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LAUGHING GAS.

A Nevada woman recently eloped while her husband was taking a bath. A few such episodes will do more for the cause of cleanliness than was ever dreamed of in Dio Lewis' philosophy—*Binghamton Republican.*

"The Boycott Does not Work" is the head of an article in an exchange. And this, by the way, is what is the matter with the boycotter. He neither works nor wants anybody else to work.—*Northtown Herald.*

The craze on electric study is beginning to bear fruit. "Are you the conductor?" asked a lad on a tram car. "I am," replied the courteous official, "and my name is Wood." "Oh, that can't be," said the boy, "for wood is a non conductor."

A little boy went into the parlor where his sister was being courted and said: "Brother Tom told me to ask you what was the date of your last bustle, for he can't find to day's paper high or low and he left it in your room just before supper."

"How much is these raisins wuth?" asked a farmer as he dipped into the box for a sample.

"Five cents," said the grocer.

"Five cents for how many—a pound?"

"No, for those you've got in your hand."

—*New York Times.*

Mrs. Whedleim, who spent forty-five minutes in a vain effort to convince Mr. W. that a seal-skin sack was necessary to her existence, said: "John, hadn't you better sell me for a car-wheel?" "Why?" "Why? Because I've got a cast iron hub." She got the sack.

"How many rods make a furlong?" asked a father of his son, a "fast" urchin, as he came home one afternoon from school. "Well, I don't know," was his reply, "but I fancy you'd think one rod made an acher if you got such a tanning as I did from old Scroggins this afternoon."

ADVERTISEMENTS.—To be sold cheap, a small phaeton, the property of a gentleman with a movable head; as good as new.

Lost by a lady, a white terrier dog, except the head, which is black. The finder will be rewarded by leaving it at the office of the JURY.

A gentleman returning home one evening last week overheard the following conversation between his cook and the policeman on duty:

"Do you really love me, Biddy, darlint?"

"Indade I do, Pathrick. I don't believe I could show you any more affliction if ye was a capthain on the force."

Two Irishmen named Pat and Mike, who were both fond of a "drop of the crature," by the look of their noses, met the other day. "Arrah," says Mike to Pat, "your nose looks uncommonly like the 'Last Rose of Summer.'" "In that case," says Pat, looking knowingly at Mike's nose, "then it is not left 'blooming alone.'"

On the eve of an Irish boy caught.—Miss Florence De Brogan—"Troth, Patsy, me bye, but ye are the darlint; faith 'tis ye are a man afther me own heart, ye are."

Patsy—"Howly Saint Pathrick! and its afther yer heart is it ye think of am. Bejapers an if it wuz a case of Adam and Eve wid you an oi, begorra oid marry the divil first, so oi wud.

Mr. Societe.—"I have just learned of your sister's engagement, and congratulate her. I really wonder, though, how Jack Simmons ever got up his courage to speak to your father." Miss Unplucked Flower.—"Why so, Mr. Societe?" Mr. S.—"Why, your father has always seemed to me so distant—a man difficult of approach." Miss U. F. (with animation).—"Oh, not at all, Mr. Societe. Get that idea out of your mind, I beg of you, as soon as possible."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Look heah, Ransom," said an old negro to a young fellow, "I doan' min' yer 'sociatin' wid my daughter, but I'd ruther yer wouldn' come roun' my house no mo'. Time 'for de las' what yer wus heah, I missed er waterbucket, an' de las' time de bridle was gone, an' now, ez I has a use for de saddle, I'd ruther yer wouldn' come heah. I don' say dat yer ain't hones', for I b'lebes yer is; but such cuis things happens while yer is in the neighborhood, so jes' ter pleas' er ole man, what ain't enjoyin' very good health, pleas doan' come roun' dis house no mo'."—*Arkansaw Traveller.*

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