

PEOPLE AND SUBJECTS, AS BEEN TALKED ABOUT IN OUR EXCHANGES, GET ADDITIONAL ADVERTISING.

Feeling Himself Out of Danger, the Editors Make Some Comments and Observations.

How many people attend church merely to see?

That Dr. Grissom was hunting for Dr. Rogers is a mistake.

Drone bees die at the age of four months. Human drones are always...

There is a trust on barbed wire. The motto? They'll tackle a...

South Carolina grants no divorce. When they get tired of each other the State says "hold on."

Tanner, tannation and tannerize will probably find their way into the dictionary. At any rate they are quite significant terms.

There are over 3,000 spoken languages in the world, and out of all humanity you can't find one man that uses a single one correctly.

The freest and cheapest thing on earth is advice. If humanity would receive it all and act upon it what a miserable world this would be!

When one man kills another is he more of a murderer than when one hundred or more men, in defiance of law, society and church, join in and put to death a man?

The Americans have a sore weakness of meeting trains and calling out for some distinguished son who happens to be on board—all for a speech. Sometimes it is not so pleasant.

A scientist says that in ten years the English sparrows will do more damage than is done by all the rats, cut-worms, crows, blackbirds, rabbits, hawks, fleas, moths or floods. Now is this not awful!

Possibly nothing has ever occurred that received the benefit of so much exaggeration as the Johnstown flood. They have the number of lives lost down to about 2,800. Things don't increase every time.

A bishop up in Pittsburg advises young ministers not to read newspapers. That bishop ought to be bottled and exhibited through the country. It helps young preachers to learn something about the world, a condition that all are not guilty of.

It is said from "way back" that it is not prudent "to eat a big supper." Why is it that a baby sleeps so well after its stomach has been choked full? Personally we have not observed it, but those that have "got there" say this is the way the baby does.

The United States uses about 300,000,000 pounds of soap annually, or an average of 54 pounds to each man, woman and child. We lead the world. Probably Ohio and Virginia will make it necessary to raise these figures. It takes a lot of soap to clean up the dirt and filth that Forsker and Mahone make.

A lady physician asserts that it is injurious to the spines of children to "spank" them. We know but little about the spines of children, but it strikes us that that doctor knows a mighty little about the "usual way of whipping children." At any rate, if the mothers of this country would let up on this important and useful feature of household duties for about twenty years there would be a big demand for hemp.

What's the matter? In Burke county a white man, against whom there was but little evidence, was lynched; in Davidson county a man shot his mother-in-law and the officers promised to protect him, but he was lynched; in Marion a fellow shoots another down in the dark in cold blood and the jury acquits him and the audience applauds; in Raleigh an ex-priest was tried for his life, convicted and sentenced to be hanged—this some say is unwarranted by the testimony. Is it not time that these things are receiving more earnest and sober thought? Lynch law is wrong! Let the manhood of the State and the press stem the tide of this awful and dangerous practice.

Witness: Well, I will sir, if you will let me.

Chops: Well, sir, go on.

Witness: Well, sir, Captain Rice he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dillard she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she moutn't go—

Chops: There it is again. Witness, please to stop.

Witness: Well, sir, what do you want?

Chops: We want you to tell about the fight, and you must not proceed in this impertinent story. Do you know anything about the matter before the court?

Witness: To be sure I do.

Chops: Well, go on and tell it, and nothing else.

Witness: Well, Captain Rice he gin a treat—

Chops: This is intolerable. May it please the Court, I move that this witness be committed for a contempt; he seems to be trifling with this court.

Court: Witness, you are now before a court of justice, and unless you behave yourself in a more becoming manner, you will be sent to jail; so begin and tell us what you know about the fight at Captain Rice's.

Witness, [alarmed] Well, gentlemen, Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dillard—

Chops: I hope the witness may be ordered into custody.

Court [after deliberating]: Mr. Attorney, the Court is of the opinion that we may save time by telling witness to go in his own way. Proceed, Mr. Harris, with your story, but stick to the point.

