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FUNNY MEN'S SAYINGS.**WHAT THE SAD-EYED SCRIBES OF THE HUMOROUS PRESS WRITE**

Paragraphs from a Great Number of Places and About a Great Number of Subjects.

"Why, Uncle Abrah'm," said an old farmer, "what are you sittin' up there for 'lection day? Why ain't you votin'?"
 "I's heered it's mighty remoonerative stayin' on de fence till de las' minnit," gravely answered the old fellow, "an' I's adoin' it."

The Newport correspondent of the N. Y. Times says in yesterday's issue that some aristocratic Newport ladies wore dress suits and high shirt collars at the Casino hop last Monday night, and that they have "a perceptible predisposition to an early wig." This is news.

"You'll find this a very quiet house," said Miss Poundstake. "Most of the boarders are single ladies and members of a sewing circle."

"Any poker going on?" asked Reed. "Good gracious, no!" exclaimed the pious landlady, horrified.

"Well," returned Reed, "if that's the case I guess it wouldn't pay me to board here."

"How can you have all those tramps hanging around your door?" asked Merritt, as he stood up at the bar. "Every Tom, Dick and Harry of them begged me for a nickel."

"Dose ladies and gentlemen are not drumps, mine friend," replied the saloon-keeper. "They are mine best customers. Dey spent every cent by me dat dey make."

"This is a capital thing you have written," said Merritt, reading Tubbs's latest poem. "How much do you think you will get for it?"

"On account of its being good," was the sad reply, "I'm afraid I won't be able to sell it."

The London newspapers of date of July 20th and thereabouts contain cable reports varying from a quarter to three-quarters of a column in length, describing the heat in the United States, and particularly its effects in this city. People have asked what good the heat does. Here is the answer. Still it seems hard to have to swelter so, merely to supply a foreign people with reading matter.—N. Y. Epoch.

An English writer insists that dust is rather more picturesque than smoke, and that it is well worth the study of artists. This is the town for samples. A street track sweeper makes more dust than a squadron of cavalry, and there is always a car just behind and to leeward so that the artist may study the dust cloud in its penitential. The ashman affords some fine random specimens.—Epoch.

NO BACK DOORS OPEN.
 The workingman is fresher than a daisy every Monday.
 And blithely to his labor doth he go:
 He cannot find a single open barroom on the Sunday
 And therefore can't get they don't you know.

NOT COMPLIMENTARY TO THE WHISKY.
 "Do you call that whiskey?" the customer asked as he threw a dime on the bar, after draining his glass.
 "I do," answered the bartender as he flipped the silver piece behind him.
 "Then all I've got to say," said the customer as he wiped his mouth and prepared to walk out, "all I've got to say is that if Jay Gould watered his stock like that he would be worth fifteen million billion, trillion more money than he is to-day."

In former times men were broken on the wheel. In these days they frequently get "broke" by fooling with the wheel of Fortune.

When Lord Cardigan placed himself at the head of the "Six Hundred" and gave the order to the trumpeter to sound the charge at Balaclava, he cried, "Here goes the last of the Cardigans!" If his name had been John Smith that heroic exclamation would have been lost to history, for it would have been ridiculous to say, "Here goes the last of the Smiths."

"The Italians take life easily and cheerfully," says an exchange. It may be so, but we have seen many of them in the dumps.

THE REASON.
 I asked a bachelor why he
 In singleness had tarried;
 He answered thus, Because, you see;
 I've friends who've long been married

A CREED TO RITE HIS CARE.
 The man whose tendencies are bad
 Would have religion plastic;
 He wants no creed that's iron clad,
 But one that's quite elastic

In this there's for reflection food:
 Our life is short, 'tis true,
 But long enough to do more good
 Than any of us do.

Hamlet said, "Give me the man that is not passion's slave." He knew better than to say, "Give me the woman that is not fashion's slave."

What the Dudes Wear?

