

The Cheeky Star



In Two Minutes

There will be another car. But the man can't wait. He chases the car and swings on, panting and hot, but satisfied. He keeps this up all day. He works that way, he lurches that way. He continues this until his stomach "breaks down" and nature compels him to "go slow."

HER LITTLE BOY.

"Always a little boy to her." No matter how old he's grown. Her eyes are blind to the strands of gray.

"Always a little boy to her." She heeds not the lines of care. That furrow his face—how it is still.

"Always a little boy to her." And to him she is the mother fair, With the laughing eyes and the cheering smile.

"Always a little boy to her." The ceaseless march of years Guts rapidly by, but she beats die ere ever they reach her ears.

"Always a little boy to her." The wrinkles are dimples of joy, His hair with its gray is as sunny as May.

"Always a little boy to her." He is always "her little boy." —Pearson's Weekly.

SUNDAY SELECTIONS.

—Eternity is pay day with God. —Selfishness is the substance of sin, and sorrow its shadow.

—"The waste of the world would erase the need of the world."

—Charm strikes the sight, but merit wins the heart. —Why should we care for the opinion of men if you are sure of the favor of God?

—"The three things most difficult to do are—to keep a secret, to forget an injury, and to make a good use of leisure."

—"The man who in this world can keep the whiteness of his soul is not likely to lose it in any other."—Alexander Smith.

—"The life of little children is the most blessed and the best of all, for they have no temporal cares, and have only pure thoughts and joyful speculations."—Martin Luther.

—"The preacher who had a great congregation of hungry souls before him, and spent his time in frothy and inconsequential talk, missed an opportunity when an angel might come."

—"If you desire heaven you must win it; for heaven is a temper, not a place." —What we wish by that obedience to God's laws which nothing but the grace of Christ can enable you to render.

—"First fill yourselves with the spirit of good cheer, then shed abroad—then you must shed abroad—the influence of that which is in you, a part of the very life. Much as we may need to fill the sphere in which we move with all the light and brightness, we more need first to fill our hearts, and then we shall fill or sphere. Become sweetness and light, and we give them inevitably."—J. F. Ware.

—"What is going to be our breath for the New Year? Is it not that the love which has never deserted us shall come closer to us, because it finds us ready to receive it,—making us better, stronger, purer, nobler, more manly, more womanly, more fit for life; not because God loves us any more, but because we, with new openness, are more ready to receive Him into our lives."—Phyllis Brooks.

TWINKLINGS.

—"Now my little girl, can you tell me the quickest way to get to Mr. Giles' farm?" "To run, sir."—Westminster Budget.

Boy—Do you want a good, smart boy, sir? Shopkeeper—Well, do all the work myself. Boy—Well, that's just the kind of a job I'd like."—Life.

A Post Graduate—"Is Jenkins a college man?" "I guess so; he knows more about mixing tobacco and fancy drinks than anyone else I know."—Town Topics.

—"Don't you appreciate the opportunity of voting to-day? He answered Mr. Erasmus Pinkie: "Do only trouble is to do job ain't stiddy enough."—Washington Star.

Honest Indignation: What, sir; you take me for one who can be bribed? You insult my sense of honor—but in case I really were such a man, how much would you give me?—Tit-Bits.

—"I have saved a dollar since I married you." Mrs. Jones—"What an idea! You've saved nearly half of what you had in the bank at that time!"—Puck.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Be sure and get the Signature of

Castoria

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure biliousness.

FAUST'S WILD CHARGE.

It Sent Marguerite Flying in Terror From the Stage.

The name of the hero of this anecdote I shall not give you, for he has long since been gathered to his fathers. Let it suffice that in his heyday he was one of the greatest tenors who ever sang to a breathless and enthusiastic audience.

At one time, when he was singing Faust to Emma Abbott's Marguerite, he appeared at the opera house in an apparently hopeless condition. The management was wild, but there was no one to take his place, and so they had to chance it with him as Faust.

At this occasion got to the other side of the stage all right, but trouble arose when he tried to get back. Marguerite sits in the window of her cottage, and Faust comes back. She measured the distance with a waibling eye, but made a start when his cue was given. Then he seemed to lose control of himself.

Up to this point Miss Abbott stood her ground bravely, but that rapidly approaching figure averted her, and with a frightened scream she fled. Faust, poor Faust, charged on. He reached the place he had last seen Marguerite, and essayed to clasp the atmosphere in outstretched arms.

So writes the leading wholesale drug house of the West to the proprietors of Paine's Celery Compound.

In October last a card from Hon. Frank E. Moore, the mayor of that city, was published in the Omaha Bee, in which he told of the great benefit Paine's Celery Compound had been to him.

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Two Unusual Epitaphs. A Charleston churchyard contains the dust of many eminent men and several queer epitaphs.

