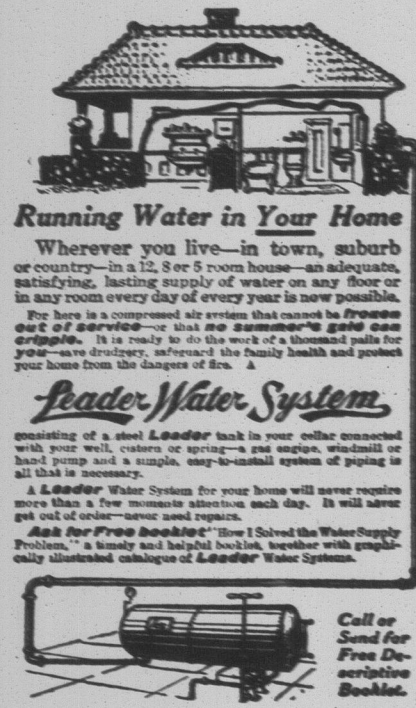


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The Incentive.
Is it for money we labor?
Is it for wealth and for fame?
Is it to build up securely,
For our descendants a name?
What is the coveted prize?
Maybe a smile from a maiden,
Maybe a flash from her eyes.
Is it that we may be greater
Than our relations and kin?
Is it that we may endeavor
Prizes immortal to win
Or through society, madly
That we may rapidly whirl,
Or is it just for the glances
Deep in the eye of a girl?
Is it that we may be able
Laws for the nation to frame
That will reflect through the ages
Luster secure on our name?
Is it that nations may tremble,
Or is it rather that Mabel
Will not rise and say "Nay"?
That is the gist of the matter.
That is the reason and cause.
Not that the world may come forward
With its inspiring applause.
But same and fortune we gather,
Toiling by day and by night.
That we might sooner or later
Be a big man in her sight.

TRIFLES.
He took a little flyer,
That was all;
He thought he knew the wire
Had the call.
He took a little flyer
And he went up high and higher;
Now his fat is in the fire,
That is all.
He played a little poker,
That was all;
When his wife complained he'd joke her
Stakes were small.
He played a little poker
At a purely social smoker,
And he died dead-broke or broke-er,
That is all.
He used to play the horses,
That was all;
Had tips from all the courses
For a haul.
He used to play the horses
Till he used up his resources;
Now he knows just what remorse is,
That is all.
He was just a rare good fellow,
That was all,
Without a streak of yellow
Great or small.
He was just a rare good fellow
And his moods were often mellow,
What? Another shortage? Hello!
That is all.
He only meant to borrow,
That is all;
To put it back tomorrow,
Sam was small.
He only meant to borrow,
But he found out to his sorrow
That it never comes tomorrow,
That is all. —J. W. Foley.

NOT IN THE FAMILY.
Michael McCarthy was suing the Swift Packing Company in a Kansas City court.
A negro witness was called.
"Did you work at the plant?" he was asked.
"Yassir."
"Do you know the foreman and the other officials?"
"Yassir."
"What were your relations with 'em?"
"Now, look yere," said the witness, "I'm black, and they's white. They ain't no relations of mine."

Joker's Column
"What is good for a cross baby?"
"Good for it?"
"Yes."
"Sensible mother."
"He boasts of his family tree."
"Yes."
"Wonder what it is?"
"Yes."
"A pumpkin vine."
"Do you look on all the world as a stage?"
"I do."
"And why?"
"There are so many bad actors."

"So the price of meat has come down?"
"The wholesale price only," exclaimed the butcher.
"Oh, that suits me all right. I am the father of eleven, all of them growing."
"And there is another way in which you always have the best of men."
"Is there still another?"
"Yes."
"What is it?"
"They never get their pockets picked."

THE AGE OF DISCRETION.
Eastern tourists on train going through Arkansas. Train stops at small town. Natives are running around frantically, some with bundles, other with ropes, grab-hooks, and the like. Tourists' curiosity is aroused and he asks one of the hangers-on what is cause of commotion.
Villager replies: "Wall, Judge Smith's son is twenty-one years old today. We're goin' to ketch him and put some clothes on him."

The society dame was giving a luncheon to the distinguished aviator.
"In spite of the dangers of our occupation," she said, "there is an irresistible fascination about it, is there not, Mr. Uppengott?"
"There is madam, he answered.
"In fact, does not the excitement of it seem to be a species of intoxication?"
"It does, madam," sighed the aviator, "and sooner or later every one of us takes a drop too much."

He was an eloquent young divine, and he was picturing the selfishness of brute man is spending his evenings at the club, leaving his wife in loneliness at home.
Fervently he exclaimed:
"Think, my hearers, think of the poor lonely wife all alone in the great dreary house, rocking the cradle of her sleeping babe with one foot, and wiping away her tears with the other."
And his hearers tried to think of it.

