

THE CENTRAL TIMES.

E. F. YOUNG, Manager.

"LIVE AND LET LIVE."

G. K. GRANTHAM, Local Editor.

DUNN, HARNETT CO., N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 21, 1891.

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Official Directory.

COURT HOUSE, DUNN, N. C.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

County Commissioners: J. M. ALLEN, J. W. WATSON, J. W. WATSON.

County Clerk: J. W. WATSON.

County Jailor: J. W. WATSON.

TOWN OFFICERS, DUNN, N. C.

Mayor: J. W. WATSON.

Town Clerk: J. W. WATSON.

Town Treasurer: J. W. WATSON.

ALLIANCE.

The County Alliance meets on the 2nd, 4th, 6th, 8th, 10th, 12th, 14th, 16th, 18th, 20th, 22nd, 24th, 26th, 28th, and 30th of each month.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

DUNN CIRCH.

Methodist Episcopal, Rev. J. P. PROGRAM, Pastor.

Presbyterian, Rev. J. P. PROGRAM, Pastor.

Baptist, Rev. J. P. PROGRAM, Pastor.

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"NOT AS I WILL."

Blindfolded and alone I stand
With unknown thoughts on each hand,
This darkness deepens as I grope,
Afrail to fear, afraid to hope,
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That doors are opened, wars are made,
Burdens are lifted or are laid,
By some great law unseen and still
Unfathomable purpose to fulfill,
"Not as I will."
Blindfolded and alone I wait,
Less seems too bitter, gain too late,
Too heavy burdens in the load,
And joy is weak and grief is strong,
And years and days so long, so long,
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That I am glad the good and ill
By changes law are ordered still,
"Not as I will."
"Not as I will," the sound grows sweet
Each time my lips the words repeat.
"Not as I will," the darkness feels
More safe than light when this thought steals
Like whispered voice to calm and bless
All unrest and loneliness.
"Not as I will," because the One
Who loved us first and best has gone
Before us on the road, and still
For us must all his love fulfill,
"Not as I will."
—Helen Hunt Jackson.

HERMIONE.

BY MARY E. MOFFAT.

The master of Briar Hedge Farm stood thoughtfully apart from the place where his young cousin was lavishing his hands and hands at the hydrant, which had been placed in the summer kitchen for the convenience of the men in the busy season.

"Some unpleasant thing had happened, or Guy Fellows's frank face would not have worn such a perplexed, uneasy look. At last he said, quietly:

"I wish to speak to you, Louis."

"Yes, Guy," answered Louis, in a startled voice; for Guy's manner was so unlike his usual one that it forboded trouble of some kind, though what it could be was a puzzle. Had he hurt himself or had his pet colt gone lame?

"Something unpleasant has happened. Hermione's bank-book is gone, and they tell me, at the bank, that the money was drawn yesterday by a man who had an order purporting to be signed by me."

"Either the officials at the bank are very careless, or the handwriting must have been a good imitation. Banks can't be much protection to the people depositing in them, if it is so easy to get another person's money out. It strikes me I won't patronize them much when my ship comes in."

"Forgery is difficult to be guarded against, Louis, and the name appended to the order is such a perfect facsimile of my autograph that I myself could not detect the difference. Is this your work?"

As Louis looked at the page of foolscap which was held toward him, and which was scribbled over with various names, among which was that of Guy Fellows, he first turned red and then pale. For Louis was very expert with his pen, and was always copying specimens of peculiar handwriting which fell in his way.

"Yes, it is mine," he said, with a brave effort to tell the truth, no matter what might be the consequences. For like a lightning flash he realized what danger was hanging over him—a worse one than was the fabled sword which had threatened Damocles in olden time, for that only menaced life, and this, at what did it not strike a blow? For an instant he stood as though dazed, looking blankly into Guy Fellows's troubled face, then he threw himself impulsively upon his knees before him.

"I see now. It looks badly, Cousin Guy, but don't judge me by appearances—judge me by what you know of me since we have been together. Do you think any one who knew her would have a hand in robbing Hermione? No, not even if he were an accomplished thief, far less a man whose only wealth lies in his good name?"