I was in an up-town haberdasher's shop the other day (writes a New York correspondent), and the course of a half hour's conversation I learned considerable about the personal decorations of the dude. A modest request to look at some robes de nuit was what started the shopkeeper. He took a glance at my golden locks and produced a box, remarking: "Here is something which will suit your complexion." It suited my complexion better than it did my pocket-book. It was made of a fawn-colored Chinese silk, very soft, and elaborately embroidered in high blue. A delicate tracery of blue vines and flowers ran around the collar, down the front, and around the cuffs, and it was made to button with gold studs. "This is a very simple pattern," remarked the gentle haberdasher, "and costs only six dollars."

Here is a most elaborate style for twelve dollars," and he brought out a garment of rather finer material, simply covered with embroidery. I mildly insinuated that I wanted something for one dollar and a half. He looked unhappy for a moment, but recovered when he began to show me some silk underwear for fifteen dollars a set, and purple silk hose for five dollars a pair. From underwear we got to shirts, pajamas, and "blazers." The styles were unique and glaring. "Do men really wear these things?" I inquired innocently. He gazed at me pityingly. "Do you know what it costs to dress a fashionable young man?" he asked; "I mean simply for underclothing," he added. "To begin at the bottom, he needs a dozen pairs of silk socks, at from four dollars to six dollars a pair. His half-dozen sets of silk underwear will cost him fifteen dollars a set. His shirts will cost him twenty-five dollars a dozen, and his collars and cuffs, of which he needs a good many, with his neckties, will cost as much more. Tennis-shirts, long stockings, blazers, etc., will run up in a summer season, to a couple of hundred dollars. Yes," he added, meditatively, "a young man needs about five hundred dollars to get his summer outfit, not counting his tailor's and shoemaker's and hatter's bills, which will amount to as much more. Of course his fall and winter outfits are more expensive."

"How much a year does it cost to dress properly?" I asked. "I have customers who spend five thousand dollars a year on their clothes, and they are by no means extravagant," was the prompt reply.

An English Workhouse Mystery.

(London Telegraph.)

A man who for the past two years has been an inmate of the Eitham (Kent) Workhouse, under the assumed name of "Wilton Loward," has just died suddenly from heart disease. He was evidently by birth and education a gentleman, and his conduct while in the workhouse has been most exemplary. He spoke English, French and German with fluency, and was equally well acquainted with Greek and Latin. His own account of himself was that he was of good family, and that at one time he was in possession of a considerable fortune. For many years he served in India as an officer in the East India Company's service and retired with a pension. Later on in life, having lost his fortune through injudicious investments in mines, he commuted his pension and was equally unfortunate in speculating with the amount he received. At Constantinople he was seized with paralysis, which incapacitated him from work, and, coming home, he stopped at several watering-places until he became destitute at Folkestone. He seems to have exhausted his friends, and he had no other resource but to obtain an order for the workhouse from the relieving officer. At that time he was elegantly dressed. His manners and bearing were always courteous and dignified. He refused money gifts when offered him, and had a great horror of dying a pauper. He carefully concealed his name, his reason being, he said, that he expected to come into a small estate, and he should not like it to be known that he had been an inmate of a workhouse. At his death his linen was found to be marked with an ear's corner, and he has left a will, but no clue to his identity.

Mysteries of the Bathing Toilet.

(Philadelphia News.)

"While I was in a store to-day buying a pair of stays the saleswoman showed me a lightly built object of wire that looked like an inverted rat trap," said a lady. "Upon inquiry I learned that the contrivance was a 'bathing corset.' It was a rounded framework to be fastened on the breast by women under their bathing-dress to give them a shapely figure when they go into the surf. I understand that they are worn at all the seaside resorts."

Another lady, in a little burst of confidence to Chatter-Box, imparted the secret that many charming girls wear five and six pairs of stockings when in their bathing costume in order to give their legs a plump and attractive appearance. In order, however, to preserve the smallness of the foot, the feet of all the stockings, save the pair worn outside, are cut off. Imagine a beautiful girl sitting in her bath-house peeling off six pairs of sea-soaked stockings. What a picture for gods and men!

When His Wife Is Away.

