

THE LADY AND THE HORSE CAR.

FROM the curb stone—"Driver!"

"Whoa!"

"Driver! Driver!! Stop the car!"

"W-h-o-a! Ride, madam?"

"Does this car cross Fifth street?"

"Yes'm; jump in."

"How near to X street does it go on Fifth street?"

"Within three blocks. Ride, ma'am?"

"Can't you go any nearer than that?"

"Not without pulling up the tracks. The passengers inside are getting anxious, ma'am."

"How dare you try to hurry me. I'll get in and ride just as soon as I get ready. How long does it take to go to Fifth street?"

"About an hour and a half sometimes. Twenty minutes in the schedule. It depends on who wants to ride."

"I'll report you, sir. Why, there comes another car right behind you."

A groan rises from the car platform. "I should think you'd be ashamed to be caught up with in that way. I think I'll take that other car, it isn't nearly so crowded."—*Merchant Traveler.*

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

CONFIDENCE man (to stranger whose name he had learned from the hotel register)—

"Hello, General! Glad to see you in Boston, and hope you are well and happy."

General Scabbard—"Well enough in health, thank you, though not exactly happy, but perhaps you can help me."

C. M. (confused)—"In what way?"

G. S.—"I am not much acquainted here and have a check which I wish to get cashed. Well, bless my heart, how that man can travel. Think he is in danger of being fleeced by one of his own kind."—*Boston Budget.*

SEEKING INFORMATION.

"YES, dear children," said the Sunday school teacher, "with God nothing is impossible."

"Can He make a thing a foot long with only one end to it?" inquired Bobby, who is a small but earnest Christian.

"Now, Bobby," said the teacher, with gentle reproof, "you are talking foolishly."

"What's the matter with a dog's tail?" asked Bobby.—*New York Sun.*

CATARRH.

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SOMETHING TO BE THANKFUL FOR.

PARSON—"That was certainly an awful stroke of lightning, Mrs. Ransom."

Mrs. Ransom—"Yes indeed it was. It's a terrible thing to lose husband and children at one blow."

Parson—"The ways of Providence, Mrs. Ransom, are certainly inscrutable, but there's one consolation: lightning doesn't strike twice in one place."

LADY (to clerk)—"I want to look at something that would be a suitable Christmas gift for my husband." Clerk—"Yes, madam; something cheap, I s'pose?"—*Epoch.*

TRAMP (to woman at the door)—"I feel very much distressed, madam." Madam—"Something you have eaten?" Tramp—"No, something I've not eaten."—*Epoch.*

TOLSTOI declares his brains are still as hard as a nut, and that they have no idea of softening. It is his readers that are in danger of being affected in that way.—*Exchange.*

LIVING at the early age that he did, Adam must have felt keenly the absence of many of our modern arts and appliances, but he "held over" us in one respect. He never had to listen to old men tell fairy-tales about the number of cords of wood they used to saw before breakfast when they were boys.—*Epoch.*

MASTER DICKIE looks at the caller's head with great curiosity and breaks out: "Why, Mr. Llaydout, you're not a bit bald." "I?" says Mr. Llaydout, "I should say not. I have a head of hair like an Indian. Did you think I was bald?" Master Dickie (in an injured tone)—"Why, pa said last night that you had been regularly black bald everywhere these four years past." And the cheerful flow of conversation falters, runs slowly, and finally sinks deep, deep into the insatiable and thirsty sands.—*Exchange.*

"I WOULD like a position on the editorial staff of your journal," said Mr. Slimwit, uncovering his slender head as he bowed before the Great Man. "There is no staff position vacant just now," said the editor, kindly; "but I can give a special assignment." "Yes?" "Yes, indeed, and you're just the man for it. I want somebody to pass himself off as an imbecile and get into the Home for the Feeble-Minded to write up the abuses of the institution. You needn't waste time in training; go just as you are."—*Burdette.*

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

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ANOTHER ONE GONE.

FIRST Anarchist—"So poor Herr Bierup is dead eh?"

Second Anarchist—"Yah, dot great villainthropist he is gone. He blow up hisself up."

"Eh? Mit dose bombs vat he make for dose millionaires, eh?"

"No, he got too close to dot gas light mit his breath."—*Omaha World.*

BUFFALO BILL's share of the profits of the "American Exposition" in London amounted to £70,000 and a position in English society. He would probably be willing to exchange the latter item for a plug of tobacco.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

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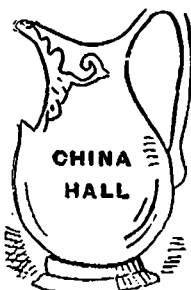
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