"I believe you, Louis, even in the face of evidence, which would convict you in a court of justice. I have felt all along that you were innocent; and see here."

As Guy Fellows spoke he held up the paper which had been given as an order for the money, and let Louis compare the brief form signed with his name with the practice-sheet which he had acknowledged as his work. Then he turned and lifting a lid from the cook-stove, put the dangerous document in and watched it catch fire and then burn to ashes.

Guy Fellows, although scarcely thirty-five, had already come into a fair inheritance by the death of his father. He was a practical farmer, and also what some people consider a visionary one. That is, he was always trying any new experiment which might come itself as an improvement upon old-fashioned ways.

Louis Carmichael was a second cousin, who had been taken under his protection after the death of his parents. He had been with him now about four years, and although somewhat dreamy and unpractical, had grown very dear to his generous kinsman.

Another inmate of the family was Hermione Allyn, the orphan ward of Guy Fellows. She was two years younger than Louis, but looked to be his equal in age, as he was slender and boyish-looking, while Hermione was of tall and stately proportions. But her playful ways, and merry, laughing face were still essentially child-like.

In his secret heart Louis cherished the hope that, some time in the far future, he might win her love, when he should have attained to fortune and fame. But Hermione was quite an heiress for a country-bred girl, and he was too proud to let her know of his love unless he could meet her upon equal ground.

Now, had Guy been less noble in his trusting generosity, Louis would have been crushed to the earth with shame.

As it was, it caused him to elevate his cousin into the hero of his life, and determine to repay him.

It was quite a long time before he had the desired chance, but it came at last. Guy, although wealthy, did not disdain to put his own shoulder to the wheel day after day and set his men a good example. None could lay a more regular swath of grass with the sickle in mowing time. No one could cut or bind than he. It was before the time when mowing and reaping machines took all the poetry out of harvesting, and Hermione was fond of making a visit to the scene of labor about luncheon time, carrying with her a pitcher brimming over with a cooling, non-stimulating beverage with which to quench the men's thirst.

Then, book in hand, she would seat herself under the shade of some friendly tree, and alternately read or note the movements of the actors in the busy scene before her.

One day in the height of the harvesting one of the men fell ill, and it chanced that a stranger came to the place and asked to be employed about the farm. He was a dark, unprepossessing man, with restless, uneasy ways and lowering, stealthy looks from his deep-set eyes; but Guy engaged him, thinking only of the inconvenience of being short-handed at the time.

After they had all set off for the fields a man drove up to the farm-house in hot haste, asking if a person of the stranger's description had been seen there; and upon receiving a reply in the affirmative he looked very much startled, and accused Hermione's blood to turn cold in her veins by explaining the cause of the uneasiness.

"He is an escaped lunatic, and nearly killed his keeper to make his way out of the mad-house. If his frenzy seizes upon him he will make a bloody record for himself before the day is over. Is any one here who can go and warn Mr. Fellows? It won't answer for me to be seen by him. He knows me and it would set him frantic to know that he had been followed. The only safety lies in not arousing his suspicions until a strait-jacket can be put upon him."

"I will go," said Hermione, unhesitatingly. "I would do anything to prevent such a tragedy!"

"Take this with you and give it to Mr. Fellows. It is a strait-jacket. Whisper the truth about the man to him, and tell him to watch his opportunity and take him by surprise."

She reached the place, and catching her guardian's eye, motioned him to come to her; and, in a few frightened whispers, told him the danger that threatened him.

Some instinct must have attracted the lunatic's attention and conveyed to his mind the idea that they were speaking of him; for, with a wild cry, he banished the scythe he held in his hand with threatening gestures and shouts of frenzied fury. Then he started toward them. Louis had stopped work a moment previous, and was about half-way between his cousin and the madman. Looking up, upon hearing the discordant cry, he saw at once that Guy's life was in danger, and, throwing himself directly in front of the madman, caught him about the waist and clung to him, making himself as much of a deadweight as possible. The swinging scythe described a mad circle in the air, and then descended upon Louis, giving him a fearful cut in the side. But by this time others had reached them, and the lunatic was overpowered by numbers and secured.

