

A LEGAL LOVER.



She said she used to have two nights out while she was with the Goulds. I told her that she would be treated equally well by us.

Her name was Lorena, and she did very well while on duty, but the great difficulty seemed to be that Lorena and the furnace both wanted to go out on the same nights.

It was her alternate with the furnace, and I made me mad to have Lorena absent when it was really my night out.

I told her that she might run Jay Gould that way, but she couldn't run me. I declined to take care of the furnace while she was sleeping off. I told Lorena that she had better go back to the Goulds.

She did so. I then began again to steer the furnace through a tempestuous career. I excused myself while dukes and titled people were at our house, in order to go down and jerk the furnace.

Of summer evenings I went to a mush and milk scabbie up stairs in order to go below and haul coals upon the never ending appetite of this great bottomless pit.

And yet the basement was the only part of my house that was really warm. Up stairs I gradually froze, while I tried to seem genial and urbane. I wore a fur overcoat up stairs while the potatoes were sprouting in the cellar, and on the second floor the nurse and the governess were eating pemican and waiting for a relief party.

Goose flesh manifested itself on the exterior of those who sought to dress for a dinner party on the second floor, while in the attic my employes were eating blubber and hoping for congressional relief.

THE VICTOR VANQUISHED.

With the Hottentot and Bushman and the Terra del Fuego.

He had fought with frenzied fury, so he said. At the Patagonian giant he had hurled his proud defiance.

And had painted all the Sandwich Islands red. He had made all the natives scatter in the jungles of Malakka.

From the Rio de la Plata to the shores of the Nile. He swept his bravo and realms of khrod and mikado.

And regulated all the earth in true imperial style. With the catamount and tiger and the Ahyasian lion.

He had grappled single handed and had never met defeat. Every sporting hippopotamus took his eagle eye on him.

Was sure to lay out, first or last, a dead brute at his feet. With his blazing eye a-brightening he would dash about the thunders.

Just like a lightning bolt lunging through the thunder storm. Brightening with this facial feature every savage.

There were now four thirty men in line waiting anxiously.

"My, but it's cold." "Is it?" "A wful."

"No, 'twon't. I ate three dishes of ice cream with Charlie the other night as fast as I could swallow them, and it didn't make me sick."

There were eight men waiting to get a drink now. "The cold, isn't it, Boss?" "Cold as ice."

"I s'pose there's ice in it." "Of course." "I'm going to drink real slow."

"That's right—the boss won't be here for a long time." "Sixteen men."

"It hurts my teeth." "Does it?" "Yes—makes 'em ache." "It never does mine."

"It always does mine—real hard." "That's funny, you don't drink a whole lot." "It does though. Don't you want some more?"

The census was taken at this point, and thirty-two men found gazing longingly at the ice water tank.

The Young People.

A small boy sojourning on the coast of Maine sent the following clipping to his father in Boston.

Examiner—What would you do in the case of a man with clammy sweats? Budding Sawbones—Advise him to give up claims.

The boy appended the following: "Dear papa, I thought you would appreciate the above, as you are having the sweat and I am having the claims."—Boston Journal.

A little girl in Lewiston who was ill the other evening called her mother to her bedside and said piteously: "Mamma, I am awful sick. I just swallowed upward," and her mamma sympathized with her deeply.—Lawiston Journal.

"You seem to have quite a sum in your bank, Bobby," remarked the visitor. "Yes," said Bobby, "ma gives me ten cents a week for coming to the table with clean hands and face."

"Ten cents is a good deal of money for a little boy to earn every week." "Yes, ma'am, but I have to do a large amount of work for it."—New York Sun.

A boy's description of having a tooth pulled expresses it about as well as anything we have seen: "Just before it killed me the tooth came out."—Exchange.

Moments of Torture. She—Hush! Not another word. He—Oh, don't do that now, don't, I beg of you. Take time to consider. Remember the happiness of a life.

Advertisement for Diamond Dyes, Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. Includes text: 'Diamond Dyes excel all others in Strength, Purity, and Fastness. None other are just as good.'

Advertisement for Diamond Paints, Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. Includes text: 'Diamond Paints Gold, Silver, Bronze, Copper, Only 10 Cents.'

Advertisement for 'The Young Man who advertises for a husband'. Includes text: 'The young man who advertises for a husband is continually coming to grief.'

