THE LONDON FREE PRESS CHRISTMAS NUMBER, 1886.

Keep Out of Debt. A man in debt

10

No rest will gebt Until he's in the tomb. His cares will weigh So heavy theigh Will shroud his life with glomb.

He'll practise guile; And never smuile; His head with pain will ache; He'll grieve and sigh And want to digh And thus his troubles shache

But owing none He'll have more fone any king that reigns; He'll feel benign; He'll feel benign; His health is fign And he long life atteigns

Without a doubt All can keep ouht Of debt if only they Will never buy To please the euy And cash down always pey. --H. C. Dodge in Detroit Free Press.

" DEATH'S FORD."

How Stoddard's Mule Broke Up Ferryman Daggett's Business. my years ago down in Idaho, during a

ment, a good many men went into gold excitement, a good many men weat into the country to make money outside the gold hunting industry. Their idea was to make the other f. ows delve for the gold while the, appropriated it afterward. Rollin Dag-gett, afterward Nevada's congressman, es-bablished a ferryboat on a small creek and served the place "Death's Ford" at the same aamed the place "Death's Ford," at the same frae inventing a musty legend to the effect that it was thus named because so many lives had been lost in the attempt to cross it. The stream was not over a dozen yards wide

The stream was not over a dozen yards whe and the water nowhere over two feet deep, but he rigged up a flatboat and pulled it back and forth by a rope contrivance. Whenever the prosvectors crossed be regaled them with horrit. tales of the treachery of the stream and the remorseless quicksands which had drawn so many men and mules to terrible drawn so many men and mules to terrible

In the night when he ferried people over he would caution them not to get too near the adge of the boat, as a fall overboard was certain death. By letting the dim old lantern go out and making slow time he frequently impressed the passengers with the idea that the stream was half a mile wide. For night trips he charged \$5, but if the wind was high and the weather bad he struck sanguine prospectors for much larger sums. In the day-time \$1 was his modest charge. He went along in this way for several

months, the men who rushed to the hills look ing upon him as a benefactor to his race by this conquering of so formidable an obstacle to travel as "Death's Ford." One day Charlie Stoddard, the promoter, appeared on the bank with a mule and boarded the flatboat bank with a mule and boarded the flatboat to cross. In the midst of the stream, just when the ferryman was telling how danger-ous the place was, the mule grew restive and fell overboard. One leg caught on a rope, and he got his head ander water, and, unable to extricate himself, was drowned. When he was cut loose he lay there in the middle of "Death's Ford," half out of the water, so that all who came along saw what a mise able all who came along saw what a mise; so that animal could walk across. Daggett tried to get the mule away, but he was too heavy to budge, and so he lay there in plain sight for weeks, until Daggett's husiness as a ferryman was runned. That's the reason old Dag hardly was runned. That's the reason old Dag hardly speaks to Charlie Stoddard when h him. -- Carson (Nev.) Appeal.

In the Spring Time.

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A Wife's Diary for One Day. A North Side husband has torn the leaf of

A North Side husband has torn the leaf of me day out of his wife's diary and for-warded it to me. The date is Monday, April 26. The entry is as follows: The people who live in the lower flat ap-pear to be very nice. I think I shall like her. She was telling me last night how it was that she came to marry her husband. The servant girl of the people who live in the flat below hasn't the sense she was born with. She told our girl that we were to have Tuesday for wash day. Monday has slways been our day, and shall be until I always been our day, and shall be until I

8:30 a. m.-Have just told our girl to go at her washing and get it out. 9:30—The girl in the flat below is also washing. Have told our girl to get her washing out first. 12. Time for lunch. Girl says she can't get our washing out first and lunch at the san

12:30. Never was so hungry in my life, but told the girl to get out the washing. 1 p. m. Our girl is down in the back yard with the clothes line. Girl in the flat below out with her line. I wonder if that woman

down stairs thinks that I am going to stand that sort of thing? 1:15. Girls are calling each other names in 1:13. Girls are calling each other names in the back yard. Our girl has one end of our line tied to the post. She has it stretched to the other post. Veni, vidi, vici. Sic semper tyrannis! Home rule in the top flat. 1:20. The woman in the flat below has told

her girl to cut our line. I knew she was a vixen the first time I saw her. I mean the oman, not the girl.