Witness: Yes, gentlemen. Well, Captain Rice, he gin a treat and cousin Sally Dillard she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she mout go? I told cousin Sally Dillard that my wife she was poorly, being as how she had the rheumatics in the hip, and the big swamp was up; but howsomever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dillard, my wife she mout go. Well, cousin Sally Dillard then axed me if Mose he moutn't go. I told cousin Sally Dillard as how Mose—he was the foreman of the crap, and the crap was smartly in the grass—but howsomever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dillard, Mose he mout go. So they goes on together Mose, my wife, and cousin Sally Dillard, and they come to the big swamp, and it was up, as I was telling you; but being as how there was a log across the big swamp, cousin Sally Dillard and Mose, like gentle folks, they walked the log; but my wife, like a darned fool, hoisted her coats and waded through. And that's all I know about the fight.

Identifying Mr. Johnson. New York Sun.]

"Is there a Mr. Johnson in this car?" call the conductor, as he entered a coach on a Lehigh Valley Train and held up a telegram to view.

"There is!" replied three men in chorus, as they rose up.

"But this dispatch is for John Johnson."

"That's me!" replied two of them while the third looked relieved and sat down.

"Which of you is married?" continued the conductor.

"I am!" both answered.

"Well, I think this dispatch relates to the birth of twins at home, and is congratulatory."

"That lets me out, thank heaven!" exclaimed one Johnson, as he sat down to wipe his brow, while the other flushed red and white for a moment, and then received the dispatch.

A Joke on the Doctors. People like to joke about doctors until they get sick, and then they change their tune. But not so with a certain old lady, ninety years old, who recently died in Fontainebleau, in France. Her will contained this provision:

"I leave to my physician, whose enlightened care and wise prescriptions have made me live so long, all that is contained in the old oaken chest that is in my bedroom." The heirs were much distressed, for they foresaw a material diminution of their share of the property. The fortunate and expectant physician at length arrived. The notary delivered to him the key to the chest. It was opened, and found to contain solely all the drugs and potions, still intact, which the worthy physician had given his patient for twenty years back.

When young men and old ones too, go out to sow their wild oats they usually mix a little old rye in also.

POETRY.

THE OLD PRESSMAN.

Edward A. Oldham, in Drake's Magazine.

Yes, boss, dey's got de power-press, engine en' b'iler, too.

En' in de twinkle ob yer eye, dey runs de paper froo.

De ole han'-press dey's sot orside, dey sez hit wor too slow.

En' now dis nigger's los'er job, en' don't stan' any show.

Hit kinder mecks me sorter sad ter see dat ole mercheen

Er h'istled out de way becase hit ain't so new en' clean.

Dat press en' me was monstrous friends, we know'd each adker well.

En' ef hit had er tongue ter talk dar's many er tale twould tell.

I ax no nigger any odds dat eber pulled er press.

Case I could work de friaker, boss, so fas' yer couldn't res!

En' as de sweet roll down mer face, I'd open mer mouf en' sing

Dem good ole songs ob slavery days, dat ole-time membrane bring.

'Bout twenty years ago de war ole marse-ter brought dat press.

En' ebery week 'twixt den en' now hit's done hits level bes'.

'Cep' one week in de winter time dis nigger wuzn't dar.

"En' whar wuz I dat time?" yo' ax.

Well, boss, I'll tell yo' whar.

Yo' see dat clump o' pines out dar, jes' fore yo' gits ter town?

Dar's whar I wuz dat wintry day, en' dat's de barnyard's groun'.

Twuz Patsy, mer old man, sar, wid hands crossed on her breast.

En dat's de only time I knowd she eber stopped ter rest.

"Consin Sally Dillard."

RICHEST NORTH CAROLINA SKETCH EVER WRITTEN.

A beardless disciple of Themis rises, and thus addresses the court:

May it please your Worship, and you, Gentlemen of the Jury, since it has been my fortune (good or bad, I will not say) to exercise myself in legal disquisitions, it has never fallen me to be obliged to prosecute so direful, marked and malicious an assault—a more willful, violent, dangerous battery—and finally, a more diabolical breach of the peace, has seldom happened in a civilized country; and I dare say it has seldom been your duty to pass upon one so shocking to benevolent feelings, as this which took place over at Captain Rice's, in this county. But you will hear from the witness.

The witness being sworn, two or three were examined and deposed. One said that he heard the noise, and did not see the fight; another that he saw the row, but didn't know who struck first; and a third that he was very drunk, and couldn't say much about the skirmish.

Lawyer chops: I am sorry, gentlemen, to have occupied your time with the stupidity of the witness examined. It arises, gentlemen, altogether from misapprehension on my part. Had I known, as now I do, that I had a witness in attendance who is well acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, and who was able to make himself clearly understood by the court and jury, I should not so long have trespassed on your time and patience. Come forward, Mr. Harris, and be sworn.

