



"So the world wags."

### THEY KNEW SO MUCH HE WOULDN'T SAY ANYTHING.

It was a Woodward avenue car. A lady richly dressed sat in a corner of the car and said to some one with her:

"I smell kerosene oil."

"So do I," answered her friend.

One after another got into the car, and the lady in the corner sniffed suspiciously, and at last fixed her eyes upon a quiet-looking little man near the door.

"I believe he's got the oil," she said in a stage whisper to her friend.

"I know it," replied the friend. "There ought to be a law against carrying kerosene in the street cars. Such an odor!" and she glared at the little man.

"I shall inform the superintendent," said the first lady aloud.

"I shall inform the president of the road," said her friend, with a fixed and glassy stare.

"Ladies," said the little man, cheerfully, "hadn't you better move? The kerosene from that lamp in the corner of the car has been dripping down on ye ever since we started, but seein' ye both knew so much I thought I wouldn't say anything."—*Detroit Free Press.*

### NO CRIME FOR A MAN TO BE A DRY GOODS CLERK.

"Yes, papa," said Beryl, "I am in love—nay, more than that, I have plighted my troth."

"How much did you get on it?" asked the banker.

"You misunderstand me," replied Beryl. "I have pledged myself to become the bride of the only man I can ever love—Arthur Ainsleigh."

"What!" almost shouted the banker, "that dry goods clerk?"

"Yes," was the reply, in clear, resonant tones. "I love him, and, despite your sneers, I shall marry him. It is no crime for a man to be a dry goods clerk."

"No," said Mr. Setback, thoughtfully, "but it ought to be."—*Chicago Times.*

### ORDERING FRIED LIVER PAD AND FRICASSED MUSTARD PLASTER.

"How do get on with your studies?" asked a certain Austin gentleman of a young medical student, who had just returned from a Northern university.

"Splendidly, splendidly!" was the enthusiastic reply. "You have no idea how thoroughly I am immersed in physiological investigations and the science of medicine. They have actually taken full possession of all my faculties and are never absent from my thoughts by day and my dreams by night. There was a funny little incident occurred to-day down at the restaurant. It was really absurd," and the medical journeyman sawbones unlimbered his pebble-lens headlights from the bridge of his nose and polished them up on a hem-stitched wipe.

"What was the nature of it?" inquired the Austin jurist.

"Why, you see I have just returned from a lecture at the college on patent or proprietary medicine, and when the waiter came around I called for fried liver pad and fricassee mustard plaster."

"That was extremely comical."

"Yes, and that waiter's eyes resembled those of a dead codfish, and thinking I would not stint myself in the matter of food, I ordered flax seed poultice with St. Jacob's Sardine Oil."

"What did the waiter do then?"

"He drew his hand wearily across his eyes and looked at me in a sympathetic manner and said that he reckoned he was afraid he did not exactly catch on the drift of the remarks. I then changed my mind and ordered some plain beef tea and capsicum. The waiter said he was out, so I told him to never mind, but to bring me some potted leeches and linseed fritters with soothing syrup. Then the waiter went away and spoke to the proprietor, who came up directly and said I would find a drug store three blocks north of there, but if I insisted on staying, he could fix me up a warm bran mash and a bowl of gruel. Then I came out of my trance and tackled a first-class dinner of baked red hot pork chops and omelette."—*Texas Shiftings.*

### HALF A LOAF IS BETTER THAN NO BREAD.

"One word," she said, "before we part," and her bright eyes glowed in the mellow light of the turned-down lamp. "Are you sincere?" "I am sincere," he replied, in tones whose truthfulness could not be doubted by any one, save the most confirmed pessimist. "Then you cannot give me a palace by Lake Como?" and she looked into his eyes as if she would read his inmost soul. "I cannot," he answered. "Not even a brown stone front?" "No." There was a wonderful firmness, a don't-you-forget-it-ness in the tone in which this momentous monosyllable was spoken. "Not even a cottage in the suburbs?" "Not even that, darling." There was an anguish in his accents that indicated a mind wholly given up to the gnawing inroads of a sharp-toothed despair. "What can you offer me, then?" she asked; "what can you offer me as an incentive to induce me to become your bride?" "A share in \$7 a week, with a prospect of a rise next spring." He said this with all the deep conviction of a man who knows just how he stands. "It is sufficient," she said, with a radiant smile; "I am yours, Algernon. A half-loaf is better than no bread."

