

Flashes of Fun.

A Stroke of Business: He (desirable catch)—"How slender Miss Willoughby is!" She—"Yes, and they say her mother was just like her once. She weighs 240 now."—Life.

An Illinois tramp told a farmer's wife she ought to feed him because she "might be entertaining an angel unawares." As this argument had no effect he went out and set fire to the barn.

"And what makes you think I'm a slow reader?" asked Merritt. "Because," replied Miss Snyder, "I lent you a book more than a year ago and you don't seem to have finished it yet."—Judge.

He—What will you have, dear, candy or ice cream? She—No, Edward, get me some popcorn, please. He—Do you like that stuff? She—Yes; I like everything that pops.—Harper's Bazar.

Women cannot be satirical, says a writer, any more than they can be humorous. So? How is it that when a man, after courting a girl for seven years, proposes, she says: "Oh, George, this is sudden."

Wife—"I see by this paper that the Daily Bazaar is by all odds the brightest and most enterprising journal published in the world." Husband—"What paper are you reading?" Wife—"The Daily Bazaar."

"To what do you attribute the curative properties of your springs?" asked a visitor at a health resort. "Well," answered the proprietor thoughtfully, "I guess the advertising I have done has had something to do with it."

Candidate (earnestly)—"A vote for me means a dead blow to the saloon. Can I count on you at the polls?" Voter—"You bet! I'm with you every time." Candidate (joyously)—"Good enough! Let's go and take something."—Lowell Citizen.

Counsel (to witness, the father of a family)—"Why are you so certain, Mr. Smith, that the event occurred on such a date? May you not be mistaken?" Witness—"Impossible, sir. It was the day I didn't have to buy any of my children a pair of shoes."—New York Sun.

Miss Skeen—"Where did you graduate from, Mr. Gill?"—"From the school of pharmacy." Miss Skeen (with surprise)—"Is it possible? What a strange choice for a young man brought up in the city!—but, if I remember rightly, your grandfather was a farmer, too."—Judge.

He (at Chicago evening entertainment)—"Do you know that very brilliant-looking woman at the piano, Miss Breezy? Miss Breezy—Oh yes, intimately. I will be glad to present you, Mr. Waldo. He—Thanks. Is she an unmarried lady? Miss Breezy—Yes, she has been unmarried twice."—New York Sun.

"Who is that young man that just called on you?" asked the senior member of the firm. "He's connected with the Squarup Life Insurance Company." "What does he do?" "I don't know, but, judging from his department, I should say he must be custodian of the assurance."—Merchant Traveler.

"Pass me the butter, Charles," she said. She had been a widow, she had married again, and they, too had gone to Washington to begin the honeymoon. "My name is George," he said, coldly and with discriminating emphasis. I know it, George, she replied: "you must excuse me, I was misled. It is the same butter."—Puck.

SHE GOT THE CLOAK.

When Mr. Montgomery came home the other night he found Mrs. Montgomery weeping. Great, salty tears chased one another down her fair cheeks.

"What is the matter, dear?" he asked as he placed a new glove in his mouth and prepared to kiss her.

"Oh, everything is the matter," she sobbed as she placed one arm about his neck and laid her head down on his shoulder. "I want to die."

"Oh no, you don't dear," he remonstrated. "Tell me what is the matter. Now do."

"Fergy," she questioned, "do you love me as much as you did when you married me?"

"Why, of course I do. What put such a question in your head?"

"Are you sure that you do?"

"What do you mean, Ellen? You know that I love you as much as I ever did, and more if anything."

"Don't be silly, Fergy. How am I to know it? The minister was here today and said that a loving husband was continually showing his devotion for his wife. He always bought her everything that she wanted and did everything that she wanted him to do."

"Yes, what are you driving at?"

"It pained me when I heard that, and I have been crying all day."

"Have I been unkind to you?"

"No-o-o, but then the minister went from here over to that hateful Mrs. Brown's, and I just know that he said the same thing to her."

"Well, what of it?"

"Nothing; only Mrs. Brown is going to have a new sealskin cloak, and she will go around and tell what the minister said. Then she will tell how much her husband loves her and hint that you and I are going to separate."

Mr. Montgomery ordered the new cloak and next morning, and incidentally

put out a story about the minister having lost a great many friends, and that he had better look for a different field.—Minneapolis Journal.

DEPTHS OF DEPRAVITY.

The benevolent old lady's face took on a sadder expression as she drew out a large handkerchief with a pink border and said:

"I have been very sadly afflicted by my children—very."

"Yes?" inquired the sympathetic friend.