So forward comes the witness, a fat, shuffy old man, a "lettie" corned, and took his oath with an air.

Chops: Harris, we wish you to tell all about the riot that happened the other day at Captain Rice's; and as a good deal of time has already been wasted in circumlocution, we wish you to be compendious, and at the same time as explicit as possible.

Harris: Adzactly (giving the lawyer a knowing wink, and at the same time clearing his throat). Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dillard, she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she moutn't go. I told cousin Sally Dillard that my wife was poorly, being as how she had a touch of the rheumatics in the hip, and the big swamp was up, for there had been a heap of rain lately; but howsomever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dillard, my wife she mout go. Well, cousin Sally Dillard then axed me if Mose he moutn't go. I told cousin Sally Dillard that Mose he was the foreman of the crap, and the crap was smartly in the grass; but howsomever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dillard, Mose he mout go—

Chops: In the name of common sense, Mr. Harris, what do you mean by this rignarole?

Witness: Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dillard she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she moutn't go? I told cousin Sally Dillard—

Chops: Stop, sir, if you please; we don't want to hear anything about your cousin Sally Dillard and your wife. Tell us about the fight at Rice's.

Letter from South America.

MOLINO DEL CARCARANA, PROVINCE DE SANTA FE, ARGENTINE REPUBLIC, SOUTH AMERICA, September 1st, 1889.

Messrs. Editors: Will you be kind enough to allow me space in your valuable paper for a short letter from this far-off country? I have been solicited both by THE STANDARD and numerous friends to write articles for your paper, but lack of time always seemed to be the object in the way. I shall make one effort; if I fail I shall try again. I am at a loss as to how to begin. In this glorious Republic everything is done in a different way from what it is done at home. The laws are different, and the customs of the people are different, and there is a general difference all around. But, however, we must get accustomed to these differences, and to do so you must fall into the customs of the country as soon as you can, and once used to them, you do not think them so bad. As the old adage goes, "When you are in Rome do as Rome does." I say, do as Rome does to a certain extent. Rome had some very bad customs, but we shall say no more about Rome, as it is too ancient, and I think everything has been said about it that could be said, both good and bad and indifferent. So I shall confine this article to the little town of Carcarana, in which I live.

Its population is chiefly composed of natives, and numbers about one thousand five hundred souls. We have natives, Italians, Germans, Swiss, English and a few pilgrims from North America. The biggest institution is the Molino del Carcarana, which does a business of about two millions of dollars per year; not so bad for a frontier town. The next is a creamery of considerable magnitude, owned by one of the partners of the mill, which handles eight tons of milk per day. I shall give more details further on about this creamery.

Probably this town has not the boom that Concord has, but she will get there all the same. I think we can boast of having one of the finest residences in this Province, and is an ornament to the town. The actual cost is \$200,000. We have many residences costing from \$10,000 to \$25,000. The next thing is stores and saloons. Of the former we have only three and of the latter we have thirty-nine. As a rule the natives are not inclined to be drunkards. When they go to a saloon it is to take a glass of wine or caiva (native liquor) and take a sip, and all pass out on the sidewalk and have a long talk, and then go back and have another talk. Once and awhile you see one drunk and disorderly, but this is the exception not the rule. The native is not a lazy being, but I think he has been born tired and has never got rested. I have often thought he must have had some lessons from our Southern "coons."

The next thing is the dogs. All the dogs which I ever saw in my life put together would not equal the number in this town. I will vouch that there are more dogs by five hundred in this town than there are human beings. In the summer time it is a caution to go up town at night and see the big yellow ones lying on the sidewalk as though they owned the town. The best place is in the middle of the street in this case.

I mentioned that I would give you something more about the creamery. In this article I will give the Calarun dairymen some idea of a native dairyman of this country. It would be quite a novelty to see how the thing is done. First a man goes out on horseback and lassos a cow, brings her up and fastens her to a post. The next thing to be done is to fasten her legs with a strap; then the native sits down and milks more or less, (generally less) with the cow flopping about like a wild animal, and then another is brought up and so on. I will state how churning was done in this country up to within a quarter of a century. A man living out in the country who made butter to sell never thought of a churn. He took a pig skin and sewed it up, and put his cream into it, tied a long rope to it and then tied the other end to the horn of his saddle and sneaked it into town, and when he got there he had his butter all churned. He then dished it out to his customers with a spoon. Now all who think this is an Arabian nights story can take passage down here and see for himself.

