm of sweets. One evening Mr. Denny chanced to notice that a brother of the cloth was without a biscuit. "Why, doctor," said he, "you haven't had the biscuits passed you. Why, really, doctor, this is a great oversight. Harold, my boy, no biscuits yet passed to Dr. Holmes!"

"Father," said the tiny Harold, who always speaks slowly and with great solemnity, and who to-night had in his voice a reproach that his beloved father had for a moment believed him unfaithful to his trust—"father, he has had three already."—Harper's Bazar.

Too Much for Them.

"Let's see," said a woman who was inspecting an empty house in the eastern part of the city with a view to rent, "haven't several of your tenants died in the house?"

"Only two, madame."

"And they died of typhoid fever, I hear, caused by the drainage being so bad."

"Typhoid fever! Some one is trying to injure me, madame. They both fell down stairs and killed themselves."

"That's singular."

"Oh, no, madame. You see, they stood at the head of the stairs when I lowered the rent to $12 per month, and the sudden shock overbalanced 'em."—Omaha World.

Woman's Voice.

I love a low, sweet voice in woman,
It brings a balm to heart and ear;
It can more readily subdue man
Than eyes, however brightly clear.

The low, sweet voice speaks rarer, truer
Than all of beauty's charms combined;
To hear well you must come close to her—
Another charm in that I find.
—Judge.

After Hours.

Blind Man—Do you know that man going down the street?

Deaf and Dumb Man—Slightly, just merely to speak to. Do you know him?

Blind Man—Not personally—only by sight. —Texas Siftings.

Answered the Purpose.

A German, one of whose eyes was severely affected, went to an oculist for treatment. An operation was necessary, and the eye was removed. While treating the socket previous to transplanting one from a rabbit, one of the visual organs of the latter being prepared and laid upon the table, a cat stole in, and before any one could prevent had seized and eaten the rabbit's eye. No other rabbit being at hand to furnish the eye, the oculist waited until his patient had recovered from the state of anæsthesia necessary to the operation, and explained the dilemma to him. "Yah, yah, de katz ate mine eye up; so, so, vell put an eye of dat katz in mine eye. Dot katz got mine eye, I vill haf dot katz's eye." The oculist did so for the sake of the experiment, when, strange to say, the operation was successful and the cat's eye worked perfectly. One day the German met a friend, who said:

"Hans, I hear dat you haf a katz eye in your head in, how ish dot?" Hans explained the circumstance, and his friend said: "Oh, I see, dot katz got your eye and you got dot katz eye, yah, und how does dot katz eye work? Can you see shust so goot as mit de oder?"

"Yah, shust so goot, aber at night ven I wants to shleep, dot verdamter eye shust lies awake looking for rats."—Chicago Tribune.

Discounting the Old Sultan's Death.

The young sultan of Morocco is only 16 years old, and has about $15,000,000 in his treasury. Unless he writes an American comic opera and puts it on the road, he will not be obliged to negotiate a 6 per cent. loan for a year or two at least.—Norristown Herald.

DEACON BURDETTE.

WITH COSTS ON THE PROSECUTION.

"Prisoner, did you kill this boy?" "I did, your honor; I cut his throat. He shot me in the ear with a rubber sling, and"—— "The prisoner is discharged, and the sheriff will give him back his knife and tell the janitor to sharpen it for him."

THE GHOST AND THE GRIG.

My son, be uniformly serious in your conversation with strangers. It is an uncomfortable situation to be in, having uttered a merry little pleasantry, to learn, from the icy chill that congeals your heart's blood, that you are talking to that awful and human iceberg, the man who never jokes. There is only one worse thing in the world of horrors—the man who always jokes.

"WITHOUT ARE DOGS."

What stuff people do write about dogs. Hear what Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson writes in Harper's Bazar: "How many of us hold to our friends with a love as inexhaustible and as inextinguishable as that which our dog gives to us?" What rubbish is this? It seems to me that when people become addicted to dog worship they lose their minds. The dog loves the man who feeds him. You may keep a good, well bred dog five years, then sell him, and in two months his "inexhaustible love" will be so far exhausted and his "inextinguishable" love so nearly put out, that the faithful creature will chase you out of his new master's orchard. A man who confesses that his love for his friends is weaker, and more selfish, and less faithful than a dog's, puts a shamefully low estimate upon his friendship. I love to read the two greatest books in the world, the Bible and Shakspeare; neither of them says anything good about a dog. It isn't that I dislike dogs, because I don't; I like them; but there is such a tendency to dog worship in these weak, poodling times of pug and mastiff that a man needs a great deal of wholesome corrective. What's that? You once had a dog that— Do you suppose I am going to accept the statements of men who once had, or who now have dogs, as evidence? You'll want to tell me about a bass you caught, the next thing. I know your dog; a long haired, beautiful, active, faithful creature he was, as ever made glad the heart of a boy. He used to trample all over other people's gardens and carried his unwelcome fleas into your neighbors' homes; he tore down climbing vines and dug for moles and rats under the rose bushes, and when it rained on him he smelled like the pickling room of a tannery. I knew your dog.

PROFESSIONAL PHILANTHROPY.

