

The Household.

[illegible]

A look of horrified amazement came over Mr. Wilkie's face.

"You're a heartbreaker, Mr. Wilkie," she said, "quickly relieving my of the pain," and when you get home, you'll find a letter which will fill you with added, with a significant glance. "I red faces and bald heads are mostly lent to middle aged bachelors."

Not Going West.

A patrolman who was passing through an alley of London street, where the corner-entrance in one hand, a piece of bread in the other, a small boy, who had been in his hip pocket.

"On the way path?" queried the old man.

"Yes, somewhat."

"Going west to find Indiana, I?"

"Naap."

"What then?"

"I'm going up here about two blocks strike terror to the heart of a two block I think he can look me. How do I look?"

"You're a little bit narrow."

"Do I need a butcher knife?"

"No. He'll either when he sees you."

"I'll go back home. I'll keep up my cut, pull his hair, either a whip or a stick."

Great Presence of Mind.

"If you got any remarks to make before we jerk you up," announced the head of consuls, "we will take them now."

"Will you give me a minute?" pleaded the man.

"I haven't more time," said the consul.

"I consented long since," faltered the trembling wretch, his eyes dim with tears. "But I should like to say a few things about my childhood days."

"—I—I mean my sweetheart," he murmured.

This was all he sang. At the first of his personal history, agreeing on the spot, with mild, maddening haste, and the rest of the roving ballads, growing so fast upon him, came to him as if from afar down the valley. He was saved.

THE RESULT OF LYING.—A negro who was giving evidence in a Georgia case, reminded by the judge that he was to tell the truth, said:

"Well-yer see, boss," said the

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Mitsard's Liniment Lumberman's

for Pitcher's Castoria.