As I receive many papers from the United States I see many articles about spiritualists, faith cures and temperance advocates. I cannot help but think this country offers un-

paraleled inducements to specialists in any one of these different hobbies.

In the first two cases the people are just about ignorant and superstitious enough to make good subjects. In the other case the question is not worn threadbare, as a temperance lecture has never been heard of in this country; hence an earnest advocate of the cause would likely make a ten strike with the first ball. Probably in fifty years a temperance party may spring up. Quinn Saba!

At this writing we are just emerging into beautiful spring. The peach blooms and gardening is the order of the day. Wheat is looking fine for the season of the year. Harvest will be on hand in December. All wheat is worth \$2.25 per bushel, flour sells at \$20; patent, \$18; baker's, \$17—low grade. Gold is at a premium of \$1.85.

I will write once and awhile for your paper. Yours truly,

G. T. CROWELL.

Pretty Good.

Greenview Reflector.]

Heigho! What's this? Spell and see. T-h-e R-a-l-e-i-g-h S-i-g-n-a-l.

The Raleigh Signal! Yes. Well, turn it over. Who's the editor? J. C. L. Harris. Who, Loge? Yes, Loge. Why, ain't he the same fellow that used to run it? The very same. And he stopped his paper as soon as Harrison was inaugurated and went to running after the President trying to get a Government position? Exactly. And he wanted to be first one thing and then another? Just so. And didn't he get in the nest at all? Didn't even get a feather. Umph! Well, what's he up to now? Trying to get the North Carolina Rads to take care of him until there is another Republican administration, and then try his hand on the Government again.

What's Loge going to give 'em to take care of him? Oh, he'll send them a dirty, grumbling sheet once a week. He will, eh? What's this first one got to say? Says "The Signal is not to be an administration paper." Guess not, when it wouldn't give him anything. "It will not be blind to the mistakes of President Harrison." Precisely, and he thinks the biggest mistake the President made was in not giving him the Raleigh Postoffice. Go on. "We shall approve that which conforms to our judgment, and shall criticize or condemn that which our judgment disapproves." He is getting high there. Of course he don't approve anything now that the President has "sat down on him." What else? "We wear no man's collar." What! Harrison didn't even give him a few old collars? Guess they are too large. Poor Loge, he got left bad. Good day, I'll call again.

A Wonderful Press.

N. Y. Cor. Orphans Friend.]

With all the material progress which has been made in this age of labor-saving and wonderful devices, I doubt if there is any other machine which has been brought to greater perfection than the printing press. I am led to this remark by the fact that a most wonderful specimen of the printing press has just been completed for one of the leading papers in this city. In order to convey an idea of its perfection and superiority it may be proper to state, for the benefit of those not in the printing line, that all newspapers of large circulation are now printed from stereotype plates on presses which are fed by one continuous roll of paper. These presses are called the "perfecting" or "web" press, in contradistinction to the slower ones, which are called "cylinder." They print both sides of the paper at once, the web going over one set of plates and under another set. They are intended for rapid work rather than fine. They are unfitted for printing illustrations except of a very rough kind. The fine work, such as is done on Harper's Weekly or Frank Leslie's must be done from copper-faced electrotypes on cylinder presses. An ordinary "cylinder" press will print about 1,200 or 1,500 copies an hour; a "web" press will print as many thousand in the same length of time. This much being understood, an idea can now be given of the superiority of the new press above referred to. It is fed from three rolls of paper all at once, requires forty-eight plates (each the size of a page) and prints 180,000 four-page papers an hour. Each copy is cut, pasted and folded, and the machine will print a paper of any size from two to forty-eight pages. It is twenty-three feet long and ten feet wide, and cost the snug fortune of \$100,000.

A new lens will show 1-204,700,000 of an inch.

Very few English novel-writers are better known on this side of the Atlantic Ocean than Mrs. Alexander, and we dare say our lady readers will be pleased to see the portrait of one who so often has given them pleasure. Alexander is only a non de

plume assumed by her before she was sure of her literary success. Her real name is Mrs. W. Hector. She is already a middle-aged lady, with a rather heavy face, and looks more like a good, homely housewife than a woman who is able to draw upon her imagination for any amount of difficult characters such as we find in her novels. Her most successful works of fiction are "Her Dearest Work," "The Wooing O. T." and "Ralph Wilton's Heir."

