

VERSE AND WORSE.

By Larry Ho.

THE LITTLE FELLER.

Jest a little feller
With a twinkle in his eye,
And a heart beneath his jacket
Bigger'n a apple pie!

WHO SINGS A SONG.

Who sings a song
Should sing it to himself and not the throng
Or he may wake to find the tickle morn
Full-flooded with the world's contempt and scorn.

AN ARTIST.

Long years he toiled and ate his crust of bread,
Scorn for his pillow, misery for his bed!
Amid the ashes of his wretched cot,
Far from the world and by the world forgot.

A LITTLE PHILOSOPHY.

"World's goin' to the devil," I heard a feller say
As he heave a heavy sigh and acted sick;
You jest can bet yer life she is, when folks talk that-

We shall find when the shadows fall over the day
Life still holds a charm that age steals not away;

IMMORTALITY.

I know that some things are divine,
Which immortality shall keep;
For I have seen a mother smile
Above her baby's sleep!

THE CREED GENUINE.

Let's be awful happy boys
Every blessed minnit
Then this old world's bound to have
Lots o' sunshine in it;

AN IDEAL.

If we laugh, love and dream as we journey along
And tickle the world in the ribs with a song

THE STATE VS. WHITE.

When the famous case of the State vs. White was called before his honor, Hezekiah Felton, J. P., business in the little town of Ashville was generally suspended in view of an epoch-making event in the annals of the place.

horse trade and still managed to have a world-beater, proves that it only takes a discriminating eye to enjoy all the pleasures of fame.

But one day Sam was taken in tow by the town marshal for fracturing the city ordinance. He protested that he had never seen any such thing as an ordinance, whatever that might be, and if it was missing they were at liberty to search his place.

was improperly attempting to influence the jury by introducing extraneous matter not pertinent to the case, and very impudent to Mr. White. Mr. Wiggs resented the charge and called Mr. Boggs a bookless pettifogger.

"Your honor," said Mr. Wiggs, bowing awkwardly, "I greatly regret to say that I neglected to bring my authorities with me, as I did not apprehend that any such methods as have been introduced here would be practiced.

Wiggs had not taken a breath before Boggs pulled a nickel from his trousers, and slapping it on the table, remarked: "Mr. Wiggs I take the bet." Mr. Wiggs picked up the nickel and threw it back to Boggs as he scornfully said: "Mr. Boggs, I cannot deprive you of dinner."

When court convened again Wiggs had his law books all over three tables. There was volume upon volume of statutes from Maine to California, with text books on torts, contracts, taxation, libel and treason.

heart fairly glowed with pride as he listened to the witnesses for the state tell of his fast driving down the main thoroughfare, and swear that he was going at least twenty miles an hour. He forgot, in his joy, that he was the defendant in the case, and he promised "Speed-of-the-Wind" a feed of real oats that night.

When the state had closed its case Boggs announced that the defense would offer no testimony, but would accept the case as it was. Then Wiggs bristled, and he was thirsty, so he consumed little time. He tried conciliatory tactics with the jury, assuring them that the state had no feeling against Mr. White as Mr. White, but it was necessary to have the law respected and obeyed by all, and if Mr. White was allowed to violate it, a graver violation might follow because of his example.

Then Mr. Boggs launched into his speech with voice and arms and legs. He pointed out that if the verdict of the jury should restrict the rights of one citizen, it might be turned against themselves to restrict their own rights. Then he waded into the constitution and claimed that it guaranteed to all men the right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; and now could a humble horseman like Mr. White pursue happiness if his right to drive his horses was denied. Surely here was a direct conflict between the ordinance and the constitution. If liberty meant anything, it meant the liberty of the horse.

At this point Mr. Wiggs cackled out some interrupting remark which put a sudden kink in Mr. Boggs' eloquence just at a most thrilling point; whereupon Mr. Boggs turned quickly to the table where Mr. Wiggs' seat, and, reaching over, he got a lustrous grip on Wiggs' nose, which was proudly standing out like a great

temptation. The court was horrified at this invasion of its dignity and immediately assessed Mr. Boggs \$5 for contempt, and administered a stinging reprimand, together with an expression of great sorrow that such a profanation of the sacred temple of justice should occur in his court. Mr. Boggs promptly handed Judge Felton a crisp ten dollar bill, which caused a sensation on the part of the audience as if they had discovered the north pole. "I cannot change ten dollars," confessed the judge with a sigh, but Mr. Boggs waved his hand and replied: "Keep it all, your honor. 'Tis his breezy little whiffet will be backing up again, and I'll take out the other five dollars' worth."

Order was soon restored in the court room, and Boggs proceeded to wind up his appeal to the jury by a final assault on the language of his fathers, his cost-tails keeping perfect time to the movement of his arms. He pleaded for the eternal principles of equity and justice, and begged the jury not to do anything which would tend to lessen the people's faith in the government, or undermine the strength of the republic. He begged them to remember Bunker Hill and Valley Forge, and pictured the progress of liberty from its very inception down to this crucial instance when it stood trembling in the balance, and urged the jury to throw its influence on the right side of the scale, that the "blood of our forefathers spilled on a thousand fields to give us liberty might not be spilled in vain." Not a man in the audience but felt at that moment that liberty was saved at the very brink of its destruction. Then Mr. Wiggs read a long time from the books again, and his honor told the jury to take up the case with the fear of God before them, and to be governed only by the law and the evidence.

