

The Bradford Reporter

So much of our life is made up from books and papers that we carelessly imagine what people did in the old times before they had such things. It is said, however, that there is a good deal of their time in the evening telling riddles and guessing hard questions; and an old book printed in 1611 gives the following specimens:

- Who was Adam's mother?
A. The earth.
Q. How many calves' tails would it take to reach from the earth to the sky?
A. One, if it were long enough.
Q. What is that that never was new never?

Fun, Fact and Facetious.
Bless think there is no place like comb home.
Be content with your lot—especially if it's a corner one.
A carver's knife is made circular; that is to say, a mile track is never a square mile.

The difference between a boy and a girl is that the boy is always making a mistake and the girl is always making a mistake.
A man can get into good society in London if he has the skill of being able to have to stand being regarded as rather fresh.

What a memory Miss Dickinson has, to be able to recall the exact date of the project of building the Washington monument was first started.
Cassius M., the French editor, has been much criticised for saying that as much risk as a man who has played three games of ball.

The lightning used on theatrical stages costs \$20 an ounce; but so little is required that you can kill a \$20 bird with a piece of it.
Miss Swinburn says: 'If I wear boots at all the boots should reach to the waist and I should wear a long skirt with a white and blue check pattern.'

A Yankee coachman was driving some English horses and was puzzled to find that he had brought them to the monument on Bunker Hill.
'Ah, yes,' said one of the explorers, 'I believe this is the place where the English were defeated by the Americans.'

Why do you wish to leave school at your age? said the principal of a country school to a boy named Jerrid, who was standing with a sandy-haired, prominent nose, and a very bright, intelligent look.
'You have learned comparatively nothing up to this time,' I learned one day from my father, who was a student.

coming season by New York wholesale houses show no decided change in shape. The new overgarments are considerably larger than those of last season, and are made of the finest materials.

The coming bonnet will run to extremes, being either very large or very small. For full dress and for evening wear the reigning style is to be the small capote, so dear to Philadelphia women.

A great many wraps will be made to match the new styles of dress, being of velvet plush, fur or cloth, and some as deep as the crown of the crown.

Some beautiful imported cloths are of white cashmere, nearly covered with cream-tinted lace, either Spanish or the new Roussillon pattern, while art imitations of an aesthetic dress in the Greek style.

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Trying on the Bonnet.
A New Haven gentleman, whose business keeps him up late at nights, was persuaded to do a military errand for his wife the other night, and as a result stumbled up the front stairs at 2 o'clock in the morning with a brand new bonnet held carefully under his arm in tissue paper.

'You forgot my bonnet, didn't you?'
'No, I didn't. Here's the business! 'Oh! is it?' and that woman sprang up and ripped the wrappings off in a jiffy and, elating her nightcap into the corner, adjusted the new purchase carefully on her head.

'Madam,' responded the husband, 'the bonnet certainly is becoming, but, somehow, the remainder of your costume don't jibe. Your dress, if I may call it such, has too much Hamburg with its feet on a stiff overskirt. I think you need a little kitting and a couple extra ruffles.'

'He got a Raise.
They told a good story at the expense of Schenck, the lessee of the Hotel De Monte at Monterey. It seems that said proprietor was taking a stroll through the kitchen department at a rather unusual hour one night, when he discovered the steward seated in an arm-chair in the kitchen, with his feet on a stool and further engaged in sharing an imported pipe and a few bottles of \$8 Burgundy with a good-looking chambermaid.

The Old Fiddler.
The old fiddler! What has become of him? The old-fashioned fiddler of our boyhood, who occupied the one chair in the kitchen, and beat such hearty time to his music on the bare oak floor!

A New and Sensible Earning.
A sensible and much-needed invention in domestic life is a new and simple contrivance, which is a new and simple contrivance, which is a new and simple contrivance.

Spiders on Telephone Wires.
One of the chief hindrances to telegraphing in Japan is the grounding of the current by spider lines. The trees bordering the highways swarm with spiders, which spin their webs everywhere between the earth, wires, poles, insulators and trees.

What I Live For.
I live for those who love me, whose hearts are kind and true; for those who smile at me and smile and smile at me.

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