



NA-DRU-CO ROYAL ROSE TALCUM POWDER

NA-DRU-CO Royal Rose Talcum is as comforting to Baby's tender skin as it is to Mother's wind-chafed cheek or Father's chin smarting after a shave. Its remarkable fineness—its pronounced healing, antiseptic qualities—and its captivating odor of fresh-cut roses—have won for Na-Dru-Co Royal Rose Talcum the favored place on the dressing tables and in the nurseries of the most discriminating people.

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IN LIGHTER VEIN

A Good Retort.—Cleveland once made a joke. An effusive Southerner burst in upon him and exclaimed loudly: "Mr. President, I owe you an apology."

"What for?" said Cleveland.

"For not having called upon you earlier, sir."

"Well," said Cleveland, curtly, "I haven't been lonesome."—The Argonaut.

A Matter of Names.—"What is the difference between pomme de terre and potato?"

"About two dollars."—Harvard Lampoon.

"Absent-Minded Beggar."—The Rev. Dr. George W. Field, of Bangor, is a very absent-minded man. When on the street, in the cars, or even at dinner, his mind is often so fully concentrated upon the subject of his next sermon that he appears to take no notice of surrounding circumstances.

At one time, travelling between Bangor and Boston, as the conductor of the train, passing through the car making collections of tickets, came to Dr. Field with hand outstretched, the reverend gentleman, glancing up quickly from a reverie, looked into his face a moment, then extended his hand and said, "Good-afternoon, sir; but I think you have a little advantage of me. What name?"

Starting a Career.—Visitor—"So you were acquainted with the great financier who was raised here? As usual, I suppose you gave him the first dollar he ever earned."

Native—"No; he took away from me the first dollar I ever earned."—Brooklyn Life.

Getting Back at Him.—This one is told about an East End dancing class. There was a young woman who thought a good deal about ancestry and descent, and there was a young man who thought that all such stuff was snobbish. The two sat out a dance together, and the girl mounted her hobby almost at once.

"What was your father?" interrupted the young man.

"Father was a gentleman."

"But what did he do for a living?"

The young man thought that smart, but the girl came right back.

"What was your father?" she asked.

"My father raised hogs."

"I see he did. But what did he do for a living?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Modern Maud.

Maud Muller, on a summer night,
Turned down the only parlor light.

The judge, beside her, whispered things
Of wedding bells and diamond rings.

He spoke his love in burning phrase,
And acted foolish forty ways.

When he had gone Maud gave a laugh
And then turned off the dictagraph.
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Changed for the Worse.—"Don't you believe the level of human intelligence is gradually rising?"

"No, on the contrary. Never before were there as many writers of popular songs as there are to-day."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Suitable.—General Horace Porter was giving an illustration of every-day diplomacy after having compared it with world diplomacy.

"We will say, for instance," he observed, "that our every-day wisecrack is introduced to a man from Iowa. He talks corn with him. He meets a man from Boston and talks beans. Should he happen to be thrown in the combined company of a man from Iowa and of a man from Boston he would discuss succotash."—The Argonaut.

Ever Meet One?—"That get-rich-quick man is as busy as a bee."

"Yes," replied Mr. Cumrox. He's one of those busy bees who can't manage to gather honey without incidentally stinging somebody."—Washington Star.



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