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ENTERTAINING HER BIG SISTER'S BEAU.

BY BRET HARTE.

*My sister'll be down in a minute, and says you'r to wait if you please and says I might stay till she came, if I'd promise

never to tease, sense, for how would you know

What she told me to say, if I didn't? Don't you ready and truly think so?

*And then you'd feel strange here alone! and yo wouldn't know just where to sit;

For that chair dan't strong on its legs, and 'we never use it a bit. We keep it to match the sofa. But Jack says it

would be just like you To flop yourself right down upon it and knock out

" S'pose you try? I won't tells You're afraid to! O! you're afraid they would think it was mean! Well, then, there's the album-that's pretty, if your fingers are clean . For sister says sometimes I daub it; but she only

There's her picture. You know it? It's like her but she ain't as good-looking, of course! "This is me. It's the best of 'ere all. Now, tell me,

says that when she's cross.

you'd never have thought That once I was little as that? It's the only one that could be bought-For that was the message to pa from the photograph

That he wouldn't print off any more till he first got his money for that, "What? May be you're tired of waiting. Why,

often she's longer than this, There's all her back hair to do up and all her front

But it's nice to be sitting here talking like grown people, just you and me. Do you think you'll be coming here often? Oh, do!

But don't come like Tom Lee. "Tom Lee? Her last beau. Why, my goodness! He used to be here day and night,

Till the folks thought he'd soon be her husband and Jack says that gave him a fright You won't run away then as he did? for you're not a rich man, they say; Pa says you're as poor as a church-mouse. Now

are you?? And how poor are they? "Ain't you glad that you met me? Well, I am; for

I know your hair isn't red. But what there's left of it's mousy, and not what that naughty Jack said. But there! I must go. Sister's coming. But I wish

I could wait, just to see If she ran up to you and kissed you in the way that

NIXIE.

Nobody would take little Nixie Markham for a heroine, nor would one suppose that the little quiet figure possessed enough nerve to save hundreds of lives by her prompt action, but this was the way of it: It was a hot summer afternoon, and the most absolute quiet reigned over the little railroad station of Parkertown, up in Northern New England, on these sweltering July days. Not even the customary loafers were around, and only at train-time was there any show of life.

The down train was due at 5:20, but, until then, as the sensational storywriters say, "all was quiet as the grave."

Nixie was the station agent's daughter and only child. She was 15, although so small she looked some three years younger, and was usually as quiet as a mouse-"not much zip to her," the country folks said. In spite of the current opinion, however, she had, except the small portion of time which the little country town set apart for the social season, spent nearly all the time in the ticket office with her father, either reading the few books and papers that came in her way, or "unbeknown" to her father, picking up, letter by letter and word by word, the sounds of the Morse instrument; and, finally, one day she astonished her father by taking a telegram by sound, giving him a neat

From that day Nixie was installed as telegraph operator, and the indulgent father often said "Nick could run that office jest as well as he could himself"which, considering that Mr. Markham was considered by the boys "a plug operator." might be a doubtful compli-

Well, on this particular afternoon we are talking about, the aforesaid "plug" sauntered into the depot with trouble enthroned on his majestic brow.

"Nick, I'm summoned on a jury case up to the Centre village this afternoon. It's too late to get anybody here, even s'posing there was anybody to get. What are we going to do about it? S'pose you can tend the concern alone till I get back—probably by 6?"

"I guess so, father," replied Nixie; "there won't be much of anything to do. Likely there won't be many passengers for the down train this hot day, and I hope I know enough to sell a ticket or two, if there are."

"Well, see that those boxes go by express. The way-bills are ready and in the drawer-guess you'll get along all right"-and off he went, leaving Nixie mistress of the situation-which phrase meant more than you might imagine on that was a calar day.

At first shefelt her newly-acquired importance somewhat, and stepped around briskly, dusting the musty little office, and watering the few plants in the window, but, there being absolutely nothing to do, she dropped into inactivity and listened to the click of the telegraph instruments, which to her was as companionable as the talk of near friends would be. As the afternoon passed drowsily along the heat and stillness overcame her, and, dropping her faxen head on the desk before her, she was soon-as one of the good old ladies

The Mountain Banner.