Sir Edwin Arnold, in an account of his voyage to America, which appears in the London Daily Telegraph, says: "Every day we see playing round the ship and skimming up and down the wave hollows companies of lovely little terns and sea swallows, the latter no larger than thrushes. These fearless people of the waste have not by any means followed us from the land, living, as gulls often will, on the waste thrown from the vessel. They are vague and casual roamers of the ocean, who, spying the great steamship from afar, have sailed close up, to see if we are a rock or an island, and will then skim away again on their own free and boundless business. Yonder tiny bird, with purple and green plumage, his little breast and neck laced with silver, is distant 1,000 miles at this moment from a drop of fresh water, and yet cares no more for that fact than did the Irish squire who lived twelve miles from a lemon." If his wings ever grow weary, it is but to settle quietly on the bosom of a great billow and suffer it for a time to rock and roll him amid the hissing spindrift, the milky flying foam, and the broken sea-lace which foams and gleams, and disappears again upon the dark slopes. When he pleases, a stroke of the small red foot and a beat of the wonderful wing launch him off from the jagged edge of his billow, and he flirts past us at 100 knots an hour, lunging steam and canvas to scorn, and steering for some nameless crag in Labrador or Fundy, or bound, it may be, homeward for some island or marsh of the far-away Irish coast. Marvelously expressive of power as is our untiring engine, which all day and night throbs and pants and pulses in noisy rhythm under the deck, what a clumsy, imperfect affair it is compared to the dainty plumes and delicate muscles which will carry that pretty, fearless sea-swallow back to his roost!

Not Generally Known.

Statesville Landmark.]

A New York paper states that Tammany Hall offered to make ex-President Cleveland its candidate for Congress in the ninth district of that city to succeed the late Hon. S. S. Cox, but that Mr. Cleveland declined. This suggests some facts which may be new to our readers. Mr. Cleveland is not a resident of the ninth Congressional district of New York, and neither was Mr. Cox who represented it. It is our impression that Mr. Randall is not a citizen of the Philadelphia district which he represents in the House. There is no requirement in the constitution that a congressman must reside in the district from which he is elected. He must live in the State, but other than this there is no requirement as to residence. It is not at all uncommon in the North, we think, and particularly in the cities, for a member of Congress to live in one district and represent another.

A short time ago a lady, the first of her sex, graduated in medicine in Mexico. As an appropriate compliment her fellow-students of the other sex got up an amateur bullfight in honor of the occasion.

Doctor's Bill in China.

We have hardly begun to realize how much we have yet to learn from the Chinese in science and general economy. Chinese economy, even to the figures written on a laundry package, often works backward, on the theory that the converse of every great truth must itself be true. But the inverted method is often the soundest. We Occidentals only pay our doctors when we are sick, and sometimes not even then. The Celestial method, as shown by the example of the emperor of China, is to pay the doctor only when he is well. As soon as the emperor is sick, it is a notification to his physicians that their salary is cut off till he is perfectly well again. The passionate zeal with which the regulators go to work to get his majesty back where their salaries will begin, is something astounding. The result is that the emperor is about the healthiest man standing on this planet, and his physicians seldom lose a day's salary. With us, unfortunately, our interests and those of our physicians are diametrically opposed. Were the latter to act on purely business principles, and adopt the well-known motto that "business is business," we should none of us see a well day from January to December. The Chinese method is worth studying. We recommend a statute providing that all regular physicians shall be compelled to practice on the Chinese plan, which has worked such marvelous results in the land of Wun Lung.

Origin of Lynch Law.

Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

It is not generally known that the term "lynch law" originated in Campbell county, Va., before the revolutionary war. At that period the country was thinly settled and was infested with Tories and desperadoes—too many of them, apparently, for the local authorities to adequately punish. Col. Charles Lynch, a distinguished officer of the revolutionary army, undertook to rid his country of the outlaws, and having organized a force, arrested the outlaws, and having satisfied himself and comrades of the guilt of the accused, executed them without reference to the constituted authorities. While not altogether approving of a desperate remedy for a desperate case, the beneficial effect of Col. Lynch's action was recognized, and has since been known as "Lynch's law," or "Lynch law." Col. Lynch's brother gave his name to Lynchburg, and left a son who was subsequently Governor of Louisiana.