the ash pan, ashes and all, over the back porch, and ashes have settled on the clothes of the woman in the flat below. 1:30-There are footsteps on the stairs. I hear the rustle of the dress of the woman in the flat below! There is a knock on my door

door. 1:50—She has gone. I guess she will not come again. I put a flea in her ear which will keep her out of the back yard. 2 p. m.—Sawa messenger go into the flat below with a hat box. I wonder if that

woman is going to rag out in a new hat be-fore I get mine. Our girl has her clothes line out again, and our washing is all out. 2:30-I wonder what kind of a hat she hasthe mean thing. 3-Our washing is still there.

3-Our washing is still there. 3:30-I wish I could see what sort of a bon-net she has. But I am too proud to ask her forgiveness. Besides, it wasn't my fault. 4 p. m.-What's the use of keeping your enemy down when you've got 'em down! Magnanimity is one of the ruling principles of our house. I am going down. I can afford to do it, because our washing is in.

5 p. m.-I feel better. I went down stairs and kissed her, and told her she could have the back yard next Monday all to herself. the back yard next monday an to nersen. That broke her back—I mean her pride. Then she kissed me, and we sobbed it out together. Then I saw her bonnet. It is a together. Then I saw her bonnet. It is a

together. Then I saw her bonnet. It is a jewel. It is very becoming to me. 6:30—How quiet the house is. Gertie is asleep and Mart is reading his papers. The little motto over the door, "God Bless Our Home," seems to be living. My new bonnet is ordered, and will be here in the morning. It will expect the more then here. Gertie here It will cost \$6 more than hers. Gertie has just woke up.-Chicago Herald,

Brevities.

"I call my wife dear," said Bagley, reflec-tively, "because she is."-Philadelphia Call. Diffident Lover-I know that I am a per-

fect bear in my manner. She-mean; bears hug people."-Life. A German rushed into a drug store on Penn avenue yesterday and exclaimed: "Mein Gott, young man, I eat raw bork, und I dink dere vos dot machinery in it."-Pitts-

"Cur. You Must Not Bite To-Night."

"Papa," Flossie's roughed lips faltered, point-ing to the kennel olding to the ker Holding dog so big and savage, with a "never-let-go" hold-

"I've a feller that is coming on this evening by and by, At the lighting of the parlor, and you bet

he's sweet as pie; Chain up Growler please at sunset," and her

face grew strangely white, As she mused in husky whispers, "Cur, you must not bite to-night!"



"Flossie," sternly spake her father-ev'ry word pierced her young heart Like a gleaming butter tester thro' the oleo

upon whom I am 'sour;' He has done his duty ever, he will kill your

'mash' outright!' And he chinned through his gray whiskers,

"Cur, you'll be turned loose to-night!"

FROM THE EDITOR'S DRAWER. Old Stories Revamped and Warranted as

Good as New. Good as New. A student of "Squire" Farley, a distin-guished lawyer of Groton, Mass., says to the squire one day. "I cannot understand how circumstantial evidence can be stronger than

positive testimony." "I will illustrate it," said the squire. "My milkman brings me a can of milk, and says, 'Squire, I know that is pure milk, for I milked it from the cow, washed the can thoroughly, strained it into the can, and no body else has handled it.' Now when I take the stopper from the can out leaps a bull-frog. Surely the frog is stronger evidence than the man.