Says the wicked Philadelphia Bulletin: A married man may feel a certain degree of loneliness at this season while his wife and family are away from home at the seashore or mountain resort, and with it comes a feeling of freedom and independence that compensates for the absence of loved ones. There are the days which the married men enjoy, notwithstanding the oppressive heat, and when he informs his wife in his daily letter that he is "doing very well," he means all he says. Yes, he is doing very well. He can now spend his evenings in the haunt of his bachelor days; he can come in at the most unseasonable hours and retire without an animated discussion as to the accuracy of the clock or a candle lecture. He can leave his place of business and stand on the corner talking politics as long as he feels disposed; he can run up to the Casino and wait at the door until the last auditor has passed out without fear of after consequences; he can smoke in every room in the house, should he so desire, and he does his Sunday clothes every morning without exciting the slightest suspicion of being called upon to answer pertinent questions. He may tell the neighbors how much he feels the absence of the family, but he does it for the purpose of having his regrets registered to madame on her return. It is this that accounts for the great number of men to be seen walking the principal thoroughfares in the evening.

Affectionate Relations of Three Royal Sisters.
 (Modern Society.)

It is well known how attached the three daughters of the King of Denmark are to each other. His Majesty is fond of relating an instance of this attachment. While the Princess Thyra, was still up married, the Princess of Wales and the Carina with their children came on a visit to Fredensborg. One morning the King was going out on a very early expedition and determined to go to his daughters' rooms to bid them "good-by."

When the father tapped at the Princess of Wales' bedroom door he got no answer, and opening it found her room empty, and on going to the Carina's he knocked upon her door and found her sitting up. Princess Thyra's simple bedchamber he found his two other married daughters had each taken a mattress from her own splendid guest chamber and established herself thereon in the young girl's room. They were all chatting merrily, but were girlishly anxious to conceal the escapade from their ladies in waiting.

Quite a Crooked Log, Indeed.

(From the Genesee (Ill.) News.)

We hear that Luman Woodward's log for the Old settlers' cabin is quite a marvel in its way. H. Crossley says he stretched a tape-line along it from end to end. There is a sag or curvature of the spine in the middle that makes a divergence of six feet two inches from a straight line. The tree was cut by the owner because it made the cows in the pasture so cross-eyed to look at it that the butter from their milk made the children tongue-tied. The tree never leaked out till fall, because it took the sap all summer to find its way up to the branches. When Luman put the log on the fair ground it immediately began to roll all around the premises, being too crooked to lie still. They had to whip up the team to get away from it.

Base Ball Notes.

The players chafe under such management, as is natural. This spirit, they know, pervades all the transactions of powers that be. Players do not like to come here because there is always haggling over salaries, or a cut down at the end of the season. Jim O'Rourke, of the New Yorks, said that he would play for \$500 less anywhere than in Boston, and that, too, when he would rather play here than elsewhere but for this management.

It is laughable to see how the papers continue to make light of Kelly, while they devote a great deal of space to him. Making Kelly captain of the nine has not enhanced his usefulness as a player. The responsibilities of the position decidedly weigh upon him and affect his work. I am candidly of the opinion that Morris is not the equal of Kelly as a captain, while I am aware that the latter is far, far from being what he ought to be in the position.

A Ball Room Incident.

How lightly through the dance she trips!
 How tastefully she dresses!
 What eyes, what cheeks, what teeth, what lips,
 What lovely golden tresses!
 Ah! surely ne'er o'er shoulder fair
 Strained such a wealth of golden hair!

In every dancing tree we read
 The oft repeated story.
 That lovely woman's hair, indeed
 Is lovely woman's glory.
 Love lurks among the tresses fair
 And every ringlet is a snare.

Oh! rare and radiant maid, at thee
 How many eyes are glancing!
 Around thy snowy neck they see
 The golden ripples dancing.
 And thou art deemed an angel bright,
 Dropped down to grace the ball-room night.

What rapture were that beauteous head
 Upon my breast reclining,
 And every gleaming golden thread
 Was round my fingers twining!
 Wherever in the world I'd be
 That would be joy enough for me!

But gracious! what do we behold?
 The maiden fair is crying—
 Her lovely locks of shimmering gold
 Upon the floor are lying.
 An! to recover them she springs—
 'Tis nothing but a wig, by jingo!

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