

THE GIRL WHO LOVED HIM SO.

"Ha, ha!" said Chappie Fizzelwig, and he laughed in ghoul-like gloom; "I'm making love to a dozen girls, but none shall marry me; I sigh to them and lie to them and fall upon my knees, As I twist their trusting hearts about precisely as I please." And the parlor clock Beat on, tick, tock, And the gaslight flickered low, As he waiting sat and held his hat for the girl that loved him so.

BROWN OF NEVADA.

"Who's that going into Scrimmage's?" said the senior partner of Hardscrabble & Co. to one of his general salesmen. "Isn't that Brown of Nevada?" The general salesman jumped and opened wide his eyes, as he always did when Mr. Hardscrabble called his attention to anything, and concentrated all his energies on a pair of tweed coat-tails vanishing into the portals of the rival jobbing-house opposite.

beneath him as he walked on out of the store. The general salesman who had delivered the message from Hardscrabble remarked to another general salesman that "poor Pillikin must have caught it pretty hard; he seemed all broke up." Poor Pillikin walked on to the ferry with his head in a whirl of disappointment, chagrin, fear and doubt. His reply to the senior member would undoubtedly lose him his situation, as they would be glad to get rid of him now that his valuable trade was falling off. If he could have held on to Brown of Nevada, all would have been well; and without Brown of Nevada what would he be worth elsewhere? How could he support his wife and children, and his wife's widowed sister and her little boy, making nine in all, upon any salary that he could get without the trade of Brown of Nevada? He was already in debt, and some of the bills must be settled at once; his account was overdrawn at the store. It made him shudder to think of it. The cabin of the ferryboat was stifling. In spite of the lowering clouds and piercing wind, he made his way out on the forward deck, and as he saw the black waves of the East River surging against the slimy sides of the boat, he was strongly tempted to do away with all further trouble for a party called Pillikin.

While the temptation assailed him, the chains rattled, and newboys' cries were heard on the Brooklyn side, the boat bumped against the dock, the crowd pushed him along, and he found himself plodding his homeward way. He couldn't bear the depressing influence of the horse-cars, so he trudged along on foot, a fierce March sleet beginning to beat upon the only high hat he owned in the world. It was utterly impossible to buy another, but Pillikin didn't care. He probably wouldn't need a high hat in the menial employment he would be compelled to accept when he was kicked out of Hardscrabble & Co.'s, and had lost the trade of Brown of Nevada. When he at last reached home his fingers were so numb with cold he could hardly get the key in the door, but this didn't matter in the least. Several young and energetic parties ran to let him in; his plump, pretty little wife took his coat and kissed him; his still plumper and prettier sister-in-law took his hat and cane and kissed him; a half dozen rosy children put up their mouths to be kissed. The dining-room was warm and cozy; there were his chair and slippers waiting him by the open fire; an inviting meal was waiting its unctuous odors in the halls below.

before him as his voluntary guest the representative of a worshipful amount of trade—poor Pillikin gathered together his scattered dignity and self-esteem, and began to discuss matters of business with a serene and serious enthusiasm that bespoke the happiness of the occasion. As for Brown of Nevada, he couldn't keep his mind upon what Pillikin was saying, he was so taken up with the rustling of drapery outside. The two little women were flying around downstairs in the kitchen, and upstairs in the dining-room. The children had their bread and milk, and were washed and put to bed; the widow flew down to the kitchen and made some little dishes, all in the twinkling of an eye, their culinary perfection consisting in the rapidity with which they were got together, and clapped upon the dumb-waiter, and hoisted to her sister in the dining-room above, who whisked them upon the tables, and what-with the haste and happiness and unexpectedness of it all, when they rang the bell and invited the gentlemen out to supper, there couldn't possibly be two prettier or more engaging women in the universe; and a more appetizing meal Brown of Nevada never saw nor tasted.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