A man who believes in the old saying, "See a pin pick it up and all day you'll have good luck," saw a pin in front of the post office the other day. Bending down to get it, his hat tumbled off and rolled into the gutter; his eyeglasses fell and broke on the pavement, his suspenders gave way behind, he burst the button hole on the back of his shirt collar, and all but lost his new front teeth—but he got the pin.
GETTING HIS WIND.
"Why doesn't he marry Miss Blue-Box?"
"He has asked her forty times."
"Has he given up in despair?"
"No; just paused for breath."

"Where have you been for so long?" asked the head man of the managerie.
"Been watching one of the animals clear his throat," sir, replied the attendant.
"But does it take an hour for an animal to clear its throat?"
"Yes, sir; it was the gruff, sir!"
Little Bobby's Ma—Josiah, Bobby has been using slang again today.
Little Bobby's Pa—Now, see here kid! You've got to cut it out. I won't stand for it.

LUcid EXPLANATION.
"What is it he calls money?"
"He always speaks of dollars as bones."
"I wonder why?"
"So painful when when you break them, I guess."

Who Is Simpson?
There was an old chap out in my country, said Senator Carter, of Montana, who was not regular in his church-going, and he was jacked up about it by the minister. So next Sunday he slipped into church and sat it out.
"As he was coming home he met a friend."
"Say," he said, "did you ever hear of this man Simpson?"
"Simpson?" asked the friend. "What Simpson?"
"Well, he was a mighty man."
He took the jawbone of a mule one day and went down and killed fifty thousand Philadelphians before noon.

An anecdote is told of Robert Smith brother of Sydney Smith, and an ex-Advocate General. On the engagement he engaged in an argument with a physician over the merits of their respective professions.
"I don't say that all lawyers are crooks," said the doctor in his final stumping up, "but my opponent will have to admit that his profession doesn't make angels of men."
"No," quietly retorted Smith, "you doctors certainly have the best of us there."

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Much Will be Blamed on Comet
Much of that history which is now in the making will, in some quarters at least be inevitably set down to the influence of Halley's comet. From time immemorial the popular mind has always seized on celestial phenomena to account for mundane disasters or happenings that were to any remarkable degree removed from the ordinary. Of course, the planets which we have always with us, were in ancient times, and by many are even still supposed to have influence on individuals and nations; but comets, more singular in form and more varied in the times of their appearance, lend themselves still more easily to superstitious ideas, and have usually been associated with the great events of nations particularly if those events happened to be of a calamitous character.
Scarcely any occurrence of which we have record has so changed the course of history, or been taught with consequences so momentous to great masses of mankind, as the conquest of England by the Normans under Duke William. As everyone knows the invasion took place on the 28th of September, 1066, and the decisive battle of Hastings was fought on the 14th of October following. Halley's comet had appeared in the April of the same year, and was deemed to presage some event of the highest importance. In Normandy William took it to mean that "a kingdom wanted a king;" in England, Harold, who had succeeded Edward the Confessor in the previous January, and had a good deal of trouble on his hands, regarded it as a bad omen, and the outcome proved that it was correct.
Doubtless in Africa King Menelik's death—if he be really dead—will be associated with the disaster-bringing comet. But what are we to say of the amazing tidings already reported from Evansville, Ind.? There everyone appears to be sleeping from 15 to 24 hours on end, and then yawning and stretching and going to sleep again. Business is suspended, policemen are sleeping on their beats, and yet no one is the worse because the thieves are also affected with drowsiness that are unable to steal anything. A telegraph operator has so far managed to keep awake; but should he, too, succumb to the novel sleeping sickness, all communication by wire with the city will be cut off. And Halley's comet is blamed for it all!

If this thing spreads, we may look out for mighty strange happenings while his celestial visitant remains lord of the ascendant. It is, perhaps, fortunate that he looks in on us every 75 years.

He Had a Pain.
A man who had reformal and kept sober for a year called upon the tavern keeper, who welcomed him back to his own haunt.
"Oh, landlord," said he, as in pain, "I have such a lump on my side!"
"That's because you have stopped drinking," said the landlord, "you won't live long if you keep on."
"Will drink take the lump away?"
"Yes; and if you don't drink you'll soon have a lump on the other side. Come let's drink together, and he poured out two glasses of whiskey.
"I guess I won't drink," said the former inebriate, "especially if keeping the pledge will bring another lump, for it is not very hard to bear after all." And with this he drew the lump—a bag of dollars—from his pocket, and walked off, leaving the landlord to his reflections.—Selected.

U. N. B. Professor Goes Up to the U. of P.
Professor A. J. Uppvall, who has been filling the chair of French and German in the University of New Brunswick for the past year, has just received word that he has been appointed a permanent instructor in French in the University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia. The permanency of the appointment is a compliment, as such appointments are only made permanent in the university; in the United States when the appointing board already knows that the appointee will be satisfactory. Professor Uppvall will enter on his new duties on Sept. 1st, next. He will be much missed in the university, where his work has met with every approval.

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