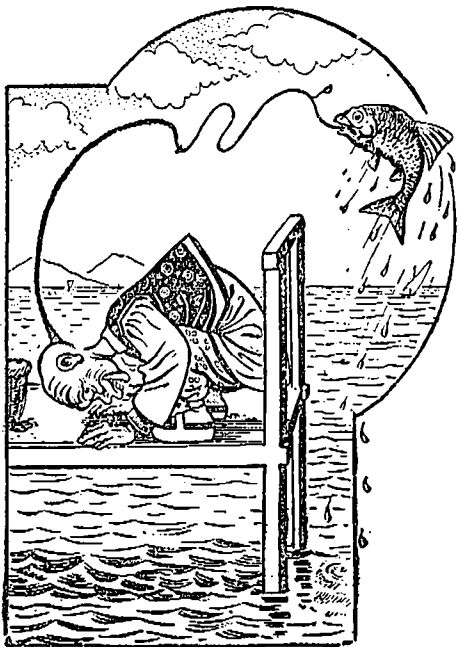
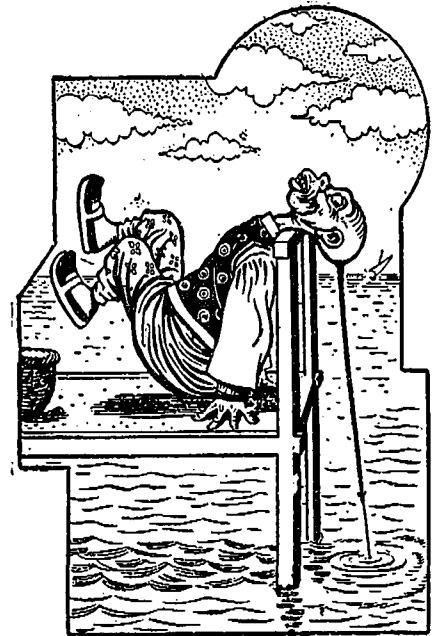


## INDOLENT, BUT EFFECTIVE.



## RASH RAJAH!

TWENTY-THREE SEIDLITZ POWDERS MADE HIM SEEK HIS DOCTOR'S LIFE.

An English doctor attached to the court of a rajah made himself most indispensable to his highness. He had fortunately also made a friend of his prime minister.

On one occasion his highness, being slightly indisposed, had taken, by the doctor's advice, a seidlitz powder, with which he expressed himself delighted. Its tendency to "boil and fizz, ready to blow your nose off," seemed to him to "scatter goodness," and he seemed so much better after taking it that the doctor felt himself justified in joining a hunting party.

Presently a horseman from the palace, in the confidential employment of the grand vizier, galloped up to him.

"My master bids me tell you," he said, "that his highness has broken open your medicine chest and taken first all the white powders and then all the blue."

"Gracious goodness," cried the doctor, "there were twenty-three of each of them!"

"My master adds," continued the messenger, dropping his voice, "that you had better make for the frontier without one moment's delay."

The doctor put spurs to his horse and never drew rein till he was "out of the jurisdiction of the court."

Clerk—"Here's some of the fresh cracked wheat. Would you like a package of it?" Mrs. Newcash—"Young man, when I want damaged goods I'll let you know."

Boarder—"Madam, I have found a nickel in my hash." Mrs. Mealer—"Oh, that's all right. I put it there; I thought I'd give you a little change in your diet."

"Answer by return male," was the way the letter wound up that Miss Footlites received from Mr. Suddenrox. "I wonder," said she, "whether he means by the messenger boy or by post."