THE SWELL OF MIGHTY OCEAN. Are breaking on the shore; Soon howling swells will break there, too, As they've been broke before. AN ACCURATE STATEMENT. "Your arm is misplaced, sir," said Amy, rebukingly, to young Hunker, who had encircled her waist. "Yes," replied the unabashed young man, "it would not have been placed there if you had not been a miss." TOO MANY CUCUMBERS. It was in California. Judge Blank asked after the health of a gentleman's wife. "She's si-si-sick," said the husband, who stuttered. "I'm sorry to hear that. Not serious, I hope?" "She a-a-a-eate cucumbers." "Great heavens! Ate eight cucumbers? I should think she would be ill."—[Texas Sittings.] HARD TO ANSWER. "I want to ask one more question," said little Frank as he was being put to bed. "Well?" acquiesced the tired mamma. "When holes comes in stockings what becomes of the piece of stocking that was there before the hole came?"—[Judge.] DEFECTIVE SIGHT. German officer (to soldier on guard)—Don't you see anything wrong? Guard—No, Lieutenant. "Don't you see anything wrong yet?" "No, Lieutenant." "You wretched ass, can't you see that you have got your helmet hiding before on your fool head?"—[Texas Sittings.] A FALL IN BREADSTUFFS. "Half a loaf is better than a whole one," remarked Stoinhart, as his young wife's first baking fell out of the oven and broke the hearthstone. USED THE WRONG GLASSES. "Captain," said Mrs. Trotter to the commander of an ocean steamer, "have you ever seen the sea serpent?" "No, madam," replied the old sea dog. "I don't drink."—[Detroit Free Press.] THE COUNTRY WILL BE BANKRUPTED. Snooper—Over a thousand bills have been presented to Congress. Mrs. Snooper—How can they ever be paid with no money in the Treasury? A PRUDENT DOCTOR. Patient—I don't suppose you are particular whether I pay you now or settle in full when you get through with me? Doctor—Perhaps you had better pay me now. I would be quite willing, as you say, to wait until I get through with you, but the fact is your will might be contested, you know, and I might get nothing at all.—[Boston Transcript.] AN UNJUST ACCUSATION. Aged Lover—You treat me as if I were a dog. Coquette—Not much I don't. I like dogs. I pat them on the head, take them out walking, and I even let them kiss me. I don't treat you that way, do I?—[Texas Sittings.] WOMAN'S DIPLOMACY. Mrs. Keene—There are times when I wish I were a man. Mr. Keene—For instance? Mrs. Keene—When I pass a milliner's window and think how happy I could make my wife by giving her a new bonnet.—[Puck.] RESULTS. He planted the finest of grass seeds. They anywhere were to be found. In less than six weeks forty-seven full miles. Of pumpkin vines covered the ground. —[Harper's Bazaar.] NEW SUMMER RESORT. Emeralds—Are you going to take us to Saratoga this summer, pa? Pa—No, my dear; there is a place in Pennsylvania called Economy, and if we go anywhere it will be there.—[Philadelphia Times.] An Excursion Car. The Pennsylvania Company is building an experimental excursion car at the Columbus shops, which, if it turns out as expected, will solve an important problem. The company expects to handle a great many more people at the World's Fair at Chicago than its ordinary passenger equipment will accommodate. To provide for the emergency it is proposed to construct a large number of cheap excursion cars, which can be disposed of with a little loss to the company after the fair is possible. To this end it has been proposed to build a car body on an ordinary gondola. The idea is to make a slightly and comfortable car, but plain. An experimental car is now being constructed, and if it is satisfactory a number will be built. The car will be about thirteen feet shorter than the standard passenger car, and will seat about forty-five people. The cost would be about \$50 to \$1,000, against \$5,000 to \$6,000 for an ordinary passenger coach. The idea appears to be a practical one, and is being worked out with great care. After the fair the gondolas can, of course, be utilized for freight traffic. In 1876 the Pennsylvania Railroad made a mistake in building a large number of cheap passenger coaches, which could only be utilized on the branch lines and were of no practical value.