

Not a Close Observer.

"It seems almost incredible," said the railroad man, "but I saw a man the other day that couldn't give an intelligent description of his wife. He came to the office to get transportation for her, to which he was entitled, and under the present rules we must have a description of the person that is going to use the transportation.

On the margin of the ticket are places where the agent can punch out a very good description of the person that is entitled to use the ticket in his possession.

"I asked the man first how old his wife was. He could not tell within five years.

"Next I asked him how tall she was. The best I could ascertain was that she was not very tall, neither was she very short. I punched out the word 'medium' and let it go at that.

"Next I asked the man what the color of his wife's eyes was. He studied for a full half minute and said he be darned if he was sure whether they were light blue or gray.

"When it came to the color of the woman's hair, he was again in a quandary. He was not dead sure whether it was dark brown or black.

"The only thing this husband was sure of was that his wife was slim."—Duluth News.

City Boy's Idea.

A Gallatin county farmer hired a boy from the city to assist him through the summer. The farmer told the kid to go out to the barn lot and salt the calf. The kid took a quart of salt and industriously rubbed it into the calf's hide. The colts got after the calf for the salt and had about all the hair licked off the animal before its condition was discovered.—Montgomery (Ills.) News.

THE HEATHEN CAN WAIT.**A Squatter's Idea of Where Charity Should Begin.**

The other day an old squatter came to the city and attended divine services at a fashionable church. The old fellow listened with rapt attention to the sermon, occasionally nodding in approval or shaking his head in uncertainty. When a man with the contribution box approached, the squatter asked:

"What's up?"

"We are taking up a collection for the heathen, and as you seemed to be so much interested in the sermon I didn't know but you would like to give a few dimes."

"What's the matter with the heathen?"

"Why, he doesn't know anything about the gospel, and we want to raise money enough to send it to him."

"Wall, I tell yer, I don't think he'll spile afore mornin'. I've got a hoss swap on han, an ef I ken get 'nuff boot come aroun an we'll sorter look inter the matter."

"But, my friend, the heathen children need clothes."

"So does mine, by jingo. Bill ain't worn nuthin but a shirt for six months an haster stay outen perlitte society. Ike's got a vacancy in his britches biggern yer hat, an Jack haster stay under the house when a stranger comes, 'case he got his clothes scorched durin hog killin. Come aroun arter the swap, fur I don't think the heathen will spile afore mornin'."—Arkansas Traveler.

Thorny Way of Art.

"Bangs is truly a great writer."

"Then why is he a pugilist?"

"Well, you know it is necessary for one to become famous before he can command space in the magazines."—Journal.