



A Serial Story.

A Letter that Explains (?) Itself.

TO the agent of the choke bore, nickel plated, slate roof, compensation balance, reversible front, hem-stitched, eighteen carat, triple expansion, ball-bearing, Insurance Co'y.:

My dear sir,—

You ask me to reply as to what my widow would do were I to neglect taking out a policy in your company.

I comply cheerfully.

The sun is low, time speeds the parting ray,
The cowboy hastens to the field away.

The evening shadows fall as dies the breeze,
The festive hog is rooting 'mong the peas.

The agent talks of death with accent bland,
Hoping by sophistries his fish to land.

The greedy grocer swears he'll no more trust.
I'll finish this line rhyming—or I'll bust.

Clearly yours,

PETER SIMPLE.

THE doctor said it was but a matter of an hour or two, and told the great stock manipulator to set his house in order and prepare to cover his shorts.

The patient had been reading of the last days of Cecil Rhodes, and his parting words. He dropped the book and lay thinking. The roar of the stock exchange was hushed for him; Wall street would no more resound to his tread. He heaved a parting sigh, and muttering, "So many to do! So few done!" entered into his rest.

Street-car Etiquette for Gentlemen.

WHEN he is sitting in a crowded car and another seat is vacated near him, the real gentleman always punches in the side the lady standing opposite and says politely, "There is a seat, madam."

When a number of gentlemen are absorbed in their newspapers on an elevated train the best-bred one is he who sees his mother-in-law when she enters and offers her his seat.

A truly high-minded gentleman never turns his paper when the strange lady next to him is reading over his shoulder unless he first asks her permission.

If a lady faints when you offer her your seat, explain, as soon as she recovers, that you are going to get out at the next station.

If refreshments are passed around in the jammed-full car in the way of strong language against the company, no true gentleman joins in without first considering that he has paid five cents for the privilege.

When the car lurches suddenly and a woman is thrown on his knee, the well-bred young man says, "Keep your seat, please," if she is youthful and pretty; if not, he says, "Allow me to exchange seats with you, madam."

Noblesse oblige reads "much obleegeed" when a lady refuses you her thanks for a seat—your seat.—*Judge.*



Mr. Ant: "Your a good correspondent I see.

Mr. Spider: "How so?"

Mr. Ant: "Why you drop a line at every post.