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of Parkerstown was wont to express it-"in the arms of Morphine."

Afterward, the first thing she could remember about it, a voice seeming to come from her dreams said: "'Tain't likely she's left here alone, and asleep:

"No," responded another evil voice. "the old man's prob'ly around somewhere-but," in a lower tone, "come on, let's go 'long. The down train'll be along, and we'll lay 'em out."

Nixie was wide-awake enough now. but she had presence of mind in her small body, and realized that safety lay in keeping still.

"How fur is it up there?"

"Sh! Keep mum. Do you want to knock the hull thing in the head, and vourself, too?" and then the girl's quickened hearing caught the sound of heavy | was too much for poor Nixie and she footsteps passing by the window and on up the track.

Nixie waited until she couldn't hear the foot-steps, and then cautiously turned and looked out of the window. There they were-two miserable-looking tramps hastening up the track. She recognized them at once as two men who had been discharged from a construction train that had been at work down the road. What should she do! Oh! if she could send for her father? | ceed, and many kind hands pressed her But there was no one anywhere near, in farewell while the conductor left and beside, by the time he could get home it might be too late -for it was ev- train left, saying, "You are the bravest ident that the desperate wretches were little woman in the State." bent upon revenging themselves of their | Not until she had been in the office a looked at the clock. Half-past 4! She ran out and looked around the lonely station. No one living in sight. She called once, feebly-but where was the use. If she sent for her father she had look at the packet. Then she read a no tangible explanation to give or real reason to make him hurry home-only she was sure there was harm coming to friends she so bravely saved Aug. 23, the down-train-that long, crowded ex-

bank notes. she must do someting. "Oh, papa! now you can pay off the The men had disappeared around a mortgage on the house," cried Nixie, slight bend in the track. Nixie ran in. and the father said : locked up the office, snatching a har "I declare, Nick, you get higher from a nail in the corner, and then hurwages as agent than I do !" ried up the track until she arrived at the The Superintendent of the Q. & L. slight curve. Then she "made haste more slowly," for there were the men. Stepping behind a clump of bushes she watched them. They had stopped and

press filled with mountain tourists. But

Railroad Company came down to Parkerston that week, and soon after there was a vacancy in one of the best offices of the company in a neighboring city. were doing something, she could not at and Mr. Markham was tendered the first see what, to the track. Pretty situation. He accepted, "So that Nixie soon, up came a rail, and in a minute can have the schooling she wants so more it was thrown down a step ledge much," he said, and to-day Miss Eunice within four feet of the track-where the Markbam is one of the most promising whole train must be precipitated in less pupils in the high school of that city. than an hour if something could not be But more than ever is she the pride of done to warn them. Nixie sawitall now her father's heart, who never tires of and for a moment stood, her eyes ditelling of the afternoon "his girl was lated with horror, while she saw the scoundrels shake their fists toward her way and heard an imprecation. Then

The rail had been removed on a curve

high bank so that at half-past 5 it was

quite dusk there, and, as the trains al-

I'll hurry and telegraph to Stratford be-

She reached the office and looked at

the clock. Five minutes to five! and

the train left Stratford at 5:03. Well,

each stroke an agony to the girl.

and Nixie was in a new dilemma.

gineer so utterly regardless of her.

sped toward the depot.

comes out."

But after all you would never have they passed on and Nixie, grown cold taken her for a herome. in the sudden extremity, turned and

JEWS IN RUSSIA.

