

WHAT IT'S COMING TO.

Bill Nye gives Directions About Sending Regrets. FOUND myself in receipt of the following letter not long ago...

There is no stamp inclosed in reply to the above letter. I have decided to reply briefly through the columns of the press...

It will also simplify the matter of entertaining itself and render it purely a clerical matter. With a typewriter, a good pen...

Replies should be in the handwriting of the person invited, and should not only contain a large blue mass of regrets, but branch off...

This method of swapping stationery for autograph regrets would soon, if properly handled, yield more than a silver wedding...

The time is approaching when a man with a black box at the postoffice, sixty cents worth of stationery and a pen in his hand...

All of the foregoing except the letter of invitation, is written in a tone of banter and raillery. The letter is genuine, and was written by a young man of this city...

Compliments of Mr. and Mrs. Borsthouse. These words were tickled almost to death on the ears of a young man...

Let us of regret may be couched in choice language, expressing poignant grief in the first line or two and then branch out in the direction of grief, pathos, humor, patriotism, poetry, politics and so on...

My Dear Mr. and Mrs. Thrifty. As I write these words I am well up to my ears in obligations, and if I were I would like to lean my head on a pillow and cry...

It is a custom which has become so general, that in my case the host has been met at some other gathering and decided that I would do better and shine with more brilliancy as a guest...

Jack's Mamma (wishing to be impressive). Just think, Jack; this was some little boy's mamma...

Guest to hotel clerk. I've met that gentleman who just went out before somewhere. His face is very familiar, but to save my life I can't call his name...

Severe Discipline. Boston Young Lady to convict in penitentiary. What are you reading, man? Convict! A volume of Ouida, man!

In the Gloom. "Miss Florry," said the employer, "you have been in my establishment as bookkeeper for five years, and I have raised your salary each year until now. I am paying you all I can well afford, and I am afraid I shall not be able to raise the figures for next year any higher than they are now—\$1,300."

A Valuable Employee. "Miss Florry," said the employer, "you have been in my establishment as bookkeeper for five years, and I have raised your salary each year until now. I am paying you all I can well afford, and I am afraid I shall not be able to raise the figures for next year any higher than they are now—\$1,300."

The underhand sneaks! Trying to take my employees from me, are they? Well, they can't do it. I'll give you \$1,600, Miss Florry, and you can snap your fingers at Swagg & Co.

Fourteen hundred dollars is a liberal offer, Mr. Plummer, and I am obliged to you, but Shroat & Beknap sent me word yesterday that they would pay me \$1,500 if I would go into their office as bookkeeper.

Shroat & Beknap, they'll give you \$1,500, will they? I'll see 'em in Los Angeles first! exclaimed Mr. Plummer. "See here, Miss Florry, I'll do better than that. I'll take you into the firm. I'll marry you. Tell Shroat & Beknap you are engaged. Hat! hat! I'll marry you, Florry!"

"Oh, Mr. Plummer (demurely). I thank you very much, but I can't do it. I have a husband."

BITS OF HUMAN NATURE.

How Oglesby Was Expelled on Grant's Appearance. When Grant was appointed brigadier general and ordered to Cairo to take command...

A Terrible Freight. Mrs. Johnson—For the love of Henry Clay, Jr., what do you do that? Henry Clay, Jr.—I don't know what you're talking about...

In Washington Society. At an afternoon. She—Ah, good morning! How do you do? He—Thanks! Oh! so glad to see you this morning.

She—Charming day! He—Delightful. You are looking lovely! She—Ah, thanks, awfully. Didn't I meet you yesterday at Mrs. Blank's tea?

He—How kind of you to remember. (He was not there.) I heard a pretty compliment paid you at Mrs. X's last night. Charming place that, isn't it?

She—Exquisite. (She was never there.) Do tell me what you heard! In another corner, later: A friend to a friend—What a delightful man that Mr. Robinson is!

Friend—Why, that isn't Robinson; that's Mr. Robinson's son. In another corner, about the same time: He to a friend—Isn't that Miss Brown lovely?