"What is the charge?" asked the justice. "Well, sor," said the officer, "this man knocked the child here intil the gutter, thin kicked him all the way across the stheet, an' phin I kem up wid 'em he was batin' him wid the tail gate of a doomp cart." "Why did you assault the child, prisoner?" "Because he threw a stone at a poor cat." "What is your business?" "I am a philanthropist." He got thirty days for sentiment and reflection.

A VALUABLE AFFLICTION.

"What swells your face up so awfully, boy?" "Jumping toothache." "Doesn't it hurt?" "Nearly kills me." "Come into my office," said the kind young dentist, "and I'll cure it for you in a minute." "Don't want it cured," replied the boy; "want it to keep me out of school on the race days. It's mighty rough on a feller at nights, mister, but I wouldn't take ten dollars for this tooth, just the same."

THE HOUR OF TEMPTATION.

"You can trust me now," said the penitent, resolutely, "I wouldn't tell a lie to save my life." "But can you trust yourself?" asked the pastor, anxiously, "a habit of exaggeration and prevarication is"—— "I can tell the truth without a struggle," insisted the reformed man, "the season is about over, and beside, some hound got into the store last night and stole my trout rod; the prettiest thing you ever whipped a brook with; weighed four and a half ounces, and in 1879 I landed a seabass with it that weighed"—— But the minister had lighted a candle and gone away to get his bell and book.

ANOTHER HEARTLESS EVICTION.

Not alone in suffering Ireland and bleeding Iowa does the curse of landlordism make desolate homes and aching hearts. We have just learned, from sources that cannot be doubted, that young Willoughby Kitteredge Stackblossom, who has been boarding at Mrs. Hashbacon's well known boarding house for six weeks past, was last evening fired out of his "apartments" by the landlady, who retained his Sunday gloves and cane, thus thrusting the unhappy tenant into the street practically naked. Mr. Stackblossom has long been one of the social lights of our city, and if his place at the suspender counter is vacant to-morrow morning it will be because the worst has come. A man can live upon worst, however, for an indefinite space of period. There is something that usually goes with worst, but we do not know how to spell it.

EXECUTED WITH A PEN.

Cardinal—
Beneath the sliding rule of men entirely great,
The typewriter is greater than the sword.
Oldgold—Who swored, my lord?
Cardinal—
The man who received the typewriter letter;
The printers who set up the copy;
Whole words spelled in the space of one small m,
With all the letters piled on top of another,
Like to a Chinese sentence standing on its head.
What sense is there in this?—"Rgw? GHops ffldwrd?"
And yet I know it means "The horse fell dead."
In all the lexicous we use there's no such word
As "kbftMaIlfnY;" yet full well I know
It stands, in this man's note, for "information;"
I have so learned the tangled language of the thing,
That all its jargon is writ plain for me;
But sorely do I fear that learning it,
I have made hopeless wreck of temperate speech,
And lost my front pew standing in the synagogue.
See, all around this line of consonants
Scarred with lost capitals, the proof reader has drawn
His awful circle with the pencil blue;
Stand off; while on this correspondent's head
I launch the cuss of our composing Room.
[The cuss.]
Dog gone the billy be dog goned man of thumbs,
The diddledy dag goned chalky fingered loon;
'Y gum; 'y gaul; od rabbit; jeeminy pelt!
Gad zooks; odd boddikins; by Venus' glove;
By Mars his gauntlet; by the river side;
Sweet by and by, and bo oh, baby by;"——
[At this point the caitiff slowly withers away.]
—Brooklyn Eagle.

On a Pullman Car.

Passenger—Porter, your insolence and inattention to your duties are insufferable. Perhaps you don't know me——

Porter—Oh, yes, I knows yo', sah; yo's de president ob de road. An' now let me d'rect yo'r 'tention to de fact dat I's a prominent member ob de syndicate w'at's negoshatin' wif a view to takin' a mo'gage on de road; an' I's not pleased wid de tone yo' sees fit to 'sume to me. Indeed I isn't.

Passenger—I beg your pardon, my dear sir. Have a cigar?—Tid Bits.

The Ideal Reporter.

The ideal reporter must know everything and everybody; must forget nothing, and be all things to all men; must be brilliant in thought and quick in motion; must never blunder, and always receive abuse with a smile; must never be sick or tired, and must fill an early grave. Who bids for the place?—Henry W. Blake in The Writer.

A Dinner of Birds' Heads.

A unique entertainment recently given in Paris was a dinner of birds' heads. Each guest had a coiffure representing the head of a bird, an owl, a turtle dove and other birds. The most elegant was a peacock, with a crest represented by an aigrette in diamonds, emeralds and sapphires.—Chicago Times.

Bring Out Your Pawn Tickets.

Sol's genial warmth begins to fade,
Now doth the dude address a note,
And seek with plaintive words to trade
The ticket for the overcoat.
—Merchant Traveler.

Dr. Albert's next visit to Springfield, Thursday, November 17, at the Lagonda House.

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Nervous Debility.
Sufferers from this distressing disorder, the symptoms of which are a dull and unsettled mind, which unfits them for the performance of their business and social duties, makes happy marriages impossible, distresses the action of the heart, causes flushes of heat, evil forebodings, cowardice, dreams, short breathing, timid, easily of company, with a preference to be alone, feeling as tired in the morning as on retiring, white deposit in urine, nervousness, trembling, watery and weak eyes, dyspepsia, constipation, pain in the back, etc., etc., are the results of self abuse. DR. ALBERT is now ready and be restored to health.

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