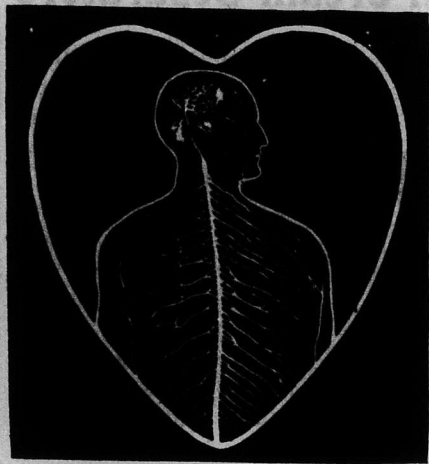


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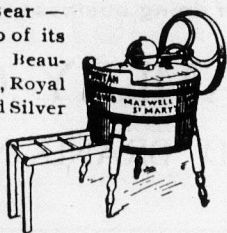
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In Lighter vein.

Writing Poetry.

I'm up against it once again; I have to carve some "po'try" out,
And yet, unhappiest of men, I know not what to write about.
But anyhow a start I've made; I've done two lines and this is three.
There's lots of tricks in every trade.
The poet knows a few, you see.

Verse one looks rather spick and span, and now to stanza two we pass.
I'm sure perform the stunt I can; my former doubts have gone to grass.
Of failure now I'm not afraid; in fact the end is well in view.
For there are tricks in every trade and e'en the poet knows a few.

Miss Sanborn's Ducks.

Miss Kate Sanborn, who has written much on the abandoned farms of New Hampshire, tells of an experience she had in raising ducks. The ducks proved to be enormous feeders and were consuming the profits of the farm without making the expected returns in eggs. One day the ducks were at the kitchen door clamoring for more food when an old farmer called.

To him Miss Sanborn told the story of her failure to coax the ducks to lay. The farmer laughed uproariously and finally said:
"Them ducks of yours, Miss Sanborn, is all drakes."

That Clever Yankee Goat.

A party of travelers were recently relating their experiences of wonderful animals. When it came to the Yankee's turn to speak, he drawled:
"I never had any remarkable animal, but I once had a goat that gave me a lot of trouble. I got so mad with the trouble that it gave me that I threw things at it that would have killed any ordinary goat. And now and again, in the hope of ridding myself of it, I shot at it with my rifle. It did not seem to mind."

"One day, when its behavior got past endurance, I got a friend to help me to take it to a precipice a couple of miles off, and there in the early morning we threw it over the cliff on to the rocks three hundred feet below."

"Well, we were sitting at breakfast, an hour later, when we heard a noise in the yard, and looking up, saw that goat gamboling about, pulling the washing off the clothes-line, and chawing up a red flannel shirt."

"That was too much. We dragged it up to the railroad track near by and fastened it firmly to the rail, then waited till the express came up. As the train came tearing along, what do you think that goat did? He just coughed up that red flannel shirt and waved it for a danger signal!"

The Effect of Steady Work.

Dr. John S. Buist, the famous Southern surgeon, said in one of his surgical lectures at the State college:
"It is always in rather bad taste for a physician to boast of being busy. Physicians, undertakers and grave-diggers only cause discomfort when they allude to good times and prosperity."

"There was an old man who applied to the minister of the little village of Point Rock for the post of grave-digger. His references were good and the minister agreed to assign him to the churchyard. He was to be paid so much a grave."

"The grave-digger haggled over the price, finally accepting it."

"Will I get steady work?" he asked.

"Steady work?" said the minister. "Land's sakes, man, with steady work you'd bury all Point Rock in a week."

His Platform.

A prominent Chicago politician, when a candidate for an important municipal office, related the following story to illustrate why he should be elected instead of one of his opponents:

"Once I told three negroes that I'd give a big turkey to the one who'd give the best reason for his being a Republican."

"The first one said, 'I see a 'Publi-can kase de 'Publicans set us niggers free.'"

"Very good, Pete, said I. 'Now, Bill, let me hear from you.'"

"Well, I see a 'Publi-can kase dey gone gib us a pectective tariff.'"

"Fine! I exclaimed. 'Now, Sam, what have you to say?'"

"Boss," said Sam, scratching his head and shifting from one foot to the other—"boss, I see a 'Publi-can kase I wants dat turkey.'"

"And he got it."

Next!

The late ex-Governor Robinson used to tell a story in which he acknowledged that the only witness who ever made him throw up his hands and leave the court-room was a green Irishman.

Mr. Robinson, at the time, was counsel for one of the big railroads. A section hand had been killed by an express train and his widow was suing for damages. The railroad company had a good case, but Mr. Robinson made the mistake of trying to turn the main witness inside out.

The witness, in his quaint way, had given a graphic description of the fatality, occasionally shedding tears and calling on the saints. Among other things, he swore positively the locomotive whistle was not sounded until after the whole train had passed over his departed friend. Then Mr. Robinson thought he had him.

"See here, Mr. McGinnis," said Mr. Robinson, "you admit that the whistle blew."

"Yes, sor, it blew, sor."

"Now, if that whistle sounded in time to give Michael warning, the fact would be in favor of the company, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, sor, and Mike would be testifying here this day." The jury giggled.

"Never mind that. You were Mike's friend, and you would like to help his widow, but just tell me now what earthly purpose there could be for the engineer to blow that whistle after Mike had been struck?"

"I presume that the whistle was for the next man on the track, sor."

Mr. Robinson retired, and the widow got all she asked for.

The Editor Went Too Far.

The editor of a little Western paper was in the habit of cheering up his subscribers daily with a column of pertinent comments on their town, their habits and themselves. The department on account of its intimate personal flavor was the most popular thing in the paper.

The editor, as he saw it growing in favor, gradually allowed himself a wider and wider latitude in his remarks, until the town passed much of its time conjecturing "what he'd das't to say next."

On a hot day, when a simoon whistled gayly up the streets of the town, depositing everywhere its burden of sand, the editor brought forth this gem of thought:

"All the windows along Main Street need washing badly."

The next morning he was waited on by a platoon of indignant citizens who confronted him with the paragraph in question fresh from the hands of the compositor and informed him fiercely that he had gone too far. After a hasty and horrified



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Hammered?

As Though It Would Crack Open?

As Though a Million Sparks Were

Flying Out of Your Eyes?

Horrible Sickness of Your Stomach?

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will afford relief from headaches no matter whether sick, nervous, spasmodic, periodical or bilious. It cures by removing the cause.

Mr. Samuel J. Hibbard, Belleville, Ont., writes: "Last spring I was very poorly, my appetite failed me, I felt weak and nervous, had sick headaches, was tired all the time and not able to work. I saw Burdock Blood Bitters recommended for just such a case as mine and I got two bottles of it, and found it to be an excellent blood medicine. You may use my name as I think that others should know of the wonderful merits of Burdock Blood Bitters."

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