Peter the Great was the first to admit Jews into Russia. They emigrated to which was shaded on the west side by a that country in large numbers, and at first were treated fairly. Christian prejudice was soon aroused, and in 1743 ways came in on a down grade, they the Empress Elizabeth expelled 35,000. came at full speed. So Nixie thought They were readmitted by the Empress to herself, "I'm so glad I came, for now Catherine. Until the time of the Emperor Alexander I., in whom they found fore the train comes by, and then we'll a friend, they were held in the most absee, Mr. Tramps, howyour little scheme ject condition, and denied all the more important privileges of citizens. Alexander granted them full liberty of trade and commerce. But the decrees of Alexander were canceled by his successor. eight minutes was plenty of time if she Nicholas, and since that time, in spite of could "raise" Stratford. She grasped the scheme of 1835, which contemplated the key. "Sd-sd-sd." clicked the inthe improvement of their condition, and strument. Never before was there so the extension of their liberties, and ocimpatient an operator on that line. With casional and intermittent favors of a her eves on the clock which seemed subsequent date, the Jews have had a then, if ever, to say, "forever-neverhard fate in Russia. In Poland they never-forever." she kept up the call. found a home at a much earlier date. Somebody on the other side "broke As early as the fourteenth century they her" twice, but she gave all the danger were in high favor at court, a Jewish signals she could think of and kept on. maiden of great beauty having won the The moments kept on-one, two, three, affections of Casimir the Great, and for four, five-slowly pealed the old clockmany years the whole trade of the country was in their hands. In the seven-Meanwhile . the agent at Stratford teenth and eighteenth centuries they could not operate at all, and the boy. had fallen into disfavor, and they gradually sank into a condition of deplorable Legislative reporter, and then as "news who could and who served as a general chore-boy about the place, had gone for ignorance and most abject poverty. To the cows, and there was no one to anthis day the Polish Jew, in spite of adswer the call on which so much depended. mitted improvement in late years, is the A few minutes and it was too late. meanest in Europe, one of the most wretched specimens of existing human-Nixie closed the key in despair. She ity. Up to the time of Nicholas, Jews did not know the train signals, but she were not allowed to possess land, to give seized the red flag under the old desk evidence in civil suits, to have synaand ran for dear life-literally the dear gogues, or to inhabit the holy cities of lives of her fellow-creatures. Not until Kiew and Moscow. They were obliged to wear a particular dress so that their she got to the wrecked place did she renationality could not be mistaken, and member that she must go beyond the out of every Jewish family one child curve to stop them or she would be of was always taken by the state to be eduno use. Already she heard the approaching train rumble in the distance. cated as a Christian at his parents' cost. Some of their disabilities have since Faster, faster she sped round the curve been removed. The Jew has his synastraight up the track. She could see gogue, his schools, his municipal privithem now coming in. On they rushed, leges, and he is allowed to celebrate the the great engine bent on destroying its festivals of his church with public disprecious freight. Nixie stopped in the plays. But he is not yet in the enjoymidst of the track and frantically swung her red flag, but still the monster rushment of equal rights with the native population around him. He holds no ed toward her, showing no abatement land, but he trades, and trades success-Meanwhile the engine and fireman fully, and it is estimated that two-thirds ad seen the slight form of the girl, and of the trade of the Southern states and

SCANDINAVIAN HONESTY.

"Stop, man!" he shouted: "don't

"Yes," said the half-drunk engmeer.

Nixie waited with a sinking heart,

came alongside of her she heard the

sharp click of the call-bell in the engine

and saw the fireman thrust the engineer

aside and reverse the engine. The con-

ductor, who had just seen her and ex-

citedly pulled the bell-rope, jumped off

and came toward her. But the reaction

could only gasp out "Round the curve,"

and then she was a white heap with no

Passengers rushed out, and, after som

had been to the curve and seen what the

little plain girl had saved them from, no

lady in the land could be so royally

waited upon as Nixie when she had been

lifted into the car and told modestly her

little story. It was some time before

the track was ready for the train to pro-

something in her hand, too, just as the

had got home from his lawsuit and won-

dered what had made the train so late

and where Nixie had gone to-and told

him all the story, did Nixie think to

you see the girl?"

movement to stop.

sense of anything.