Advertisement for 'An Important Announcement'. Includes text: 'About six weeks ago, while at business, I was suddenly attacked with excruciating pains in my feet, knees and hands.'

Advertisement for 'Notice to Contractors'. Includes text: 'Sealed proposals will be received at the office of the City Clerk of the City of Springfield, Ohio, for furnishing the material and doing the work of grading and paving the streets.'

Advertisement for 'S. Jacobs Oil'. Includes text: 'This is the top of the genuine Pearl Top Lamp Chimney. All others, similar are imitation. This exact label is on each Pearl Top Chimney.'

A Natural Solution.

An almond eyed washerman boarded a cable car yesterday with his hamper of clothes. As the grip neared the corner where he was to get off, his driver, who is a good natured Irishman, said to a passenger: "Dy's the matter that hathym? Watch me and see me throw him."

Care in Diet.

Mr. Spenstperbant at hotel table, a summer resort—Meth crickets! Inace, you little vool! Vat for you eat here? Little Inace—I vant best mit my meat, fadder.

A Christian Spirit.

Mr. Isaacstein—I sell you dot coat, my friend, for sayenteen tollar; you dake hum back in my coat, and I dake you in my coat.

No Excuse for Him.

Leader of L.V. party—'arty—'up you, young man, make a full confession or up you go. Prisoner—I was fooling with a gun. I pointed it at my brother, and he died.

Consolation.

Invalid—I have been here at these springs, doctor, six weeks, and I don't see that the water has had the slightest effect.

A Conversation Overheard.

Mr. Spenstperbant—Shust hear dat! He vant best vest sell for only five cents a loaf, an' he gart it the laundry off a loaf, an' I pay five tollars a day at dis hotel. Here, I sace, dit bottle of olive. Dey coat you tollar a bottle.—The Cartoon.

English in Karibed.

English is wrote at Karibed by a "tailor" in this way: "Honorable Sir! I take me the liberty, to make you attentive on my Establishment. There I please you, to favour me by some use of clothes, with your visit, and always keep a large choice of english, french, and brunner materials and clothes, shall made to measure on the best and newest facon; and I am like ready to full your esteem wishes."—New York Sun.

An Expert at the National Game.

"Are you a ball player yourself, George?" he asked at the Polo grounds. He smiled a sweet, superior smile. "I can give those New Yorkers points on the game," he said.

Birds Without Wings.

The most unhappy feature about being a jail bird is said to be its inability to fly.—Binghamton Republican.

Inherited.

"How fond Charles Roberts is of his father! He fairly worships him." "Yes; he takes after his father in that respect."—Harper's Bazar.

Not Altogether His Fault.

In the police court. "Prisoner, whatever may be said of your offense, I must add that the character of your accomplice is simply atrocious; he belongs to the very lowest of society."

That Altered the Case.

Dr. Pillsbury (to patient)—My dear sir, all you wish is plenty of outdoor exercise. Now, here is a little work that I would strongly advise you to read. It will teach you how to gain and preserve health. Its title is "Physical Culture for the Million," and— Patient—But, doctor— Dr. Pillsbury—Well? Patient—I wrote that book.—Time.

Reductions.

Dealer—Jake, mark those rockers in the window #45. Clerk—Forty-five dollars! Why, sir, you offered one of them yesterday morning to a man for \$18!

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The Correct Time.

Dumley (who has sold a watch)—You told me, Robinson, that if I would let you have the watch you would pay me in thirty days. It's a good deal more than thirty days now.

Identified.

Belie—Introduce me to your Pittsburg friend, dear. I hate to see a girl want all the good things in life but miss them.

Had Had Opportunities to Learn.

"My son," said the judge, blandly, to the youthful witness, "do you know the nature of an oath?" "I think I do, sir," replied the little boy, timidly; "my father has been betting on the Detroit this season."—Chicago Tribune.

A Case in Point.

"Be mine," he cried, with voice surcharged with anguish. "If you refuse me I shall die!" That was forty years ago, and the fearless girl refused him. Yesterday he died. Girls, beware.—Binghamton Republican.

The Cause.

"Isn't the baby a wee little thing for seven months?" "Oh, not so very. He's small naturally. They fed him on condensed milk."—Harper's Bazar.