A circus was expected at the little village of O_____, and the inhabitants were as wildly excited over the event as the inhab-itants of small towns usually are. The col-ored population were particularly enthu-siastic, but their preacher, the Rev. Pete Jefferson, was loud in his exhortations against it. He went so far as to threaten to expet any of his congregation who dared spend any of his congregation who dared spend their money in so sinful a way. Strange to relate, when the eventful night arrived the most conspicuous person there was the wiolent parson. "Why, Uncle Pete, what are you doing

"Hy, Once Fete, what are you doing here?" inquired one of his white friends. "Law! Marse Henry, I hates it mightily, sah. But I's de shepherd, and I's 'bliged to look arter my flock. I got my eye on ebery one ob dose onchristian, pop-eyed niggers, and you see if I don't make 'em smell fire and heimstone on Surder " one on Sunday.

A gentleman in a Louisiana town had a gas machine put up in his house and found that his old colored gardener was still burn-ing a coal oil lamp. He reproved him for it, and told him that in the future he did not wish anything but the gas used on his premwish anything but the gas used on his prem-ises. One night, having occasion to go to the servant's department, Mr. Hunter came upon Uncle Eli solemnly playing on his "corgeoun" by the light of the veritable lamp which had been forbidden. Provoked at the old man's obstinacy, Mr. H. asked him if he had any par-ticular reason for disobeying the laws of his household, to which he replied: "Marse George, 'tain't no use fer yer ter ax me ter use them air newfangled things, 'cause I jes ain't gwine ter do it. Tother night I onscrewed de top ob de burner fer ter pull up de wick, an 'fo' mor'in I war most dead wid de smoke. 'Tain't Christian, Marse George-'tain't Christian doings. I screwed dat top on dat burner, and yer don't ketch dis here nigger foolin' wid lamps widout no wicks." Fortunately it was midsummer, and both Fortunately it was midsummer, and both window and door were left open, or the old darkey would have been darkey would have been a victim to asphyxia. -Harper's Monthly.

There Are No Homely Girls.

It is painful to see esteemed contemporaries falling into error; and yet they do, and force us to play the Good Samaritan and drag them out. Here is The New York Tribune on record in a paragraph that disparages pretty girls because of their propensity to make trouble-poisonings elemenants and suchand cracks up the "plain girl" who "never figures in scand us or tragedies; and, although she may be homely enough to stop a clock, she is never heard of as breaking her father's or her husband's heart."

or her husband's heart." In the same spirit is the advice of The Bos-ton Transcript, which says: "Do not fall in love with a pretty face, my son. Marry a homely woman if you would be happy." How is it that adult and experienced journals like The Tribune and The Transcript have not learned that there are no humely received. learned that there are no homely women? It ought not to be necessary for us to remind them that beauty lies in the eye of the beholder, and that the beholder who cannot discern it is either defective in his scrutiny or handicapped with an ocular apparatus that lacks some important lenses. The Trib-



Another Blow at a Fleeting Fashion



Who could blame the cat?-Harper's Bazar.

It's English, You Know. "Oh, I say, old chap, did you heah that Willie Watwbuwy's tewier killed a wat yestawday?" "The dooce! Willie must have been tewibly

fwightened." "Oh, no. He wasn't theah." "You aw a liah, saw." "You aw anothaw, saw," "I shall nevaw wecognize you again, saw." "Thanks, awfully, saw."

Their friends intervene and prevent further

"Going widing to-day, Awthaw?" "Naw. Got to work, demmit." "So sowy, deah boy. What is the blawsted job, eh?" "Maw's witten me a lettaw, and I've-aw-got to wead it befaw I can make anothe dwaft on haw. Did you evaw heah of such

a boah?" "Nevaw, deah boy, nevaw."

"My gwacious, Cubleigh, what sawt of a beast have you got theah?" "It's a bulldog, deah boy, first pwize at the last kennel show. My friend Lawd Nogo pwesented him to me, faw wemembwance, don't chew know." "But newstively he's the most tawibly "But pawstively, he's the most teribly

fewocious looking bwute I evah saw. I should be afwaid to go neah him; I should, upon my "Theah's no dangaw, I assuah you, deah boy; none whatevaw. I've had his teeth extwacted."—New York Town Topics.

One Result of Freedom.

De 'Coon an' De Mink.