## ART IN THE OCCIDENT.

The following is said to be a verbatim account of the introduction of an eminent violinist to a far western audience:

"Ladies and gentlemen," began Colonel Handy Polk, the well known real estate agent, stepping to the front of the stage and addressing the audience, "it is my privilege this evening to introduce to you Signor \_\_\_\_\_, the notorious furrin fiddler, who will endeavor to favor us with some high-class and A No. 1 violin playin'. The signor was born and raised in Italy, where fiddlin' is not merely a fad, but as much of a business as politics is in this country, and when it comes to handlin' the bow, he emphatically knows what he is at. He hasn't dropped into our midst by accident, but comes under the auspices of the Literary Society, which is payin' his wages and backin' him to the last gasp. So let it be understood that if you happen to have any criticisms to offer you are to do your kickin' to the society and not to the signor. I'll jest add that if you expect him to swing the fiddle around his head or play it under his leg, like we used to skip stones across the swimmin'-hole when we were little boys and girls, you may just as well go right now and git your money back from the doorkeeper, for the signor hain't that kind of a player. That's all I have to say at present. Start her up, signor."

## NO BROWNING.

It was a little New Hampshire village among the mountains, where the country store served as post office, circulating library, shoe store and everything else combined, that a Boston lady, glancing over the books, inquired, "Have you Browning?" "No," said the attendant, somewhat regretfully, and not knowing just what kind of an article Browning might be, "We have not." Then more brightly, "We have blacking and bluing, and have a man who does whitening. We occasionally do pinkin'. Would any of these do?"

## A RETORT COURTEOUS.

I'd explained to him and often  
What a good little boy should be;  
How temper and tamutit to soften,  
And naughty ways to flee.

He listened, mute and quiet,  
With earnest eyes of blue,  
Then, "I don't flink I'll try it,  
I'd ravver be like you!"

"This military life is pretty hard," said the Chinese warrior, "but from all I hear I guess I can thank my lucky stars that I'm not an American football."

Mrs. Workaday—"Oh, I do so like to see a good, strong, determined man." Mr. Workaday (straightening)—"So do I, my dear." Mrs. W.—"John, the coal-hod is empty."

Fingle—"There goes a woman with a history." Fangle—"That woman who just left your office? How do you know?" Fingle—"She worked for an hour trying to sell it to me."

Liber—"What are you tearing up that manuscript for?" Serlatus—"It's no good. You see it's some verses to be sung in comic opera and I found a couple of lines which made sense."

New Yorker (sneeringly)—"I thought you were going to have an elevated road in Boston?" Hub True Blue—"We have lots of them; in fact, everything about Boston is elevated."

Plankington—"I understand that you had to go to law about that property that was left you. Have you a smart lawyer?" Von Bloomer—"You bet I have. He owns the property now."

"It's a great building," said a man who is working on the new post office. "It'll come pretty near lasting forever." "Well," said Mr. Dolan, "if it lashts till it's done, begob Ol t'nk it'll hov to."



## THE BOSTONESE FOR IT.

The spectacled lassie from Boston had taken a country school in the southwest, and about two or three weeks after she had begun teaching, one of the trustees visited the school.

"Well, how are you getting along?" he asked. "Very nicely, now, thank you," she replied, "but it was very hard at first."

"Is that so?" "Oh, yes; you see, in the beginning I tried moral suasion as a coercive measure, but failing in that I resorted to a tangible instrumentality."

"A what?" gasped the simple-minded trustee. "A tangible instrumentality," she replied, sweetly, "a good, stout, hickory switch, don't you know."

Briggs—"I read the other day that some words in the Chinese language are capable of forty different meanings." Briggs—"What a beautiful language to make campaign promises in!"

Fweddy—"Aw—what does it mean, deah boy, when it says 'wheat went all to pieces at the opening?' " Cholly—"Why—why, I weckon that's the way we get ouah cwacked wheat."

Dorking—"Sambo, I suspect that you know what became of my chickens last night." Sambo—"Dat's where's you's wrong. I can prove an alibi. I done had goose fo' supper las' night."

Miss Gusher (to gentleman preparing to rise)—"Oh, don't get up. Don't get up! Please keep your seat!" Gentleman (slightly bewildered)—"Like to oblige you, madam, but I get off at this street."

Stranger—"Can you tell me where Mrs. Brown lives?" Mrs. Halsey Putnam—"Well, I don't know the number, but it's just a few doors below; it's the only house on the block besides this that has real lace curtains on the windows."

"Yes," said the girl who makes collections, "it is one of the best autographs I have in my collection." "But are you sure it is genuine?" "Positive. I cut it from a telegram that his wife received from him with my own hands."