### HURRAH FOR THE MAN WHO PAYS!

There are men of brains who count their gains  
By the million dollars or more;  
They buy and sell, and really do well  
On the money of the poor.  
They manage to get quite deep in debt  
By various crooked ways;  
And so we say that the man to-day  
Is the honest man who pays.

When in the town he never sneaks down  
Some alley or way-back street;  
With head erect he will never deflect,  
But boldly each man meet.  
He counts the cost before he is lost  
In debt's mysterious maze,  
And he never buys in manner unwise,  
But calls for his bill and pays.

There's a certain air of debonair  
In the man who buys for cash;  
He is not afraid of being betrayed  
By a jack-leg shyster's dash.  
What he says to you he will certainly,  
If it's cash or thirty days;  
And when he goes out the clerks will shout  
Hurrah for the man who pays!

—*Dick Steele in Texas Shiftings.*

### NO NORTH CAROLINA CLIMATE FOR THEM.

Of Mr. O'Hara, the colored Representative in Congress from North Carolina, it is related that not a long time ago, in North Carolina, he had introduced to him a couple of lately landed Hibernians, who also bore the name of O'Hara. Having in him a vein of humor and good powers of mimicry, he indulged in some fun at their expense.

"Phwat did Oi understand that yer name might be, gentlemen?" he asked. "O'Hara, is it? Not O'Hara av Kilmalnoock?"

"The same," replied they, in amazement, "an' who the devil are you?"

"Oi'm yer kinsman, begorra," said he, "an' be the same token the climate av this country has been bad for me complexion, as ye may notice—"

"The two 'sons of the sod' have not been in North Carolina since."

### ANYTHING FOR A CHANGE.

"O, you miserable wretch!" exclaimed the partner of his matrimonial infelicity, "I'm just burning up with rage."

"Yer are. are yer?" replied the man. "Well, Betty, thash all right. I'm glad it ain't the beefsteak this time."

He was smoking a fine, full-flavored Havana when he met his friend. "Have a cigar?" he inquired, politely. "Thanks," said the other, gratefully, taking and lighting the proffered weed. After a few experimental puffs, however, the friend removed the cigar from his lips, and looking at it doubtfully, said, with a very evident abatement of gratitude in his tone: "What do you pay for these cigars?" "Two for a quarter," replied the original proprietor of both weeds, taking his own cigar out of his mouth and looking at it with considerable satisfaction, "this cost me twenty cents and that five." The conversation languished at this point.—*Puck.*

"That little Lilli is the most systematic actress in Paris. ill you believe titt: it: owes nothing whatever to her tradesmen?" "You are wrong," replied one of the dear little comrades; "she owes more than an inch of her height to her shoemaker."—*Ex.*

Her complexion is bright as the roses  
That bloom in the soft Summer air,  
And when in the sunlight she poses,  
Men rapturous gaze on her hair.  
But the hair of that beautiful huggist  
Cost her father a snug pile of "rocks";  
That complexion she bought of a druggist  
For seventy-five cents a box!

### A PLEA FOR THE DUDE.

BY A DUDESS.

'Touch not the Dude!  
Keep down that pond'rous boot!  
Refrain! be not so rude.  
His style perhaps don't suit  
Your notions of just what a man might be,  
But inasmuch  
As he  
Assumes gentility,  
Tho' mayhap spurious,  
It's somewhat curious  
That he should not be prized as one that's free  
From grosser vices  
Than buying ices  
And cake in slices  
For us in summer,  
Unlike the bummer  
Who swears and cusses on his booties,  
And snoozes,  
On drunken cruises,  
On bar-room chairs,  
While on his "tears."  
Or, unlike the rough and tough,  
(Of whom our city has got quite enough),  
Who growl around,  
And you get downed  
And robbed,  
Your gold watch fobbed!  
No! no! I say again, refrain!  
Be not thus rude,  
Spare the poor Dude!