From the New Orleans Picayune. De mink wuz tellin de coon erbout How he sot ketoned in er fiel' Rootin' a row of goobers out Dat he went dere far ter steal.

He say, "Der farmer gin me & w'ack at make me see stars an' er Hit a'm s' orake mer pore ole back -" "'Er haw, haw," laffed de coon.

"Hit serb yer right." sed de 'coon ter he. "Fur gwine dere fur ter socal; Ef yer hader lef' dem bindars be Yer wouldn't got ketched in de fiel'."

De bery nex' night de 'co'n went roun' Fur ter get s me goobers to eat: He sneaked in er fiel' an 'poory sound foun' He wuz ketened in er trap by de feet.

Passin' dat fiel' cum er limpia' chap Dat sed as he gent er wink, "You'se nones' enuff till yer's ketched in er

trap Er be, he!" laffed de mink. BEVERLY B. GARRISON

NOTABLE BACHELORS.

WHAT SOME MEN HAVE ACCOMPLISHED WITH a see OUT BECOMING BENEDICTS.

Amongst authors we have Pope, Gold smith, Lamb and Macaulay. The feeble health of "the wasp of Twickenham" stood, health of "the wasp of Twickenham" stood, no doubt, in the way of his marrying. Gold-smith had not the same excuse, but in his case it was quite as well that he passed through life as a bachelor. A single man who fabitually spends twice as much as he has is never likely to make a wise and pru-dent husband, even though he has the rare fortune to fall in with a model of feminine sagacity.

sagacity. Lamo, "that frail good man," as Words-worth calls him, was a bachelor not from choice but from affection. The singular loyalty with which he devoted himself to his sister in circumstances of melancholy in-careet revented his marrying a circumstances. terest prevented his marrying a girl whom, it appears, he truly loved. Lord Macaulay, though he had warm do-

mestic affections, was never married. He rested content with the loving sympathy of his sister Hannah, the wife of Sir Cuarles Trevelyan, whose children were to him as his own.

The greatest bachelor musician who ever had his own. The greatest bachelor musician who ever had his home in L ndon was Handel. His thoughts were fixed on his art, and he set-amall store on the fair sex. "The charms of his music," we are told, "impressed many beauties and singers in his favor, but he showed no disposition to avail himself of their partialities." Sir Joshua Reynolds, the great artist, lived and died a bachelor, devoted to his work, and refusing to be captivated, even though he had all the fashionable women of the day "futtering before him, and steady-ing themselves to become immortal in his pictures." It was he who said to Flaxman, "You are ruined for an artist!" when Flaxman told him of his marriage with Ann Denman. The observation, for-tunately, proved untrae, but it gives some insight into Sir Joshua's state of mind as to marrying.

marrying. Turner was another London bachelor

One Result of Freedor. Shortly after the war 1 fourist on a souther ern river steamboat, loitering around the lower dots to boat, swinging his legs over the edge of the boat, swinging his legs over the water in a most comfortable manner, and drawing near entered into conversation: "Old man, how do you like freedom?" The old darky looked puzzled, and after scratching his head thoughtfully, and shak-ing it dubiously a while, replied: "Bossy, hit's sorter mixed!" "Well, bossy, hit's dish yer way. Endurin' slave times if I wuz on dish yer up riber boat an' wuz ter fall inter enny leetle cat naps, like I's mi'ty ap' ter do, an' drap overbode; sumbody'd screech out: "Nigga overbode; an' de whissel'ud blow, an' de backin' bell









IT SHOULD BE. CAPITAL AND LABOR IN FULL SWING.

-The Judge.

The Coming Bonnet. Oh, sing the genius and the skill Of milliners whose trade is To meet the fancies, curb the will, And crown the handsome ladies!

The birds were shot, a year ago, To trim the Easter bonnet; But now they put the things that grow In market gardens on it.

The vegetables and flowers and fruits, Tomato, radish, carrot, Banana or the bud, as suits The lady who must wear it.

