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Burdette on Christmas. It seems to me—and it isn't my fault that the sunset is fairer and lovelier than the sunrise—that there was something more Christmasy about Christmas when I was a boy, writes Robert J. Burdette in the Christmas number of The Ladies Home Journal.

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AT BEDTIME I TAKE PLEASANT SWEET SCHEPP'S DRINK. NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER. My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, and is pleasant to take. It is made from herbs, and is prepared in the most scientific manner. It is called SCHEPP'S DRINK. It is the best medicine for all ailments of the stomach and bowels. It is the best medicine for all ailments of the stomach and bowels. It is the best medicine for all ailments of the stomach and bowels.

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A PHILOSOPHICAL COCKROACH. A cockroach sat on an editor's desk. With a cynical smile on his face: And watched the editor make grotesque black marks on a clean white page. "Dear me!" said the cockroach, "I can't see why he should labor so constantly. For he doesn't accomplish a single thing. With all his writing and scissoring. Paste and scissors. Scissors and paste— Think of the energy going to waste!"



Youth (eloping with the girl of his heart)—Judge, we would like you to join us. The Judge—Thanks, I don't know who you are; but I never refuse to drink with a gentleman, be friend or stranger. I'll be with you in one minute.—Puck.

Fleeing a Magician. Hermann, the magician, once met his match and thus pleasantly tells how an innocent-looking young man cleverly outwitted him: We were at a private room in a hotel one evening, and there I met some friends, and was introduced to a simple-looking youth of the dude persuasion, whose face was as vacant in expression as a pound of putty. This youth had been bragging of his powers as a poker player, and had made the others so tired that they whispered me to take the conceit out of him for the fun there was in it. I was ready, and we sat down. Well, when we began the games I allowed the youngster to win, in order to get him interested, and the better to enjoy the circus, the other-dropped out, and my victim and I had the table to ourselves. Of course I was to give him back whatever I won from him, that was understood. We made the game a quarter ante and a dollar limit, so that we could use money without making any awkward change. Every time my callow friend won a pot, he put the silver and bills in his pocket, and would chip in the money as he needed it. After he had won a respectable pile, I began to get my work in, and, by handling and dealing the cards in my own peculiar way, I soon had his pile considerably diminished. Occasionally I would let him win, just to keep the fun up; and I don't know but what I enjoyed my opponent's innocence as much as did my friends. But all things must have an end. Finally I cleaned him out, much to his surprise; and then my friends could not keep it in any longer.

"I say, old man," said one, "do you know with whom you've been playing?" "Yes," replied my victim, calmly—"Hermann, the magician; and he's a good player." This was somewhat of a surprise all around. But I laughed and handed him back the money I had won. He wouldn't take it. No, sir. Said I had won it; had he won mine, he would have kept it, and under no consideration would he take it back. That was not his way of playing poker. It was of no use for me to protest, to tell him I had deliberately robbed him. He was sorry that he had got in with a man who didn't play a square game, but said it was his lookout. He ought to have seen that he was being fleeced, and with his eyes wide open, too, but he was not the man to squeal. I tell you, I felt mean. I didn't think it half so funny then as I did before. But all I could do or say made no impression on my victim, and, with a dignified bow, he left us.

"All I can do," I said to one of my friends, "will be to give this money to some charitable institution." Then I gave the waiter one of the bills I had won to pay for some wine. He came back with it and the information that it was a counterfeit. Yes, sir; that guileless youth had won my good money, and rung in over a hundred dollars' worth of paper on me that wasn't worth a cent a pound. I'm pretty good at handling cards, but poker is a very uncertain game—very uncertain. Getting it Down Fine. Guest—What's this extra charge of \$5 for? Hotel Clerk—That's for fees which you neglected to give the waiter.—Puck. An Afflicted Woman. "Isn't Mrs. Cabbage troubled with strabismus?" "Not that I know of, but she is awfully cross-eyed."—Puck.