Louis, however, lay like one dead—prostrated by the shock, and with the blood pouring from his ghastly wound. Unless it could be stanchied at once he must bleed to death; but where were the cloths to apply to it before a messenger could be sent to the farm-house?

This question was soon answered. Hermione was dressed in a dainty gown of embroidered white linen, with a mantle of the same material over her shoulders. She tore this in pieces, and, kneeling by him, applied one after another to his wound as each in turn became wet with blood. Her white hands were colored crimson, and her dress was spotted with the same ensanguined hue; but she faltered not. She who had always before felt faint, even at the sight of blood, now unflinchingly played the part of surgeon until more skilled help could arrive.

In these terrible moments Hermione first learned her heart's secret. Without Louis the whole world would henceforth be as nothing to her.

For long days afterward the youth's life trembled in the balance, but at last his naturally strong constitution triumphed and he began to mend. Guy and Hermione were rarely absent from his bedside, and one day Louis surprised them by saying with a faltering voice, while his pale lips parted in a half smile:

"Cousin Guy, we are even. One good turn deserves another. You saved my reputation, and I rather think you would have been a dead man now if it hadn't been for me. It's worth one's while to earn a fellow's gratitude, isn't it?"

"What does he mean? Is his mind wandering?" asked Hermione, looking from one to the other with surprised eyes.

"He is thinking of the bank book you lost, Hermione. He was afraid I would connect him with the forgery on account of his fancy for copying signatures."

"What a silly boy! I would as soon imagine an angel from heaven could do such a thing as you Louis!" and Hermione took his poor, pale hand and kissed it, bright tears falling upon it as she did so, in spite of her efforts at self-control. "And I am sure Cousin Guy never once thought of it, did you?"

"If you did I would never forgive you!"

Guy smiled. Her indignation was so childishly impulsive that it took away the sting of her words. Then, too, he did not deserve it.

"Gently, Hermione," he said, "or you may hurt Louis's feelings. You won't hear Cousin Guy scolded, will you, boy?"

But Louis made no answer. He was for the moment oblivious of the presence or even of the existence of any one but Hermione. Her agitation had betrayed her secret to him, and he was so exultantly, recklessly happy that he recked not of anything outside of the one blissful fact that his love was returned by Hermione.

"I see. 'Tis the old, old story," said Guy, gravely but kindly; and he took Hermione's hand and placed it within Louis's, "and I will now leave you alone to settle matters between you, merely saying to you, Louis, that the Upland farm is yours, and that I shall secure to you the funds with which to carry it on successfully. As you said, a little while ago, 'One good turn deserves another,' and I thus prove the truth of the adage. You proved it previously in what was almost your death."

As soon as Louis was fully recovered, he and Hermione were married.

It was not until several years later that the truth about the lost bank-book came out. It had been left carelessly upon the library table, and a thief who had gained unobserved entrance to the house had stolen it, and at the same time had picked up one of Louis's practice-papers, thinking that it would serve to aid him in drawing the money, as he had a confederate who was handy enough with his pen to take advantage of the fac-simile to Guy Fellows's handwriting.—Fashion Bazar.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Don't Worry—Not an Extinct Race—Another Kind of Vehicle—Spite—A Good Reason, Etc., Etc.

Of trouble we must bear our part,
The wealthy and the poor;
Who has the grip and loses heart,
His grip is losing sure.

ANOTHER KIND OF VEHICLE.
"Did he leave in a coupe?" asked the judge of an amusing witness.

"No, your honor. He left in a huff," was the unexpected answer.—Detroit Free Press.

A GOOD REASON.
Customer—"Your ten cent shine isn't as good as your five cent one."
Bootblack—"I know it, sir; that's the reason I charge more. They injure my reputation."

NOT AN EXTINCT RACE.
Teacher—"Johnny, who was the prodigal son?"
Johnny—"Oh, that was the fellow who went away a dude and came back a tramp."—Puck.

HARD THINGS TO GUESS.
"Did you hear that Lynceod had painted a prize picture?"
"No."
"True. It's to be given as a prize to any one who guesses what it's about."—Philadelphia Times.

"ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE."
"Did you call on the Jamison last evening?"
"Yes."
"How did you find them?"
"Easily enough; I've been there before."—Kate Field's Washington.

A SAD VIEW OF IT.
Gillhooley—"This world is full of misery. The happiest man is the one who is never born."
Hostetter McGinnis—"Yes, but there isn't one in a million that has such a streak of luck."—Texas Siftings.

CUPID UNDER ARREST.
Mr. Pulliam (about to propose)—"Miss Sanford, I am now going to say what I wanted to say an hour ago. Can you not guess from my eyes what it is?"
Miss Sanford—"Do you mean 'good night'?" You look sleepy."—Epoch.

PERILS OF THE STREET.
"What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Mundy, poking her head out of her hat window and addressing the policeman.
"Matter enough," said he. "A piece of your angel cake fell on a man's head and we're waiting for the ambulance."—New York Sun.

MIGHT OBJECT.
Maud—"This book on 'health' says young girls who wish to have bright eyes and rosy cheeks should take a tramp through the woods each morning before breakfast."
Glady—"Suppose the tramp should object."—New York Herald.

A SURE SOURCE OF INFORMATION.
Wool—"Bronson has gotten himself into a nice scrape; taken a contract to build a sewer, and doesn't know the first thing about the work."
Van Pelt—"That's no matter; the loafers will who will hang around will tell him how it should be done."

SPITE.
George—"Miss Courtney, the girl I used to call on before we were engaged, will sit behind us at the theatre to-night."
Ethel—"Will she? Just wait a minute; I think my high hat is more becoming than this one."—Munsey's Weekly.

DREAMS VS. NIGHTMARES.
She—"Oh, by the way, Mr. Softbed, I dreamed of you last night."
He (complimented)—"How good of you! (fishing for more) what could have made you dream of me?"
She—"Oh, it was that lobster salad, I'm sure; it never does agree with me at night."

A FALLACIOUS FIGURE OF SPEECH.
Hardtack—"How are you getting along with your new clerk? Is he a good man?"
Clambake—"He works like a charm. Did you ever see a charm work?"
Hardtack—"I never did."
Clambake—"Well, that's him."—America.

TAKING NO RISKS.
Waiter—"I expect you to pay in advance."
Guest—"What do you mean, sir?"
Waiter—"No effort, sir, whatever; but the last gentleman who ate fish here got a bone in his throat and died without paying, and the boss took it out of my wages."—Chicago News.

HE WAS OUT OF ORDER.
Teacher—"Keep your hand down, John Billings; when I am ready, I will call upon you."
(Ten minutes later.)
"Now John Billings, I will hear what you have to say."
John Billings—"I only wanted to tell you that I need a tramp in der hallway book your gold headed umbrella."—Jeweler's Circular.

WHEN A WOMAN IS SILENT.
Charlie Knickerbocker—"What talkers women are! They never give a man a chance to get in a word edgewise."
Mr. Bondelipper—"Oh, yes they do."
Knickerbocker—"When, for instance?"
Bondelipper—"When they see a fellow trying to propose. They don't interrupt him then, if he is rich, until he has committed himself."—Texas Siftings.

THESE ARE QUEER FISH.

ODD SPECIMENS OF THE FINNY TRIBE IN NEW YORK MARKET.

"The Silver King"—A Fish That Sleeps on the Water—The Drum Fish—The Dudo of Fishes.

A great many new and odd fish occasionally come into Fulton Market. They feast the eyes rather than the stomach. Among them is the tarpon, the prince of the finny tribe in the tropic seas. He wears a shining armor and so is called "The Silver King." His weight is seldom less than fifty pounds and sometimes reaches 200. A small silver king is four and one-half feet long, and some stalwart specimens have been caught which measured six feet six inches.