Friend—Rats! That ain't Miss Brown; that's Miss Smith—Washington Critic. A Present for the Boss. First Messenger Boy—What's yer hurry, boss?

Second Messenger Boy—Us boys wanted to give the boss a nice present for his birthday, and we all clipped in and I've just been out to buy it. It's an awful party motto, all hand worked the man said; it's blue and red and got a big gold fringe on it. Guess he'll hang it in the office where we can all see it.

The Lady in the Horse Car. Woman with sachel enters car, sits down; conductor enters, asks fare; woman opens sachel, takes out purse, shuts sachel, offers purse, takes out dime, shuts sachel, offers dime, receives nickel, opens sachel, takes out purse, shuts sachel, offers purse, puts in nickel, closes purse, opens sachel, puts in dime, closes sachel, stops the car, please—Philadelphia Record.

An Aggravated Case. Here is a good story, says the Boston Herald. It is a story of a man who was so angry with a woman that he wanted to see her dead. He was a doctor, and she was a nurse. He was a very good doctor, and she was a very good nurse. They were both very kind and very helpful to their patients. But they were not kind and helpful to each other.

Where Cameron Begs. Ex-Senator Henry G. Davis, of West Virginia, makes frequent trips to the capital. He is a very good man, and he is very kind and very helpful to his constituents. He is a very good man, and he is very kind and very helpful to his constituents. He is a very good man, and he is very kind and very helpful to his constituents.

Prayers First. I noticed Speaker pro tem S. S. Cox rap the notice to order the other day with more than ordinary vigor. And yet his face wore an abstracted look. Sure enough, as soon as he had laid down his paper, he said to the clerk: "The clerk will proceed to read the journal of the day."

Chaper. "Let me give you some advice," said Mr. Clarence Knowles, "about advising grass for your lawn. Don't do it. Don't use grass at all. Buy Persian rags and cover your lawn with them. You can get them for a hundred dollars apiece, and a hundred or so will cover your lawn. They are quite as pretty as grass and very much less expensive."—Atlanta Constitution.

Wanted Work—For His Wife. Applicant—Please, ma'am, can you help a poor man who is out of work? Woman—I guess I can find something for you to do. Applicant (gratefully)—Thanks. If you could give me some washing to do I'll take it home to my wife.—The Epoch.

Truth in a Nutshell. One of Illinois' many editors has a great head. He is a philosopher, for he writes: "Never judge by appearance. A shiner coat may contain an editor, while a man wearing a high toned plug hat and sporting a duce cane may be a delinquent subscriber."—New York Sun.

Of Course It Was Black. Editor—How's this young man? You speak of the fair bride as having hair black as the driven snow. Where were you misinformed? Reporter—In Pittsburgh, sir. Editor—Ah, yes.—Detroit Free Press.

Hopkins—Why do you wear rubbers, Hopkins? Hopkins—Economy, my dear boy. There are no soles in my shoes.—New York Sun.

The Iron Hand. The fact that the king of Sweden has issued a volume of his poems shows very clearly that the Swedes are a patient and long suffering people.—New Orleans States.

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

Grandma's Family Sympathize with Child in Trouble. A little boy was sent to the grocer's for a pair of mittens. Returning he fell and spilled it in the mud. As he wept bitterly over the loss, a little friend came along and asked him what he was crying for. He replied: "I have spilled the mittens, and I am afraid to go home and tell my mamma. She will whip me." To which his friend replied: "Don't worry, I'll buy you a new pair of mittens. Haven't you got a grandpa?"—Boston Globe.

A Theological Infant. Grace M. is 5 years old. When 3 years old she was in the country visiting her grandparents. There she had as a playmate George, the son of a M. Church clergyman, of the tender years. While at play they were frequently annoyed by a little rascal whose society was another congenial one desirable. On one occasion George became very displeased with the latter's conduct, and, throwing a stone at him, exclaimed: "Well, there, I do wish that Fallon was in the bad place!"

