

JUST FROM GEORGIA.

NEVER MIND!

Never mind if it hails or snows—
Never mind how the storm-wind blows.

Never mind when the black night throws
Darkness over your life's last rose.

Never mind! there is sweet weep?
With the dying day—the twilight's close.

THE EARLIER BIRD.

BY CHARLES D. WILLARD.

There were four men in the smoking
compartment of a Pullman, in an
overland train heading westward.

My first visit to the Golden State
took place a number of years ago, when
I was an inexperienced young man

Now, as I understand a letter of
introduction, it is a sort of a slight-draft,
friendship being the consideration,

At first, I tried by various evasions
to get out of accepting these letters.
But it would not work. People seemed

At last, when I was ready to start,
the bundle of letters had grown so
large that it positively frightened me.

Of course the request was super-
fluous—like most things said at part-
ings—for the reason that I had already

In the quiet solitude of the first
day's ride, I had nothing to do but
think, and the bundle of letters pro-

If I failed to deliver them—or to
make at least an honest effort in be-
half of each—I should break my

It would never do for me deliber-
ately to admit on my return, that I
had scorned to make acquaintance

I was likely to find myself in the same
embarrassing situation that is said to
have overcome the Father of his

So I finally settled in my own mind
that I must present all the letters

Then the other horn of the dilemma
began to grieve me. Here were a lot
of people who knew nothing of me, nor I

The second day out I became ac-
quainted with several of my fellow-
passengers. One of them, a bright

I had hoped that he would say
something that would prove reassuring;

"Why, my dear fellow," he said,
"if you are going to undertake to de-
liver those epistles, you have my sym-

"You frighten me," I said; "how-
ever, as my letters are all genuine, and

"Probably not," said Yelverton;
"but you may expect to be rather

My annoyance seemed to afford Yel-
verton no small amusement, and he

"Here are those infernal docu-
ments," I remarked, tossing the
bundle over to the table near where

Before his departure, which took
place the next day, Yelverton made

I telegraphed to Yelverton, and pro-
ceeded to pack my trunk. Just as I was

I made a thorough search of the
room; the letters had plainly disap-
peared.

I went immediately to the clerk and
told my story. He sent for the head

"Who takes care of Mr. Bonworthy's
room?" he asked.

"Maggie," answered the head
chambermaid; "but Clara had that

"I have lost a package of letters,"
said I.

The two exchanged significant
glances.

"Do you think they were stolen?"
I asked; "no one could have any pos-
sible object—"

"Oh, no," said the clerk. Then he
asked me if the letters were valuable.

doubted if the clerk and head cham-
bermaid ever succeeded in explaining
my strange conduct, in actually re-

"What a blockhead I am," I said
to myself; "why did it never occur to

Chance had supplied the excuse
which imagination had been unable

Yelverton had advised me to stop
over at Sacramento—one of the histo-

I wrote my name on the register,
and asked for a room for one day. The

"All right, Mr. Bon—why, are you
Mr. Bonworthy? Elliot Bonworthy-

"Well," I said, with some dignity,
"what did you imagine I wrote that

"I like this nerve," said the mili-
tary man; "that you acknowledge

"Say," continued the military man,
"have you any friends in this town?"

"That settles it, Bill," he said to his
companion; "you had better run him

Bill produced a paper from his
pocket. "It means that you are un-

I glanced at the warrant. There
was my name, "Elliot Bonworthy,"

Now, then, gentlemen, (concluded
the passenger who had been asked to

wore his hair parted nearly in the
middle."

"That's one of his names," said the
sheriff. "He went here under the

"Oh, then you are the simon-pure
Elliot Bonworthy?" said one of the

"He arrived here nearly a month
ago," said one of the gentlemen,

"The best private houses and the
clubs were all open to him and he

"The Anti-Woman's Rights Man—
No, women can't push their way

"The W. R. W.—Yes, sir.

"The W. R. W.—You are mis-
taken, madame. You start a man

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THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY
MEN OF THE PRESS.

Imitation the Sincerest Flattery--He
Had Silenced Her--Unparliamentary--
He Had Her, Etc., Etc.

Widow—I want a stone for my hus-
band's grave exactly like the other

Agent—But isn't it a trifle small for
a man of your husband's prominence?

Widow—No, sir! If Thomas
thought a stone like that was good

Peripatetic Pete—Well, fellows,
what shall it be? Are we to boycott

Ubiquitous Swell—I don't care
what the rest of you do, but I wash

Wandering Willie—I rise to a pint
of order. The chap has just set

Peripatetic Pete—The pint is well
taken. The question is what are we

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SOMETHING UNNECESSARY.

Cholly--The doctor has ordered a
complete rest, has positively forbid-

Cynicus--Did he have the gall to
charge you for that advice?--[Truth.

Teacher--Why are you late to
school?

Teacher--I didn't find them so.

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