A turnip, on a curving brim, Will hold it in rosition A carrot be some lady's whim To indicate omission:

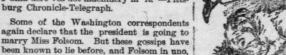
ons, odorous and young, That aid the tears in fall On mourning bonnets will be hung To mark the grief appalling.

The hat or bonnet most complete, The envy of all women, Will be the one with biggest beet Amid the garden trimmin'. --Columbus Dispatch.

Circumstances Alter Cases. That the administration of justice is often affected by extraneous circumstances is a truth which becomes evident early in life. The bright 6-year-old son of a genial clergy-man of the historian's acquaintance had been engaged, with some of his friends, in wrongloing, and he was called into the house under "Did you get licked?" inquired one of his "Well, yes, I did," admitted the young philosopher; "but I should have got off all cight if there'd been anything for supper that fither liked."-Boston Record.

Intuition of Woman

Two Mormon women met on a street in Salt Lake City the other day. "Bay," said one of them, "is it true that Brother Smith has married a second wife?" "Yes, it is true," was the answer. "How do you know?" asked number one. "I can see it in his first wife's face," maber two. "-New York Tribune.



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-Sheep, you

marry Miss Folsom. But these gossips have been known to lie before, and Folsom in uno, Folsom in omnibus.—Chicago Times. A lady who was a member of a class study cluded a recitation on Benjamin ing art con Haydon by saying that "toward the close of

his life he committed suicide."-Harper's Bazar. "All the girls who have never sassed their An tus girls who have never sassed their mothers stand up," said Sam Jones at Chicago. One girl stood up. If Sam in-vestigates the case he will probably find that her mother died while the girl was a baby.— Datroit From Press

Detroit Free Press. "Why does a mustard plaster beat a kiss?" Said little Johnny Toddle to his s ster; "Because, you see a kiss is simply biss, While mustard plasters, don't you know, are blister."—Dansville Breeze,

Recently in Brunswick a Macon young nan acted as godfather to the infant of a friend. The excitement of the occasion caused him to drop the infant into the bap-tismal font, making a Baptist of it instead of an Episcopalian.-Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer.

come west, where a concurrence of these han s in a single deal of poker is always the occasion of a double funeral, the pot going toward paying the funeral expenses.—Omaha Herald.

Among the relics on sale at a place in this

on the part of Martha! Why did she allow hurry .- New London Day. the father of his country to be buried with his hair on when 1or eight of them \$5 is de manded.-The Judge. A young lady on Tremont row was over-

heard asking a friend to go to a neighboring store where the soda fountain was opened that day for the first time for the season, and every one who imbibed of its cooling drinks would be presented with a bird. Astonished hearer: "What kind of a bird?" "A swalhearer: "What kind how."-Boston Herald.

was w.itten, which was a gentleman's linen cuff. There was nothing unusual in the contents, which were simply a dum, couched in the following language: "Please call around and pay your wash bill Your Laundry-man." The cuff was adorned with a two-cent stamp.—Portland Oregonean. The pastor of a South End church called

on a bereaved widow of his congregation the other day and began consoling her with scriptural texts. Her husband had long been an invalid, and the minister's selection on the rest into which he had entered. "Yes," she answered, "and there is one beautiful verse in the Psalms that applies to me that I think of so much-"Othello's occu-pation is gone?"-Boston Record.

"You know Popley, don't you, Jiggs?" "Yes, I do, saw.

"What do you think of him?" "He's a low, vulgaw fallaw, saw; a low, vulgaw fallaw."

"What reason have you for thinking so?" "What reason have you for thinking so?" "Why, saw, his habits, saw. I am as-suahed by pawsons who know him well that he lives in a sawt of place called a bawding house.".—Town Topics.

To the gate came her J. Edwin; Flossie saw him, and her brow, Lately seamed by sick'ning terror, smooths

its wrinkles all out now For a liver plugged with pizen, to old Growler she had borne, And his corpse, so cold and haggard, lay upon

the ground forlorn. her "Dearie" mussed her collar, as he Then her smacked and squeezed her tight;

While her folks from upstairs winders, saw the cur'd not bite to-night! —"Jef. Joslyn," in Texas Siftings.

