

CONTINUOUS PERFORMERS

SURPRISE SOAP advertisement with an illustration of a woman in a bathtub.

NOVA SCOTIA GIRL advertisement for Runswick.

FATAL ERROR. A short story snippet.

GIVES HIS CAREER. A short story snippet.

Collecting Fees Lik. A short story snippet.

BY THUNDER BUT HE'S GOT A DIMPLE IN HIS CHEEK. A short story snippet.

FATHERLY MR. BOWSER.

AN INFANT GIVES HIM A STRENUOUS HOUR.

The Bowers had just finished dinner the other evening, and Mr. Bowser was about to take a seat on the front steps to smoke a cigar.

"Why, of course," replied Mr. Bowser, who was feeling good-natured toward the work he had done.

"Don't hurry yourself, my dear woman. Stay here. I'll take care of the cat."

"How proud Jim Taylor must be over a kid like that," he said between the puffs but he only said it once.

"Here, what's the matter?" he exclaimed, as he began to pat the cat's head in a fatherly way.

"You won't be a druggist for some time, but you will be on the road to it."

cases as this. I could tell you how to stop this yelling in one minute, but I'll be hanged if I do."



"MR. BOWSER, BAREHEADED, RAN OUT ON THE FRONT STEPS WITH HIM."

for young children, but it was her afternoon out.

"What's he yelling about?"

"Of course," replied Humpty, with increasing importance.

"Look here, bub," said the corner store druggist, as Humpty Skinner was buying a cake of toilet soap for his mother.

"I don't exactly own it," admitted Humpty after a mental struggle to be just to the druggist.

prescription. It was the Hogan boy. When he had heard the news he rejoicingly exclaimed.

"Here, boy, what do you mean?" asked the woman, as he turned away.

"We had to go slow and very careful, ma'am," replied Humpty as he tried to find an important-sounding word.

"Never mind, my precious one. You may as well learn to be a doctor next week and you can revenge on the druggist by not giving him any of your prescriptions."

"UNCLE SILAS. HE HAS A FEELING TO GIVE SOME MORE ADVICE."

"LET ME ASSIST YOU UP THE STAIRS AND ON YOUR FUTURE CAREER."

"There's a big, tall clock in there, ain't there?"

It looks to a man up a tree as if this country was in the grasp of the railroads and the trusts, and that we shall all be wrung dry and hung out with us.

"You can sit down with yourself, my son, and figure out that it will take you years and years to get a few thousand dollars together by playing a square game."

"AN STAND FOR A WHILE WITH HIS HANDS UNDER HIS COAT TAILS."

"I am up here."

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"I am up here and can't get down. My foot is caught in the limb. Won't you go to the village and get help to release me?"

Uncle Jerry sent his money back, my son. He won't have a new barn, but he will carry a clear conscience under his jacket.

Diogenes figured out that the absolutely honest man would be a victim of charity within a year, but there are degrees of dishonesty.

"I must climb the tree and see how your foot is caught before answering that question."

"I realize the situation, young lady, fully realize it. If I could pull the tree up by the roots and lay it to the village for help some one must come up here."

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A GENTLEMAN IN RAGS.

By M. QUAD.

If Betty Lee, of the village of Leesville, named after her father, was not the handsomest girl in the village, she was handsome enough at least to inspire sentiments in the hearts of half a dozen young men.

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ARIZONA KICKLETS.

That we were beloved by our brethren of the press we have not doubted for many years past; but just how strong the sentiment was we could not guess until after looking over our exchange list the other day and extracting the following extracts:

"Think of the assurance of it! That scoundrel of a Jim Hellsso thinks he can become Governor of this Territory!"—Lone Jack Tribune.

"This Territory would be better off if Jim Hellsso was six feet under the ground!"—Grass Valley Tribune.

"He is homelier than a jack rabbit, meaner than a coyote and has more cheek than a mule. Why do people haven't lynched him long ago? He was red-headed and bilious-looking. He had a hand-dog look, and seemed to be wondering why the community didn't haul him up to a limb. We do not believe all we hear about his crimes, but we certainly should not care to meet him on a lonely road at night!"—The Sundowner.

"We raise our chapeau to those who have written as above. We do not hanker after praise, but when a person goes out of his way to say a kind word for us it touches our heart. It has ever been our aim to merit commendation and stand well with our fellow men, and we will pursue the same policy to the end. Again, thanks."

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"SHE CAUGHT THE LOWER LIMB OF A WILLOW AND DREW HERSELF UP."