"My son Hazubah, my first born, committed forgery and went to the penitentiary for twelve years."

"Sad," admitted the friend. "My next son, Ahimelech, burned up his house to get the insurance and got twenty-eight years."

"What an affliction!" murmured the friend.

"Then my next son, Joshua, embezzled the funds of an orphan asylum and went to Canada."

"Very, very heartrending," said the friend.

"Obadiah, my next son, took to petty thieving, became a vagabond and a drunkard, and has been a tramp and Anarchist for ten years. But it seems as if it was reserved for my youngest son, Josaphat, who should be the support and comfort of my declining years, to try me the worst and fill my last days with bitterness."

"Murder?" faltered the friend, "red-handed, bloody—"

"O, no," replied the old lady, as she again sought her handkerchief, "no, not murder, though I reckon some of his victims would rather prefer it. No, he went to Birmingham and has gone to booming real estate."

A LEVEL-HEADED WIFE.

The Governor of Arkansas had just turned from a petition bearing 684 names, when a tall, angular woman, carrying a gingham sun bonnet by the strings, entered the room and, dropping on a settee, said:

"I want to see the Guv'ner."

"I am the Governor, madame."

"Shore?"

"Yes, I am quite sure."

"Wall, I come to ask you why you didn't answer my letter. I live out in the hills. Moved there lately from Indyan. Sent you a letter by a feller named Steve Spencer. Why didn't you answer it?"

"Your name, please?"

"Jane Bromfield. From as good a family as ever lived in the State. Father was a McIntosh and mother was a Harkrider."

"I did not receive your letter, Mrs. Bromfield."

"Look here, do you reckon that feller got drunk an' lost that dockment?"

"I don't know anything about his habits."

"But don't it stand to reason that he got drunk?"

"Well, it's far from impossible."

"I'll tell you what the letter was. Shortly after I got here, Tobe, my husband, was sent to the penitentiary. He wasn't a citizen of the State at the time, and didn't think his sentence would hold him."

"His not being a citizen makes no difference."

"And he could be sent to the penitentiary before he had a right to vote?"

"Yes."

"And stay there just the same as any citizen?"

"Certainly."

"Shore?"

"Of course, madam, I know what I am talking about. I would like to tell you, before you put yourself to the trouble of pleading his case, that it is quite useless. He is doubtless guilty, and I therefore cannot grant him a pardon."

"My sakes alive, man, don't skeer yourself, for I'm not going to ask for a pardon. The letter I write you a time when I thought you couldn't hold him unless he was a voter stated the fact that he voted at the last election whether or no."

"Then you don't want him pardoned?"

"Not much. I've done so much better sense h's been in their that I never do want to set eyes on him again. It may sound a little strange, but it is a fact that as soon as they took him away the hens that had been mopin' 'round on a sort of strike all spring put to layin', and I wish I may die if I didn't think they would lay themselves to death. One big old dominicker—the finest hen on the place, but mighty sulky and hard to please at times—hadn't laid a single egg for two months, but when she found that they had took Tobe off she set into layin' an' I never seen nothin's to ekel her. She'd walk around the yard and sing awhile, an' then she'd go in and lay. Tobe was sent up for a year. Couldn't you, to oblige a poor woman, make it two, Governor?"

"Oh, no; I have no authority to extend the time."

"I didn't know but to oblige a po' woman you mout."

"No, I cannot."

"Well, don't you think you could slip six mouths on him, anyhow?"

"No, can't extend his time a minute."

"But you are sure that you won't let him out under a year?"

"We'll keep him in that long."

"Well, I'm much obliged to you for doin' what you can," she said, arising, "and I believe that if you had the power you would do more for me. Good day."—Arkansas Traveler.

Customer (in restaurant)—"Waiter, these are very small oysters for the price." Waiter—"Yes, sah." "And they don't look very nice, either." "Den dey is all de bettah, sah, for bein' small."—Texas Siftings.

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Table with columns: Arrival and Departure of Trains, Passenger and Mail, Freight and Accommodation. Includes routes like Leave Pilot Mountain, Leave Greensboro, etc.

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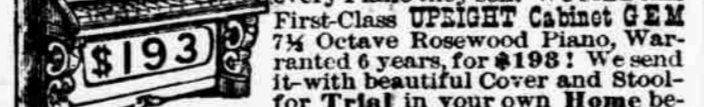
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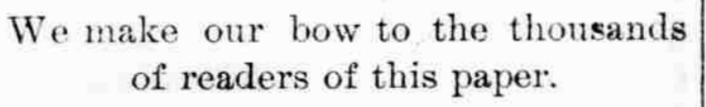
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