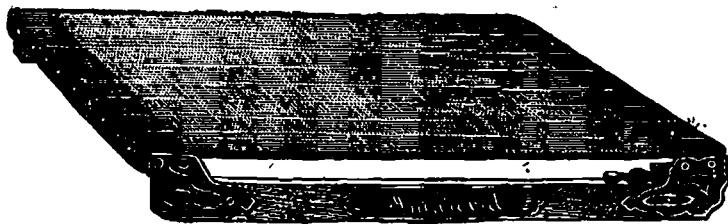


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PRETTY GIRL AND A CONCEITED YOUNG MINISTER.

Dramatis Personæ.—Conceited Young Minister, Pretty Girl and two students, named respectively Welsh and Townsend.

Pretty Girl (who wishes to give Young Minister a cut)—“Mr. Welsh, here is a word I would like you to pronounce for me. It is spelled bac—ka—che.”

Mr. Welsh (who is party to the plot)—“Nothing would delight me more than to oblige you, but I am not conversant with the modern European languages. Townsend, perhaps you can assist Miss May.” (Gives Townsend a wink.)

T.—“No: I lament my deplorable ignorance.”

Young Minister.—“Ahem! Pardon me, Miss May, but I think that is a French word, is it not?”

Pretty Girl.—“I do not know, sir, I am sure.”

Young Minister.—“Let me see. Bac—ka—che. I think the proper pronunciation must be bah—kah—sha.”

Pretty Girl.—“Excuse me, sir, I divided the word wrongly. It is spelled b-a-c-k-a-o-h-e. I believe that is usually pronounced backache.” (Tableau.)—*Galveston News.*

Somnambulism is believed to be an unconscious trance-action.—*Ec.*

It was at a church oyster supper, and the merriment was at its height, when suddenly an appalling shriek from the pastor's study (the kitchen) rent the air. Confusion worse confounded reigned supreme, when a bevy of erst-while beauties rushed frantically with disheveled hair and distorted features into the room. “What is it? what is it?” eagerly demanded the trembling guests. “This is the matter,” said one of the girls, who, more bold than the rest, had forked out of the soup a slimy thing, which she bore gallantly aloft. “This awful thing was in the soup.” It was an oyster.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have a sallow color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills alternated with hot flushes, low spirits and gloomy forebodings, irregular appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from “torpid liver,” or “biliousness.” In many cases of “liver complaint” only part of these symptoms are experienced. As a remedy for all such cases Dr. Pierce's “Golden Medical Discovery” has no equal, as it effects perfect and radical cures. At all drug stores.

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If you are in doubt whether an article you have written is funny or not, just watch the proof-reader. If he laughs or even smiles, no matter how sadly, or gives any sign of taking the least interest in life, you can depend upon it that you have written something that will make your readers fairly howl with laughter.—*Ec.*

Prudent excursionist.—“But—er—before I sit down, I would like to know your charges. Now, what would a little dinner be, with soup, fish, cut from joint, and say, half a bottle of claret—Moderate claret, you know, and—.” Dignified waiter:—“Beg pardon. Not my department to hanser questions. (Impressively.) I honly hansers the bell!”—*Funny Folks.*



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