

SUNSHINE.

TO LIFE ASSURANCE AGENTS.

If you would surely win success,
Just keep on sawing wood;
Take not a merchant's "no" for yes,
But keep on sawing wood;
Though he may "cuss" you by the mile,
Pay no attention—simply smile,
You'll bring him to it after a while—
Just keep on sawing wood.

Good nature you should e'er preserve,
And keep on sawing wood;
And you should never lose your nerve,
But keep on sawing wood.
And tell the truth. Remember that
It *Pays*, no matter where you're at!
Just paste the motto in your hat
And keep on sawing wood.

"Don't want a *cut*!" he'll often shout,
But keep on sawing wood;
He'll often try to fire you out,
But keep on sawing wood.
He may use language rather blue
And threaten to break your head in two,
But unless the man is *bigger'n* you,
Just keep on sawing wood.

—JAMES COURTNEY CHALLISS.

A THOUGHTFUL STATION AGENT.

The Sandusky branch established a new flag station the other day.
It's nothing but a whistling post, but the road built a platform and laid a side track. There wasn't enough business to pay the company to put a regular agent there, so the old fellow that keeps the store was appointed a kind of an agent. The first day after he got his appointment the through passenger train was coming in at about forty miles an hour, and there was the old fellow on the platform, waving his little old red flag. The engineer put on the air brakes and the train stopped at the platform. When the conductor jumped off there wasn't a man in sight, except the man that ran the store.

"Where's your passengers?" asked the conductor.

"Why, I haven't got any passengers."

"What did you flag us for?"

"I thought mebbe some one wanted to get off here."—*Chicago Record*.

BROKEN STOWAGE.

At the Market—"Would you please chop these ribs across for me?"
"John, just break this lady's bones for her."—*Judy*.

Small Margery had just been stung by a wasp—"I wouldn't a-minded its walking all over my hand," she said, between her sobs, "if it hadn't sat down so hard."—*New York Evening Sun*.

"I will take some of this material—but will it wear well?"
"Oh! it is indestructible—untearable—everlasting—it will wear till you pay for it!"—*Unsere Gesellschaft*.

Little Girl (to her mamma)—"What is a dead letter, please?"

Mamma—"One that has been given to your father to post."—*Household Words*.

EXCUSABLE IGNORANCE. —Gazmire—
"What did you have for dinner to-day at the hotel?"

Bazwick—"How should I know? The bill of fare was in French."—*Roxbury Gazette*.

PROOF POSITIVE.—Lady Customer—
"Are you sure this is real Ceylon tea?"
Well-informed Young Salesman—"Certainly, madam; Mr. Ceylon's name is on every package."—*Judge*.

THE OLD WOMAN STILL POPULAR.—
"Why, Helen, what did you ask Mr. Sappy to tie up that package for you? You can do it a great deal better."

Helen—"I know I can, but I don't intend to let him know it. If he thought there was anything he didn't understand better than I do, I should lose him sure."—*New York Recorder*.

THE NEW WIFE.—"Are you ready?" he asked. "Yes," answered the wife. He paled. "This is so sudden," he gasped. While they were working to revive him, she blamed herself for not having apprised him of the new light that had burst upon her. She could see that it would have been better had she broken it to him gradually. For example, she might better have said—"In thirty seconds," if she did not wish to say as of old—"In a minute."—*Detroit Tribune*.