The Young Idea. PROOF POSITIVE.

Mother—Did you steal the cake, Johnnie? Johnnie—No, ma'am. Did I, Maudie? Maudie (who got a piece of the cake)-No. SO A FATHER TELLS US.

A child learns through its inquisitiveness, he philosophers say. And if what the phil-The New York Sun says: "Four aces and the philosophers say. And if what the philosophers say. And if what the philosophere say be true, the only wonder is that Sun plays poker with dice he had better never nine children out of ten don't die from the evil effects of omniscience before they are years old.—Somerville Journal.

NOT IN A HURRY. A gentleman was surprised while out for a drive on the Pequot road recently by the conduct of a boy whom he asked to ride. cated, from the head of Washington. How vailed upon for a reason said he expected as cated, from the head of Washington. How valied upon for a reason said he expected a this teaches us the fearful want of foresight whipping when he got home and was in no

An Easter Echo.

A Rondout man tells this timely yarn: He says that he bought some green dye in-The says that he bought some eggs for his children for Easter, and laid the package on a bench in the back yard and forgot about it. When he thought to get it he discovered that his hens had eaten most of the dye stuff. The next day he found three bright menoreme in the next. the next day three

hearer: "What kind of a bird!" "A swal-low."—Boston Herald. An epistle of a novel character passed through the postoffice yesterday. The nov-elty consisted in the material upon which it was witten which was a contempore ince

A Woman Wanted. Some ingenious creature has invented a sheatre hat that shuts up, to be worn by

If this same man-or any other-can be prevailed upon to patent a woman to go with this hat, who is likewise capable of shutting up during the performance, he will be th leading inventor of the age .- Life.

Out Of the Frying Pan Into the Fire. "Hello," said a south end youngster to his hum. "Your folks going to move? ours is." "So's ours. Dad says he won't live in th'

old shell any longer." "Mine neither. Where you going to move?" "Into your house. Where are you?" "Into your house."—Hartford Post.

In a German University Town. In a derman university lown. Many persons have wondered why it is that the students at a German university always carry umbrellas when out in the town. There are places that it s forbidden to frequent, and on leaving tem the students use these umbrellas for sun shades.-Fliegende

never made blunders of this sort while Dr. Greeley was alive,-Life.

He Gave it Away, However, "Madam," he said, after a long survey of a flower stand at the Central Market yes "could you recommend me something to day, place on my wife's grave?" "I think so," she answered, as she looked im over. "How long has she been dead?"

him over. "Six years."

"Married again?" "What is that to you?"

"Oh, you needn't be so cranky about it. Pve dealt in cemetery flowers for the last fifteen years, and I know about how things work. If you are still a widower you want about \$4 worth of flowers and a border of moss. If you are married again you'll pick out a twenty-five cent rose bush, beat me

down to fifteen cents, and send it to the cemetery by a car driver." He pretended to be very indignant, and went to the other end of the market and

bought two feeble-looking pinks for seven cents apiece. - Detroit Free Press.

The Wonders of Phrenology.



Enormous power of co ive faculties abnormally fondness for science and the arts, together with unusual force of-Cries from the rear of hall: Oh, come off !-

Why Was She Silent?

Phasecius-My dear, I have a suggestion to offer.

Lavina-Well, what is it, pray? Phasecius-It is that we have these bis-cuits adorned with painted decorations of Japanese design, apply for a copyright and get some wholesale stationer down town to introduce them to the trade as Mikado paper weights. What do you say! But she was silent.—Detroit Free Press.