He Kissed Me.

Here is an educational incident: A girl being told to parse the sentence "He kissed me," consented reluctantly, because opposed to speaking of private affairs in public. "He," she commenced, with unnecessary emphasis, and a fond lingering over the word that brought crimson to her cheeks, "is a pronoun, third person, singular number, masculine gender; a gentleman pretty well fixed; universally considered a good catch. Kiss is a verb, transitive—too much so; regular—every evening; indicative mood—indicating affection; first and third persons, plural number and governed by circumstances. Me—oh, everybody knows me," and down she went.

DRINKING BEFORE BREAKFAST.

Professor Leuf says: In the morning the stomach contains a considerable quantity of mucus spread over and adherent to its walls. If food enters at this time, the tenacious mucus will interfere to some extent with the direct contact between the food and the stomach necessary to provoke the secretion of gastric juice. A glass of water taken before breakfast passes through the stomach into the small intestines in a continuous and uninterrupted flow; it partly distends the stomach, stretching and to some extent obliterating the rugae; it thins and washes out most of the tenacious mucus; it increases the fullness of the capillaries of the stomach, directly if the water is warm and indirectly in a reactionary way if it is cold; it causes peristalsis of the alimentary tract, wakes it up (so to speak), and gives it a morning exercise and washing. Care must be taken not to give cold water when the circulation, either local or general, is so feeble as to make reaction improbable. We should not risk it in advanced age nor in the feeble, whether young or old, nor should it be given in local troubles like chronic gastric catarrh. In these cases it is best to give warm or hot water. The addition of salt is very beneficial.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Full of Life.

Read Them. They Will Do You Good And Make You Grow.

The amateur photographer has very taking ways.

Nothing will sooner make a person hot as cold treatment.

The man who resolves to quit drinking must be in sober earnest.

When a man "gives himself away" he naturally loses his self-possession.

Like many a young man, nature begins her fall by painting things red.

It is very difficult to find a key to success that will work without a clique.

Many who teach the young idea how to shoot, apparently don't know that it's loaded.

There is no full stop to the furnace in cold weather. It always requires the colon.

The woman who declares she wouldn't marry the best man on earth often picks out one of the worst ones.

The Pan-Americans are holding their congress now, but the congress of hard pan Americans is always in session.

An absolute vacuum has never been attained. It can exist only in your mind.

The watch trust is said to be breaking up. It is time. A great many other trusts, by the way, need watching.

If we didn't have any rent to pay, and didn't need to eat anything in this world, what fine clothes we all might wear!

Smokeless powder is all right, but the ends of science will not be achieved until some one produces a smokeless cigarette.

Marry your sweetheart on her birthday, if you can, young man. It will save you money every year in anniversary presents.

"Wives should never conceal anything from their husbands," says a writer. But women will persist in having pockets in their dresses.

There are heavy-weight champions and light-weight champions, but no one has yet succeeded in beating the grocer in the short-weight class.

"You seem at home here," remarked a man at the postoffice to the postmaster. "Yes," replied the latter, "this is my stamping ground."

"The City of Paris, I hear, consumes more coal than any other ship." Jones—"That's a mistake." Smith—"What ship beats it, then?" Jones—"Courtship."

Trusts, just now, are being squeezed. This is one reason why, in despite of pessimistic warnings, the average young man continues to put his trust in lovely woman.

You cannot always tell by the size of the number of a man's check how rich he is. It isn't what he draws out of the bank, but what he lets stay in, that may interest his creditors.

Mr. Closeball—"Do you know that I've induced Mr. Closeball to give up cigars?" Dovelail—"Really? Why, I've known him for ten years and I never saw him give up one yet."

He was innocent—"Uncle Rastus, were the chickens you stole last night fat?" "De man wat says I stole 'em breaks the truff all up. Dey wuz de poorest fowls I eber saw, boss."

"What are you doing now, Gus?" said one young man about town to another. "Oh, I write for a living." "On the daily press?" "No; I write to father about twice a month for a remittance."

Mrs. Pancake (to tramp)—"Well, what do you want?" Tramp—"Here mum, is der pie I stol of yer window yesterday. There may be two or three teeth stickin' in it, but otherwise 'tain't hurt any."

Wife—"James, do you know that you are a very small man?" Husband—"How ridiculous! I am nearly six feet in height." Wife—"That makes no difference; whenever I ask you for money to go shopping you are always short."