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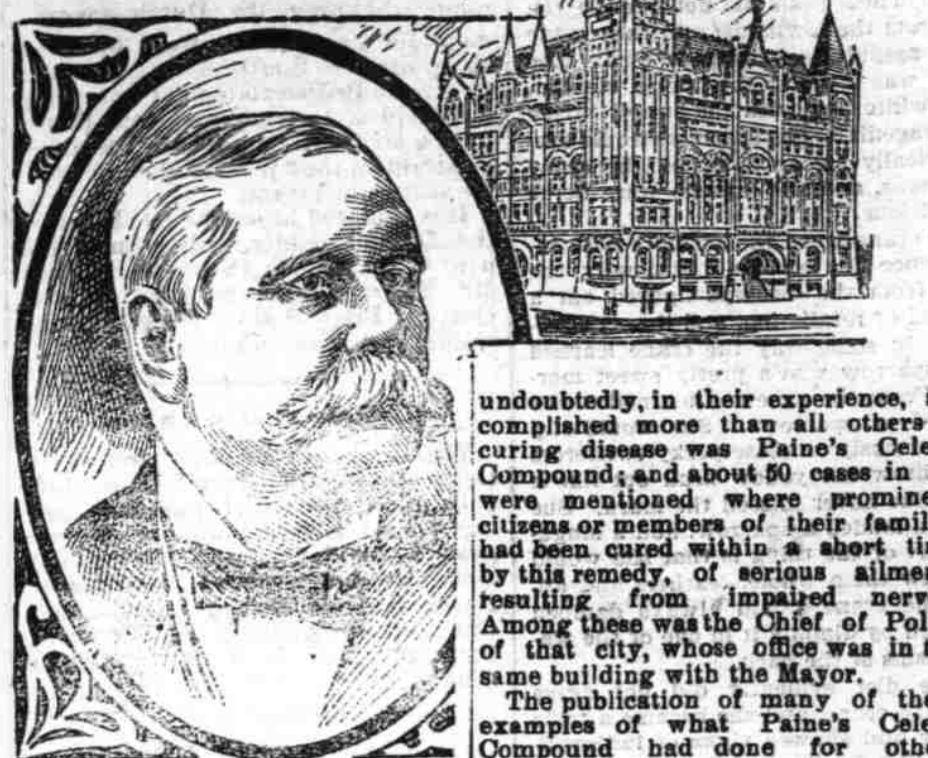
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PAIN'S CELERY COMPOUND

Built up His HEALTH



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AT THE TICKET WINDOW.

A Farmer Who Wasn't to Be Cheated of a Ride on the Cars.

Depot ticket agents naturally come into contact with some very peculiar persons, and constant service behind the window of a busy center of travel cannot fail to develop whatever inclination to study human nature one may possess.

"I had a rather funny experience with an odd customer the other day," remarked one of these much tried men. "He was a typical granger and spoke in a deliberate, drawing out view of the fact that there were several clamorous ticket chasers behind him. He wanted a ticket to a certain town, the name of which has slipped my memory. Now, as Indiana and Massachusetts both contain a town of that name, I of course asked him to what place he wanted to go."

"Darned if I know," was his reply. "My brother lives there, an I want to pay a visit to him." "Do you know whether the town is in Indiana or Massachusetts?" "Et moi? I'm in Georgia for all I know," was the smiling reply.

"He could give no description of the place, having never been there, and I asked him to retire until the rush was over. Then I looked up the two towns on the railroad maps and tried to fix his destination in that way. But it was no use. He had no letters with him, and his case was a puzzle. Well, sir, he hung around the depot all day, munching peanuts and thinking the matter over, occasionally coming to the window and making it worse than he made up our minds where to send him."

"At last, losing patience, I was on the point of calling on him to go to Jericho with a policeman, when he suddenly brightened up and said he would go to the town in Indiana anyway, by gosh, and if that didn't happen to be the right word, would he hang around the depot all day, munching peanuts and thinking the matter over, occasionally coming to the window and making it worse than he made up our minds where to send him."

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A Curious Chinese Custom.

According to the rule sanctioned by centuries of Chinese observance, no document can have the authority of the imperial throne of China unless it bears a red spot placed there by the sovereign.

To the grand council of the sovereign, and all other departments of the state take their business, and the grand council in its turn considers all documents and attaches to each a piece of red paper on which its own decision is written. Each morning at daylight the grand council proceeds to the palace to submit the papers to the sovereign, who as each document is produced signifies approval by making a small spot with a brush on the margin of the red paper. With the red spot upon it the paper is the most sacred thing in the world to a Chinaman; without it it may be torn to shreds with impunity.—Leslie's Weekly.

Understand of His Latitude. He understood all about the sun and the moon and the stars and something about the weather. Indeed, he was popularly supposed to regulate this last, and his indication of probabilities was received as gospel by his admiring fellow citizens in a certain southern colony of Australia. He went to England for a well earned holiday.

He was shown over a celebrated fruit garden there. He was observed to be sniffing about as if something were amiss. They asked him what was the matter. "Well," he replied, "these fun-fun fellows have trained their peach trees against the south side of the wall to get the midday sun instead of against the north."—London Truth.

Did Anybody Ever try to start a newspaper here? asked the intellectual looking man with glasses. "Yes," answered Broncho Bill; "but it failed. The editor wouldn't tend to business." "Was he a disipated man?" "No; but he insisted on sitting at his desk with his back to the door when he ought to have been standing with a six shooter in his hand and his eye at a knothole."—Washington Star.

A Long Mile. The Swedish mile is the longest mile in the world. A traveler in Sweden in the north of the country is a mile from a desired point would better hire a horse, for the distance he will have to walk if he chose in his ignorance to adopt that mode of travel is exactly 11,700 yards.

"Cholly Chalk isn't a bit of use," sneered the girl who danced. "Indeed he is, then," said the hostess; "he has been sitting there hiding the tear in the sofa all the evening."—Chicago Daily News.

George—"And if things do not go well with us the first year, darling, I—pre-sume your father will not see us suffer!" Birdie (sighing)—"No, dear, poor papa's eye-s