Undoubtedly.

Rossi, the Italian tragedian, is said to be about to retire permanently from the stage. That probably means a "farewell" visit to the United States.—Lansell Courier.

A Flyaway Joke.

"It's a perfect angel of a house," said she. "All wings, I suppose," said he.—Harper's Bazar.

EPHORE the waits was over quite.

They sought a moment's brief respite Out of the whirl and where the light Was soft and mellow. And there in happiness alone They sat until the flute had blown A trill to drown the fiddle. That filled the 'ello.

Outside the window they could see The snow upon the winter tree, Whose twigs once trembled with the gloe Of summer's joyous melody.

And while upon this scene intent They gazed, a ray of sentiment Appeared, and conversation went Somewhat as follows: "Clarissa—here he passed a while To contemplate Clarissa's equal."

"Clarissa—here he passed a while To contemplate Clarissa's equal." "And polish up his verbal style; She, lightly vernalizing Her fingers on the window, said, Enthrasped, he forgot to rest; Gave him a chance to meanwile gazed."

"Clarissa—here he passed a while To contemplate Clarissa's equal." "Just what was cooking." "Clarissa—here he passed a while To help his rhetoric to land; She let him hold the flag, and, By speechy juveniles And good turning of her head, She punctuated what he said— An action which, interested, Meant "How delicious!"

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One Thing Lacking.

At a recent exhibition of paintings a lady and her son were regarding with much interest a picture which the catalogue designated as "Luther at the Diet of Worms." Having descended at some length upon its merits, the boy remarked: "Mother, I see Luther and a table, but where are the worms?"

Confused.

"I'm poor," he said (Love's truest art Makes this a sorrowful complaint). "But if you'll promise me your heart In sweet surrender, We shall not want for worldly good; Carous, you are worth anything, and You are—the metaphor was bold—"My legal tender."—Frank Denner Sherman in Life.

The Arisons Kicker.

Preceder.—Our birthday occurs next week Friday—being our thirty-fifth—and any little reminder sent in by the public will be warmly appreciated. We stand in need of shirts, socks, neckties, collars, etc., and it has been suggested that the ladies organize and contribute to a generous outfit.

Why She Remained at Home.

It makes a man almost sorry that he moved when he reads in the advertisement in the paper next day the real estate agent's description of the advantages of the residence he has just given up.—Journal of Education.

Always Room for One More.

In ancient Mexico There dwelt, some time ago, A person whom I know, And in this way: Called in this way: "Senior Don Rodrigo Gomez Aragoz, Hermanos Tobago, Likewise "el Rey." When we got through with it, If folks or wise or just, Not one in ten could hit What it all meant. Not one in twenty could Pronounce it as he should. If one had time, he would Think it unwise. So when we spoke this plan, We all pursued this plan, Thinking it meet: Dropped every ad and det, And as for Don, well, All names we couldn't spell, Just called him "Pete." He, with his wealth of name, Took this his card because And thus his card became After that date: "Senior Don Rodrigo Gomez Aragoz, Hermanos Tobago, El Rey y Pete."—W. C. Edgar in Harper's Magazine.

Customer to Boston Barber.

Customer to Boston Barber—What has become of the New York man you had last week? He was the best barber I ever saw. Boston Barber—Yes, he was an artist; but he persisted in saying "next" for "next gentleman," and I had to let him go.—New York Sun.

Both After the Same Object.

First New York Man—I see that Australia is complaining about a rabbit pest. Second New York Man—Yes, they are like us and our street cars.

Two Ways of Looking at a Thing.

"How old are you, Tommy?" "Nine when I'm on my feet and 6 when I stand on my head."

How Lovely Woman Drinks.

While the Thirsty Herd of Men Look on with Envy. HE hottest day of this summer two young ladies approached the ice water tank in the waiting room of the Staten Island ferry. They wanted a drink of the water. Near by stood a man who had also wanted a drink of the water. He'd been out with the boys the night before, and he wanted a drink of it pretty badly.

Value and Discretion.

"Now, then, my hearties," said a gallant captain, seeing that his men were likely to be outnumbered, "you have a tough battle before you. Fight like heroes till your powder's gone—then run. I'm a little lame, I'll start now."

Undoubtedly.

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