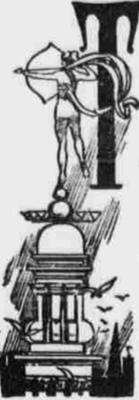


An Earnest Trifler In Gotham.

Renaissance of the Horse Show—The Lady and the Jersey Cow—The "Tickler."

[From Our New York Correspondent.]



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But it could not forget its toy, which it had not thrown into the junk pile, but had laid carefully away on the shelf. When the longing for it became unbearable society simply stretched out its long arm and re-embraced it with an extra hug.

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SIRES AND SONS.

Seth Low succeeds James R. Morse in the presidency of the American Asiatic association, now eleven years old.

The Duke of Argyll has hurt the feelings of the highlanders by saying that no man over sixty should appear in kilts.

Representative Leslie K. Morse of Haverhill is the owner of one of the largest bulls in the world. Banjo weighs more than 4,000 pounds and stands higher than the tallest horse.

Chester S. Lord has been managing editor of the New York Sun for twenty-eight years. He joined the paper in 1872 as a reporter and for seventeen years was under Charles A. Dana and enjoyed his confidence to the end.

Hon. W. S. Fielding, Canadian minister of finance, raises and spends \$100,000,000 a year on a \$7,000 salary. Mr. Fielding is the only prominent member of the old cabinet that gathered about Sir Wilfrid Laurier in 1896, having held his position twelve years.

Clerk James McKenny of the supreme court of the United States recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his entering the clerk's office. Mr. McKenny entered the office in a subordinate capacity, but he has held the position of clerk for twenty-eight years.

The Jews of Austria are elated at the appointment of a coreligionist, Major General Eduard Ritter von Schweitzer, to the rank of field marshal. This officer, who has seen over forty years' service, was born of poor parents and entered the army as a private.

Discreet Prophecy.

"Why do you invariably predict the coldest winter we have had in years?" "Well," answered Professor Blather-ton, "if it comes true people necessarily give me credit for great wisdom. And if it doesn't come true they are too thankful to hold any grudge."—Washington Star.

A Cause of Joy.

Jamie was begging his father for a second helping of preserves. "When I was a boy," said his papa, "my father only allowed me to have one helping." Jamie was silent for a minute and then asked, "Aren't you glad you live with us now, daddy?"—Denver Republican.

Easily Satisfied.

She—I prefer a man of deeds. He—Then take me. I'm a lawyer.

One Advantage.

"I found that I was smoking too much, so I changed from cigars to a pipe." "But you smoke all day long now." "Yes, but one has to stop now and then to fill a pipe, you see."—Cleveland Leader.

Hobo Logic.

Tired Timothy—I never ask a crust of a crusty man? Languid Lewis—Don't youse? Tired Timothy—Now, I allers ask fer meat, 'cause den I'm shore w'y gittin' de cold shoulder.—Chicago News.

Both Guesses Wrong.

Algy—But I weary you, Miss Capsicum. I'm a great talker. Miss Capsicum—On the contrary, Mr. Feathertop, you don't weary me at all, and I find your small talk very diverting.—Chicago Tribune.

Strictly So.

Magistrate—Is the assault of which the prisoner is accused one of gravity? Lawyer—Indeed, it is, your honor! It was at the top of a hill my client was struck, and he rolled to the bottom.—Baltimore American.

Possible Explanation.

Mrs. Biggs—My husband seems to be lost in thought about half the time. Mrs. Diggs—I suppose his ideas are so far apart that he can't help getting lost on the way from one to the other.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Hers d'Oeuvres.

Indignant Patron—Why, this is an outrageous price for just a small plain dinner. Bland Proprietor—You forget, sir, the number and variety of microbes you've eaten!—Puck.

Quarrel in the Woods.

"You're lots more of a coward than I am," declared the squirrel. "Maybe, but I'm not nearly so much of a tall bearer," answered the rabbit, wiggling its nose insultingly.—Kansas City Times.

Season's Changes.

Patience—Is he getting ready for winter? Patrice—Oh, yes. He's broken off his engagement with his summer girl.—Yonkers Statesman.

Chance For Information.

Myer—A friend of mine has invented a submarine telephone. Gyer—Now I suppose we'll soon know what the wild waves are saying.—Detroit Tribune.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR.

It Didn't Come Off That Time.

Billy had been taught that it is a sin to lie, so of course he never meant to tell a lie. Whenever he did stretch the truth, which occasionally happened in spite of his good intentions, he did so merely through the exuberance of his lively imagination. One day just as Billy perpetrated one of his whoppers the recently mended heel of his shoe came off. His mother noticed that the accident and the lapse from truthfulness coincided.

"There," she said severely; "see what happened to you as a result of your wickedness. Hereafter whenever you tell a falsehood something terrible will happen to you."

"Will my boot heel always come off?" asked Billy. "Quite likely," she replied. "If it isn't that it will be something equally bad."

For several days after that Billy talked but little, and what few statements he did make were carefully weighed beforehand. One day upon his return from school he became less cautious and entertained the family with the account of an incident that had enticed his trip home. The story seemed quite plausible, and no one would have thought of doubting his veracity had not Billy, after looking at the heel of his shoe, exclaimed triumphantly:

"There; it didn't come off that time anyhow."—New York Herald.

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