While waiting for the jury to make up its mind, the court quietly observed to Mr. Boggs that in case of a verdict for the defense he would expect a complimentary to the horse race. But the jury wrestled conscientiously for many hours and finally disagreed, much to the dissatisfaction of Felton, J. P., who called it an "obscuration of justice." When the foreman was asked why the jury could not agree, he replied that they "could not decide which side the book agent was on."

BUDWEISER'S CONUNDRUM.

Me and Louie Haasenpfeffer vos sidding in Laubenhaimers der onder efening and after fully discussing der situation mit der Boers, der effect dot der death of Li Hung Chank would haf on der crop of 'nop and thinks, der conversationing gradually relaxationed of

flewung matly aroundt our steins ven suddently an itea, or a conunderum of you please, flashed mit surprisung rapidly through mein head. I handed id so kewickly to Louie dot he flinched at der vordes vich I hurried ad him.

really vented, andt id?" "Vell, Budweiser," he set, "Dot is a kevestion, yes! No?" "Sare," I set, "I ask you, who iss der reason, unu, do you know id?"

not used to been veeling ub und down der streeet?" "Oh!" I set, "you so vas down und set yourself back. You are such an easiness mit your conunderums. You know dot China is just on der onder site of der ground for us andt id, yes! und ven a hair pin, on any oder oil pins loses himself, vy it goes through mit der onder site und comes outt ad a place in China called Tiao-Pin vich in der Chinese lankwidges means, 'Take a pin.' Do you dissemination yourself, yes?"

ad von time vos someding he hat nod been used to yet. I orderedt again and after Louie vos feeling himself again I asket him der ortalchal kevestion, "Vare do der files vented in der winter time?"



The Bird-Gee, you ougter know better than to swallow a porcupine.

RIPANS DID WONDERS FOR HER. Miss Carrie Myers, living at 23 Point street, Camden, N. J., writes: "I am forty-five years of age and go out working as housekeeper or sewing. I have been ailing for eleven years. I have been suffering with terrible pains in the head and a sick stomach. At times I could not attend to my work and had to stay in bed for two or three days at a time. I was also troubled with my bowels not working. I could not move them for four days sometimes and I suffered terribly. I doctored and tried all kinds of home remedies, but none gave me any relief. I spent many a dollar, so the lady of the house asked me to try Ripans Tablets. She always keeps them, and I thought I would give them a trial. I can say they did wonders for me—I have no more headaches and sickness in stomach and my bowels are regular, which they never were before. I think the Tablets work wonderfully, and I now go to my work well and strong and would never be without them. I shall recommend them to my friends and you can use this, my wonderful cure, as a testimonial."



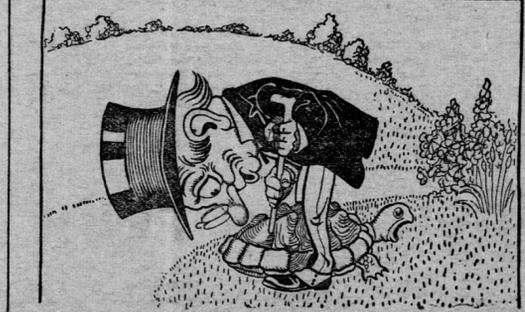
Floor Walker—I'm very sorry, madam, but I can't exchange this hat for you. Mrs. Smithson—But my husband doesn't like it. Floor Walker—Then I'd advise you to get a divorce.



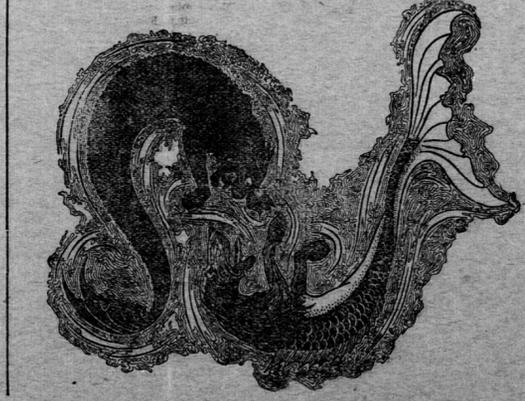
Mrs. Bug—I understand Mr. Chinch is very ill. Mr. Mouse—Yes; he spends most of his time in bed.



1—"Ah, a first-class specimen of the gezabowrinkus."

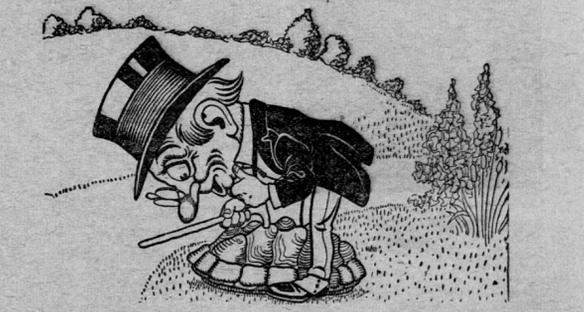


2—"He seems torpid. I'll poke harder."



Little Johnnie's idea of a catfish and a dogfish meeting on the high seas.

PROF. HUNT M. UP.



1—"I wonder if it is the rare blue-eyed variety. I'll just poke him until he puts his head out."



2—"What is that strange sensation of tugging at my coat tails?"



3—"Speaking of ghosts," remarked the girl with the pompadour, "a cat's eyes shine so in the dark they startle one at times." "I should say so," thoughtlessly acquiesced the girl with the Mary Manner-ing curl, "our cat got in the parlor last night when Charlie Squeelecks was calling, and when we saw its eyes we thought it was my little brother." Brooklyn Eagle.