The traveler in Sweden and Norway "Why don't the little fool get out of my way? I'll teach her," and made no Oh, why did everything go against her? Was it the will of God that this dreadful thing must happen? The engine was close upon her and she ran upon a jutting rock by the railroad still waving her scarlet flag; but just as the engine

receives into her pocket. When the that buttoned in the back, and he could been amputated. One beauty of the Most of the property is left to him, my

All is left to the honesty of the people. Instead of this confidence begetting laxity, it makes one careful to pay to the uttermost penny. His honor is at stake. therefore he feels obliged to be very

note: "Will Miss Eunice Markham Mr. Du Chaillu tells of servant girl accept the accompanying from the who brought him a gold locket, which he had dropped on the kitchen floor the previous evening, while displaying his The note was wrapped round \$500 in

"Why did you not keep it?" he said. playfully.

"How then," she answered, "could ! ever walk erect, and look people in the

He once had hard work to make a man accept a small sum of money which he had earned. The honest fellow had traveled on snow-shoes in the soft snow for an hour to restore to Mr. Du Chaillu his gold watch and chain, which he had left under his pillow at the house where he slept the evening before. Only by showing him that he was paid all his loss of time, and not for returning what did not belong to him, could he be persuaded to accept the money .- You'h's Companion.

HOWELLS FIRST LITEI ARY WORK. It is now a little more than twenty vears since Mr. W. D. Howells made his first visit to Boston, brigging in his carpet-bag a number of poems, which were soon printed in he Atlantic Monthly. He had already sent to the East some of his verses, which had appeared in the same magazine. Many of these, by their form, and still more by their deep, cheerless goom, showed that their author had a great admiration for Heine, the wonderful master of epigrammatic sadness. With years and actual experience the sidness-which was of the willful sort that belongs to youth-wore away, but Mr. Howells' hand retained the neatress of touch hand. which is apparent even in the slightest of these verses. At about the same time he published a few onger poems, in a narrative form, and it is enrious to see in these some of the qualities that are familiar to us in his later novels.

These poems had been written by Mr. Howells in the scant leist re moments of a busy youth. He was horn in Ohio, in the year 1837; his father was editor and publisher of a country rewspaper, and it was at a very early ago that the subject of this article began to set type and learn the printer's trade. Throughout his boyhood, and in fact until 1859, he worked in his father's pristing-office, although for two or three years before that date he had exercised his pen as a Columbus. What internals his work granted him were taken for reading and. in time, for writing, and the early fruits of his pen appeared in a volume called "Poems of Two Friend," which was published at Columbus, in December, 1859. The other writer who indeed was the author of the greater number of the poems, was Mr. J. J. Piatt, who has since written many pleasing verses. These two young poets had worked together in a printing-office, where they spent the years which so many young men waste in college. In the summer of 1861 Mr. Howells wrote a life of Lincoln, a book which had a large sale in the West, and in the futumn of that year he was appointed Consul at Venice -Century Magazine.

GEN. ARE BUFORD, of Kentucky, having been converted by a revivalist, encountered a life-long foe who had also been converted. They a look hands and then stood up and took a drink together. the fireman stood aghast to see the en- at least one-third of that in the North is | Let no one dispute the power of Ken-

THE TALE OF A SHIRT.