Didn't Want to Hear. Little Walter is a very active boy, and takes no account of his steps when playing and amusing himself, but a call in the midst of fun to do some trifling errand for any member of the family produces an immediate change of pace as well as face. One morning his mother, having twice sent him downstairs with messages to the servants, made a third demand for his services a few moments later, which so annoyed him that he angrily exclaimed: "With what I had done on my errand, I couldn't hear you."—Harper's Magazine.

Offering a Substitute. One day Ernest had been seriously betwixt by his mother, and finally sent to the yard to find a switch with which he was to be punished. He returned soon, and said: "I couldn't find any switch, mamma; but here's a stone you can throw at me."—Harper's Magazine.

Itch and Scratch. Little Dossie—Papa, I do hate to hear you scratch. Papa—The paper, my dear. Bessie—Well, papa, can't you get some paper that doesn't itch so bad.—Burlington Free Press.

Tale of the Bizarro. "Ever since the lizard ceased," says a Mrs. M. of Chicago, "I have been going forward on excavations for the purpose of discovering the postoffice building. A shaft is being sunk through the snow which is hoped will strike it, but if it should not be in charge will drift north and south till it is located. Great fears are entertained that the postmaster may have become dependent, as he has not been heard to hold since early in the storm. He must certainly be quite lonesome, at least, as his only companion was the office cat and he very likely has been forced to live for food before this time, as the lock boxes and registered letters must be exhausted ere now. Parties who live out in Eden parlor report that they had no difficulty in finding their way home during the storm as they kept hold of the telegraph wire. They do not say how they got it, but it is a good enough to report, and may be a warning to other unfortunate who try the same dodge. The charge upon which this particular unfortunate was arraigned before his honor one gloomy afternoon was "drunk and disorderly."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Watched Over with Care. Mamma to nurse—What is all that noise in the nursery, Marie? Nurse—Zee beelie dog, ma'am, has taken Mess Flossie's candy.

Everything Went. "Did you make enough money on your stock deal, John, to buy the new carriage you promised? I suppose you did, though," she added confidently; "you said you put in your money at the bottom of the market." "So I did, my dear, so I did; but the bottom itself dropped out."—Chicago Mail.

Safe Traveling Assured. Eastern Railway Manager—What's the price of coal now? Assistant—Nine dollars a ton. "Humph! Send word to the passenger brakemen to use coal very cautiously. We don't want any more car stove horrors."—Omaha World.

How It Happened at Last. "Have you heard that Lily is engaged to young Fleegley?" asked Maud. "No," replied Lily. "I thought he was too good for me." "Oh, but it's a very nice fellow, you know."—New York Evening Sun.

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Advertisement for Golden Medical Discovery. THE GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY. THE WORLD'S FAMED LIVER, BLOOD AND LUNG REMEDY. WHAT AILS YOU?

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A medicine possessing the power to cure such inveterate blood and skin diseases as the following testimonial portrays, must certainly be credited with possessing properties capable of curing any and all skin and blood diseases, for none are more obstinate or difficult of cure than Salt-rheum.

SALT-RHEUM AND RHEUMATISM. "CHAMBERLAIN, OHIO, AUG. 18th, 1887. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y. Gentlemen—For several years you have felt it my duty to give to you the facts in relation to the complete cure of a most annoying and painful case of salt-rheum, by the use of your Golden Medical Discovery. An elderly lady relative of mine had a great sufferer from salt-rheum of forty years. The disease was most distressing in her case, causing the skin to crack open in the folds of the joints and between the fingers. She was obliged to protect the parts by means of adhesive plasters, ointments, and dressings, and was unable to have any relief. The pain was quite severe at times, and her general health was so affected that she was unable to do any work. She had been suffering from salt-rheum for many years, and had tried every remedy known to her, but without obtaining relief. She afterwards began treating herself by drinking less milk from salt-rheum, and by using your Golden Medical Discovery, and in a few days she was able to do her work. She has now been cured, and she is now well and hearty. My wife could not walk across the street, but she can now walk across the street. Now she can walk a little ways, and do some light work."—The Epoch.

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