Not long since a silver king was displayed on Commissioner Blackford's stand in Fulton Market, to the dismay of people who tell fish stories. He weighed 105 pounds and was almost six feet in length. His body was enveloped by an argon coat of mail made up of brilliant scales. He looked like a fish that had been silver-plated. Ladies came to get these scales to have them set by jewelers, with a view of wearing them as ornaments. Indeed, the fair sex is wont to make this ethereal use of the glittering scales of this beautiful fish, and to wear them as bangles, necklaces and charms. The scales of the silver king thus have a commercial value and bring more than his flesh. He is the only known fish that is worth more to wear than to eat. The haunt of the silver king is the coast of Florida. At present he is the delight of the sportsman.

Another odd fish, sometimes brought to Fulton Market in a fishing smack, is the "Jew fish." It is almost as big as a young whale, and has a mouth as big as a washbasin. Some of them weigh more than 600 pounds. It is yellow or amber in color, and is mottled with dark brown spots. Its lateral fins are larger than an elephant's ears. At first sight it would not seem to be good to eat. Yet this fish is edible, when young is rich and well-flavored, like black bass. It is caught off the coast of Florida and in the West Indies. It has the peculiarity, unusual in fish, of sometimes falling into a doze or falling asleep on the surface of the water. On these occasions of somnolence it is frequently taken like a cork and thus captured. The largest one ever brought to Fulton Market weighed 135 pounds.

A sub-tropical fish which has become very popular in New York in the past few years is the pompano. It is caught in the Gulf of Mexico and shipped from Pensacola to this city. It favorite haunt is the east coast of Florida. The pompano is a delicious fish and tastes somewhat like a Spanish mackerel. In explanation of this, it may be said that the fish served in ordinary restaurants as Spanish mackerel is not Spanish mackerel at all, but a venerable, moss-grown and tough species of fish, sometimes facetiously called "horse mackerel." The pompano is very short and very fat. It has a smooth skin and is a dark steel color. The pompano as it flashes through the waters of the Gulf of Mexico, shows sapphire and emerald, and topaz and silver. It is a deep-water fish and likes to keep near the bottom, where it can feed on shell-fish.

A channel bass may now and then be seen in Fulton Market. It is a brilliant golden red in color, and is the iridescent dream of all the fish that swim. It is one of the many beautiful and brilliant fish that come from the sub-tropics. It is a good fish to eat, but it is like orchids and roses, better for adorning the table. It is the Oscar Wilde of the funny world, the courtier of the court of Neptune, the dandy of mermaids' grottoes.

An occasional visitor who comes to Fulton Market to pay his compliments to Fish Commissioner Blackford is the crevalle. It rejoices in the picturesque names of Crevalle Jack, Yellow Jack and Amber Jack. Its color is usually the delicate amber of lager beer. It is a little larger than the average pompano, and like the latter, is a short, plump fish.

The drum fish sometimes manages to drum its way into the market. It sometimes weighs as much as eighty pounds. Its forte is music. A school or musical academy of drum fish will sometimes proceed up a river, drumming like a New York drum corps, and leading the fishermen to think that an invading army is approaching. This drumming is a peculiar noise which the fish makes under water.—New York Journal.

Hail in Europe.
The record of injury from hail in Wurtemberg for sixty years (1828-87) has been investigated by Herr Buhler. The yearly average of days with hail is found to be thirteen, July having the largest number of any month and June the next. About 0.92 per cent. of the cultivated land was affected, damage being done to the extent of \$600,000. Of seventeen hail storm paths made out, one very often taken is from Scheer to Ulm on the Danube, forty-five miles long and ten wide. The paths are all connected with the configuration of the ground. Slopes with a western exposure suffer more than those with an eastern, while plains are much less affected than hilly ground. No evidence appears of increase in the fall of hail in the course of decades, and the much mentioned influence of forests is much mentioned in Trenton (N. J.) American.

Darwin Always Dodged.
Darwin used to go into the Zoological Gardens in London, and, standing by the glass-case containing the cobra di capello, put his forehead against the glass while the cobra struck out at him. The glass was between them; Darwin's mind was perfectly convinced as to the inability of the snake to harm him; yet he would always dodge. Time after time he tried it, his will and reason keeping him there, his instinct making him dodge. The instinct was stronger than both will and reason.—Argonaut.

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