This Joke Always Blooms in the Spring. The Norristown Herald is cast down be-cause Mother Eve, the first woman to en-gage in the fruit business, did not raise as much as the California woman who earns \$4,000 a year from her trees. Whatever she may have done in the fruit line, she, at all events, succeeded in raising Cain.—New York Commercial Advertiser

sumbody'd screech out: 'Nigga overbode' an' de whissel 'ud blow, an' de backin' bell 'ud ring, an' dey'd hab me out'n dat riber fo' I to'ch water mos'. But dese here davs, do I's jes' ez sleepyfied ez I usetor wuz, an' ole man Nod's jes' ez an' ter grab me, an' me 'er dran oursched Mars' Mate hud cing out'

home." Cavendish, "the Newton of chemistry," was a bachelor whose extraordinary singa-larities probably stood in the way of his ob-taining a wife. Though one of the most drap overbode, Mars' Mate 'ud sing out: "'Man overbode!" "Mars' Cap'n on the harrycane roof 'd holsagacious and profound men of science of his day, he was shy and bashful to the point of disease. He carried his solitary habits so far that he would never even see or allow

"Who is it? "Dey'd 'spon: " 'Nobody but er d-d freeman?

ler down:

Uncle Jack.

The Young Idea. A young lady who was earnestly endeavor-ing to interest a Sunday school class noticed one pupil gazing intently at her. The teacher felt sure the interest of one pupil, at least, was enlisted, when the child said: "Oh Miss Mather" "Oh, Miss Mather!" "Yes, my dear, what is it?"

"What does make your nose shine sof"- public charity. Harper's Bazar.

tain rather famous home on the Back Bay, and the church ceremony interested the small sister of the bride immensely. A day or two after the husband and wife had gone away on their wedding journey the little sistor in-terrupted her doll playing to ask: "Grandma, what church were you married in?" "I wan?" a war wanted to build a fire he had to rub a couple of pieces of wood together ten or fifteen minutes to produce a fiame, and that was enough to make any man a savage. If a man in our day, when ob iged to jumn out tain rather famous home on the Back Bay, and the church ceremony interested the small sister of the bride immensely. A day or two married in a church, my dear. Your grandmatrice is a caurch, my dear. Your grand-mother ves a naughty girl, and ran away with grandpapa. We were married at a minister's house." "Oh, ho!" laughed the midget, "how did you ever manage to make such a fussy old fellow as grandpa run?"-Boston Rec d.

An Unsatisfactory Woeing.

A Clay county man, who was very anxious to secure a wife, selected a young miss at Vermilion who, he thought, would please him, and wrote her a note in which the case was briefly stated as follows: "Dear miss: If you will be my dear wife I will be your dear husband. God bless you." The response was far from satisfactory.-Omaha Herald.

She-You seem in unusually good spirits, he was an object of pecial interest. Uncle Jack. Thomas Guy, who founded Guy's Hospi-Uncle Jack-Yes; I have just returned from Philadelphia. She-But doesn't it end in your becoming frightfully conceited? Uncle Jack-Sometimes; but then a day or two in Boston always takes me down again. Ite.

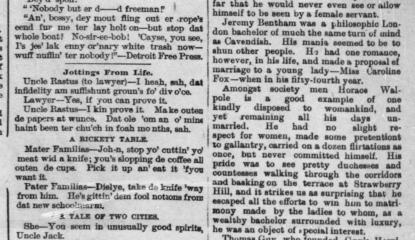
"Tell him I bade you," she replied, "and he will not be angry." She was mistaken. When Guy came home and found she had presumed on her expectations, he reasoned with himself that one who had failed in duty as a servant might equally fail in duty as a wife. Breach of promise cases being then unknown, he changed his mind about marrying, remained a bachelor, and devoted his large fortune to public charity.

A scientific writer asks, "Was early man a man in our day, when obliged to jump out of bed at midnight and strike a light, had to resort to such a slow process to secure a fiame, this country would be full of the savagest kind of savages savagest kind of savages.

A Philadelphia paper asserts that the nutmeg on milk punch is poisonous. We have never heard this before, but we have all along known that the nutmeg is intoxi-

sating. The conundrum fiend has been around "What is the difference between two flocks of twenty-one geese, each with agander, and one flock of forty-two geese, with two gan-ders? Maybe you won't get it all right the first time."

There was a wedding last week from



Uncle Jack-Yes; I have just returned tal, is the last London bachelor