In the course of a confidential conversee many customs which indicate that sation with a friend who had recently cans the most striking features of the the people are unusually courteous and had two new shirts made, we learned in- country are the compactness of the habhonest. At the railway dining stations, cidentally that the style of building itations and the extreme economy-I a large table is set in the center of a shirts had radically changed, and that may almost say the parsimony—of the spacious room. Upon it are displayed they were being made to button in front method of tillage. Every square foot a variety of tempting discuss and piles instead of at the back of the neck. The of ground is put to use; has been in use of warm plates with knives, forts and news was so good that we could not be for unnumbered generations. Here and lieve it until we had it directly from a there in the distance appear patches of The passengers enter without confu- shirtmaker, who showed us the ground wood, carefully preserved and guarded, sion, walk around the central table, plan and front elevation that had been but the rest of the land is almost bare select what dishes they like best, and prepared by architects for the erection of shade. There is no brush or tangle then seat themselves at little marble of some fine shirts for our best citizens, of weed and wild flower by the roadtables scattered in the loom. Every and sure enough the old fashion of fold- side, no thicket by the stream. The last person, remembering that his neighbor ing doors in front, instead of a storm- of these trespasseers were eradicated may fancy the dish of which he par- door between the shoulder blades in the lages ago, along with the last stump. takes, helps himself with moderation, back, was the fashion. We have never A gray stone-wall borders the highway. For the dinner a fixed sun is charged, felt so much like passing a resolution of The cross-roads are often sunk two or about 39 cents; but, wire beer and thanks to the shirtmakers, and a resoluthree feet below the general level. Narcoffee being extra, the guest fells how tion of condolence to parties who have row ridges of earth mark the boundaries much of each he has drung. His word got to wear the old ones, in our life. of the fields, and the furrows are driven is taken without question as no one Those shirts that button in the back so close to them that it is a wonder how have been the cause of more profanity the plow is turned. Single rows of pop-On board the steamboats three meals a than any one thing. Shirts that button lars stretch with exasperating regularity day are served, which, however, are in- in the back have been the cause of across the landscape. They are trimmed cluded in the price of the passage. After crime. Religious societies cannot pros- close, and sometimes every twig is reeach meal, the passenger who has par- per as they should when the male popu- moved except a bunch at the extreme taken writes his name in a large book lation has to reach over its head, and top; then they look like liberty poles and records under it what he has caten away around to the back of the neck to with bushes tied to them. There are button its shirt. Talk about spending willows by the brook, but they are pol-When he is ready to go ashore, he thousands of dollars to find the North lard-willows, kept for their twigs, which calls one of the waiters a girl-who pole; if half the money spent in that are scrupulously cut off, and they lift puts the price against every item, adds way was offered as a reward for the de. their scarred and knotted trunks, like up the amount, and put the sum she tection of the man who invented shirts | hands from which all the fingers have money becomes too heavy she gives it, be turned loose among men that have country is in its fertility and the varied dear." without counting, to the stewardess. suffered for years by his devilish con- contour of the ground; but the traveler trivance, it would be well expended.

For fourteen years the men of this country have been slaves to this absurd who have not seen it. The spectacle of a mild-mannered man, after getting into his shirt, making a contortionist of himself, an acrobat, trying to get on the other side of himself to button his shirt the back way, is sad indeed. Statistics show that buttons on the back of a shirt always come off the second week, and in the place of the thin, oyster-shell button that comes with the shirt, the housewife always sews on a big drawers button, four sizes larger than the button hole. our prisons and you will find that the criminals, the bad men, wear shirts that button _ the back. They have been driven toy ... fo of oruse by letting their hand, and a button-hole with the other, when their backs were turned. They go

from home mad, and commit crime to | treme degree. In country houses the The bare idea of having shirts that open in front will give a feeling of rest to tired back-aching humanity. To stand up to the glass and button a shirt, and see what you are about, will be bliss indeed. The thought of a generous slit in the bosom of a shirt, where one's | 30 or 40 degrees on the Fahrenheit hand may wander, is elysium. There scale, and though he may be fairly covare times-we say it advisedly-there are times when the best of us want to to his lungs this cold air by which the put a hand inside a shirt bosom; but with the old shirt that buttons in the terially modified. The condition of the back a man might as well be a burglarproof safe, with the combination lost, as to try to get in. With the old shirt it would be absolutely necessary to hire a

A man's stomach has been a sealed book for fifteen years, with the old boiler-iron bosom, with no port holes. Occasionally a man's heart aches, and if he could put a hand on it, without going around the back way and sneaking in under the arm, he could tell by the feeling whether it was unrequited affection that ailed him or rheumatism. With the new shirt an exploring expedition can be sent to the seat of the disease before it is everlastingly too late.

Men have been wounded, and before they could be turned over and the entrance to the shirt found they have bled to death. The old back-action shirt is a fraud, and the new one is a daisy. It may be said by some that the new open sesame shirt will show to the world the and they are most exposed to one parcolor of the undershirt. It might if one | ticular danger, that of congestion of the pillow, but few do that. And, even if the lungs that is most exposed to the they did, that is the only way the world can know that a man wears a silk undershirt, with a monogram on the front. We hail the new open-winter shirt with delight, and are sure the public will when they once get their hand in .-Peck's Sun.