—[Ohio State Journal.] A Big Owl. F. A. Morton, who lives a mile or so south of town, caught a horned owl in a steel trap one night last week that was a giant of its species, measuring four feet eight inches from tip to tip of the wings, says the Farmington (Mo.) Times. This nocturnal prowler had been making requisitions on his duck pen, so he set two steel traps for his owlship and succeeded in capturing him. The trap was tied with fifteen feet of rope, and in his desperate attempts to fly away the owl had knocked several rails off the fence. Mr. Morton says it was the biggest bird of the kind he ever saw, and he believed it could have carried off a pig or lamb.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET. JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS. IT TIRED THEM. "I find it restful to talk a good deal after writing," said the rising young author. "It rests you, does it?" said the old newspaper man. "It does very much, indeed." "I call that curious, now." "Why?" "Because it has precisely the opposite effect on those who listen to you."—[New York Press.] TERRIBLE. "Is Bronson forgetful as ever?" "More so. Why that fellow has to look himself up in the directory every night before he goes home from business. Forgets his address."—[Bazar.] NOT EXPERT. "I had to be away from school, yesterday," said Tommy. "You must bring me an excuse," said the teacher. "Who from?" "Your father." "He ain't no good at making excuses; ma catches him every time." AN EVER MEMORABLE DAY. She—Do you know what day this is the anniversary of? He—Well, I should say I did. She—I thought you would. He—Humph! Who could forget the day his own house was burned? She—George! He—What? She—It's the day you proposed to me! (Tears.)—[Life.] HAD TO GIVE IT UP. "What is your husband doing now?" "Nothing at all." "Gracious! I heard that he was going into the business of making rain." "Yes, but he couldn't raise the wind."—[New York Press.] HOW SHE PUT IT. "Yes, indeed," said Miss Blecker, "the early bird catches the worm." "It does seem to be an incontrovertible fact," added Miss Emerson, of Boston, "that the anticipatory avis secures the prematurely active vermicular specimen."—[Judge.] IMAGINE HIS FEELINGS. Featherstone—What did your sister say when you told her I was here in the parlor waiting for her? Bobby—Nothin'. But she took a ring off one finger and put it on another.—[Life.] UNBEARABLE. "Is Marie happy with her new husband?" "No." "I thought he was perfect." "He is. That's the trouble."—[Judge.] THE USUAL WAY. "Just one little good night kiss," he said, But before he wandered home He took enough kisses to last ahead For a couple of years to come. —[New York Herald.] WONDERMENT. He—He proposed to you just before committing suicide? She—Yes. Poor fellow; I rejected him. He—Well, why in the world did he commit suicide, then? HOW IT IS DONE. Tommy—Paw, when a man commits political suicide does he shoot his head off? Mr. Figgz—No; merely his mouth.—[Indianapolis Journal.] UNNECESSARY EVIDENCE. Smith—You needn't tell me that dogs don't know as much as human beings. I took Ponto to church with me last Sunday. Jones—Yes! Smith—Well, sir; he slept through the whole sermon.—[Life.] A FEMINE PARADOX. The waist of Evelina's gown Is somewhat paradoxical; It cost a hundred dollars down, And yet it is illogical. Although it has a perfect fit Upon her form ethereal, One's justified in calling it A waist of good material. —[Life.] DIABOLICAL. Penelope—Do tell me, what did he say when you proposed to him? Perdita—That he'd be a brother to me. Penelope—Dear me, what a lot of brothers-in-law he has. WHY THEY WOULDN'T MARRY. Miss Goldberg—I wouldn't marry you, if you were as rich as Croesus. Mr. Hardrow—Well, that's just the difference; I wouldn't marry you if you weren't.—[Boston Post.] A VICTIM OF PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY. He—If you didn't love me why did you marry me? She—Well, when you proposed you said I was an angel, and I'd heard that people should marry their opposites.—[Judge.] A REBUKE. Rich Man—Ain't you ashamed not to be earning your bread by hard work instead of begging? Tramp—Humph! You don't even beg. —[Texas Sittings.] A HINT. He asked: "Is there anything wrong in a kiss?" "There is, indeed," said the lovely miss. Then she softly added, with cheeks aflame: "But young men steal them all the same."—[New York Press.]