REFORM THE LANGUAGE. The idiosyncrasies of the English language are no better illustrated than in the following doggerel which is sailing around the newspapers: Remember, though box in the plural makes boxes, The plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes; And remember, though ficece in the plural is

The plural of goose is not gooses nor geeses: And remember, though house in the plural The plural of mouse should be mica, and not

Mouse, it is true, in the plural is mice, But the plural of house should be houses, not hice And foot it is true, in the plural is feet, But the plural of root should be roots, and not reet.

THE gifts of common providences are not comparable to those of covenant

ACROSS FRANCE IN WINTER TIME. To diffusive and extravagant Ameriwho looks upon it cannot help longing for a little of nature's luxuriant irregularity, and thinking how much more fashion, and more arms have been lovely the meadow would be if a clump cramped, shoulders dislocated and backs of alders grew by the water, and a maze bent than would be believed by those of clematis and bind-weed covered the boundary wall. We passed a village built in terraces upon a ridge of limestone. The rock under the houses was perforated with caverns closed by wooden doors, and used apparently as stables or store-rooms, -J. R. G. Hassard's letter to the New York Tribune.

THE BED-ROOM.

The room in which the enfeebled person has been sitting before going to bed has been warmed, probably, up to summer heat; a light meal has been and, if he gets the button in the hole, the taken before retiring to rest, and then hole has to be "bushed" or a washer the bed-room is entered. The bedput on the button next time. Go through room, perchance, has no fire in it; or, if a fire is lighted, provision is not made to keep it alight for more than an hour or two. The result is that in the early part of the morning, from 3 to 4 o'clock, tempers get the best of them while when the temperature in all parts is searching blindly for a button with one lowest, the glow from the fire or stove which should warm the room has ceased, and the room is cold to an exwater will often be found frozen in the hand-basins or ewers under these conditions. Meanwhile the sleeper lies unconscious of the great change which is taking place in the air around him. Slowly and surely there is a decline of temperature to the extent, it may be, of ered with bed clothes he is receiving incirculation through the lungs is mabody itself is at this very time unfavorable for meeting any emergency. In the period between midnight and 6 o'clock in the morning the animal vital processes are at their lowest ebb. It is in another, when Jones employed this ilthese times that those who are enfeebled from any cause most frequently die. We physicians consider these hours as critical, and forewarn anxious friends in | with a lighted cigar, stops him, asks for respect to them. From time immemor- a light, gets it and goes on. Now, do ial those who have been accustomed to wait and attend on the sick have noted these hours most anxiously, so that they have been called by one of our old writers "the hours of fate." In this space of time the influence of the life- illustration: "While in Georgia some giving sun has been longest withdrawn time ago I happened to be passing from man, and the hearts that are even the strongest beat then with subdued tone. Sleep is heaviest and death is nearest to us all in "the hours of fate." The feeble, therefore, are most exposed to danger during this period of time, action of the chilled air, and in the aged that exposure is hazardous. -Dr. B. W. Richardson, in Good Words.

> WILL NOT WANT PARTICULARS. "What do you think of my article on the political situation?" inquired Fen

"Everybody I have heard speak of it," replied Fogg, "praises it very high-

"Do they?" said Fenderson, eagerly. "Whom have you heard speak of it?" "Nobody but yourself," said Fogg. carelessly.

Fenderson says he has learned one thing, namely, when he gets a compliment again he shall be satisfied to take it as it is given. Hereafter he shall not ask for a bill of particulars, -Boston Transcript.

THERE is no brighter moment in the life of a young lady of ton than when the happy discovery is made that she can at last balance a pair of eye-glasses last act of my life. ' They compromised on her nose without squinting.

ADVERTISING RATES.

One juch, each subsequent insertion ...

Quarterly, Semi-annual or Yearly con traces will be made on liberal terms. Obitraries and Tributes of respect

No communications will be published une less accompanied by the full name and address of the writer. These are not requested for publication, but as a guarantee of good

All communications for the paper, and THE BANNER. Ruth ? fordien, N. C

PLEASANTRIES.

Way are pretty girls like wild cherries? Because they make you pucker up your lips.

WEY is the discovery of the North pole like an illicit whisky manufactory? Because it is a secret still. Dr. Holland wrote, "There's a song

in the air." Investigation would have shown him that the air was in the song. A CYNIC says he agrees with Longfelow that "life is not an empty dream." It is a full dream, pretty much all night

"Too Muon absorbed in his business," was the comment of a Western newspaper on the death of a brewer who was drowned in a tank of his own

"I want one of those long felt hats, papa," said a pretty girl to her father-The indulgent father forked over the money, and her head now fills the longfelt want.

Scientists say the best brain food is corn meal; so, if you wish to flatter a scientist by some delicate allusion to his mental capacity, all you have to do is

to call him a mush-head-then run. MASTER TOMMY (returning from the funeral)-"Why did Uncle Jonas cry so for, aunt? He cried more than anybody!" Aunt (grimly)-"Of course!

"What is mean time?" asks a correspondent. Going to a picnic alone and seeing your first and second-best girls with two fellows you hate, is about as nearly our idea of a mean time as pen can express. -Burdette.

Saip the night watchman, when about dusk he was invited to drink a cup of coffee: "No, thank you; coffee keeps me awake all night." Then he saw his blunder, looked very much embarrassed and tried to explain it. But it was no

"What time is it, my dear?" asked a wife of her husband, whom she suspected of being drunk, but who was doing his best to look sober. "Well, my darling. I can't tell, 'cause, you see, there are two hands on my watch, and each points to a different figure and I don't know which to believe."

THE boys had met in the barn, the day Was big to them with fate, For whether or not to " hookey" play Was the subject of debate. 'Twas put to vote, the Chairman's throat Proclaimed, " The aves have chose!" But a skunk came in with an extra vote And gave it to the nose.

CAPT. PERCIVAL, a Cape Cod mariner of the old school, was once awakened in his tunk by a shipmate with the annonncement that the vessel was going to eternity. "Well," replied the Captain "I've got ten friends over there to one in, this world; let her go." And he turned over and went to sleep again.

MR. MALONE (to the apple-woman who has "Sheriff's Sale" displayed on her stand-"Shure, Mrs. Maginnis, it's sorry I am for this throuble that's come upon ve." Mrs. Maginnis-"Och, well, Mr. Malone, I don't mind telling vez. seein' ye are an ould frind, but it's only a little business craft to get rid av me ould stock."-Harper's Bazar.

THEY were talking about the comparative readiness of the sexes to oblige one lustration: "A man walking along in the street finds a cigar in his pocket. but no match. He meets another man you suppose one woman would do that

CONGRESSMAN S. S. Cox in a lecture at Washington on the humor of the negro race, told the following story as an along the street, 'Hullo, Sam,' said 1 particularly black colored man on the other side of the street. 'Hullo!' I promptly replied, whereupon the African aforesaid promptly retorted. ''Cuse me, sah, Ise 'dressing another cullud

IF PERSONALLY-1

"That reminds me," he said, "about a little affair that our friend Blunt, the city editor of the Kansas City Journal, once figured in. He had written or passed something that-was particularly unpleasant to one of the parties mentioned. The fellow met him at a soda fountain in one of the public bar-rooms. and, tapping him on the shoulder, said : 'I think you're a liar.' Blunt had a glass in his hand which he had just drained. He looked formidable as he turned around and seized the enemy. Well?' he asked, 'do I understand that you call me a personal, or a professional liar?' The question staggered the man with a grievance: 'A personal or a professional liar? ' he echoed, 'H'm, I don't know as to that; I guess I mean a professional liar.' 'Ah, now you compliment me,' said Blunt, resting his glass on the walnut slab. 'If you had called me a personal liar I would have crawled your frame if it had been the on soda."-Denver Tribune.