

Diamond Cut Diamond.

The stranger was leaning against a big board looking dreamily into space...

"Excuse me, sir," he said, finally, "that paint is fresh."

"Fresh?" exclaimed the stranger, suddenly waking up and jumping away from it.

"Yes, sir—fresh," returned the proprietor, looking ruefully at the spot which the stranger's coat had made.

"You didn't put any sign on it that I can see," said the stranger, sarcastically, as he tried to look over his shoulder at the back of his coat.

"Sign! sign!" exclaimed the proprietor, growing excited. "Of course I did not. I hadn't finished the job, and any one but a blamed fool with a cold in his head can smell fresh paint, if he wants to."

"Smell it?" roared the stranger. "Do you expect a man in this enlightened age to go around sniffing the air? Do you expect him to try to smell if every fence he wants to lean against, or does he expect to do you expect him to go around in this world with a suspicion that every one is an unscrupulous an idiot as you are? No, sir, I don't."

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"Hold on!" cried the latter, in dismay, as he backed away. "I'll fix the fence if you'll fix the coat."

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"Swish! swish!" the proprietor went through the sweat followed by the paint brush. Then the stranger took the paint pot and sprinkled paint over the fence, the sidewalk and the lawn. He got away before the proprietor returned with a revolver, and he is never seen on that street now.—Chicago Tribune.

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Mr. West stroked his hair while he talked and looked up at the ceiling as if trying to count the noses in the forehead wrinkles about the chandelier and then went on:

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"Business men don't feel old now a day because their hair is gray. They don't save up for the boys by depriving themselves of needed recreation. They take their share of jollities of life, too; and by jollies I don't mean jags. And though they don't work as many hours a day as their fathers did they manage to accomplish much more."

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"Any good?"

"Best I ever had in the house."

"No! Where did you find her?"

"Down in Ohio."

"Have to go after her yourself?"

"Yes."

"How did you happen to hear of her?"

"A friend of mine told me about her first, and I wrote to her on a venture."

"How did you ever persuade her to come far from home?"

A Story of Andrew Johnson.

Andrew Johnson was a man of impetuous temper, given to ferocity, not to say vehemence, expression of his opinions and feelings shortly for the Baltimore convention which renominated President Lincoln and placed Mr. Johnson, then military Governor of Tennessee, on the ticket with him.

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Something About Jellies.

Many women have asked why their jellies do not jelly, what shall they do to save them, why they have become so moldy, etc. Jelly is the basis of vegetable jellies; it gives to the juices of fruit the property of gelatinizing. When the fruit is over ripe or when the jelly is cooked too long it seems to lose its gelatinizing property. We often see these women attempt to make jelly with overripe fruit; the substance will become thick and gummy with long cooking, but will not congeal. The fruit for jellies should be just ripe or a little under ripe, freshly picked and of good quality. The small juicy berries, such as currants, blackberries, raspberries, etc., can be cooked in a stone pot, which should be placed in a kettle of boiling water then the contents should be stirred and mashed well into the fruit until heated through say for about an hour; or the fruit can be heated slowly in the preserving kettle and mashed well. In either case strain the juice first through a piece of cheese-cloth and then through a funnel; place in the preserving kettle and on the fire. Boil a skin; add a pound of sugar in the oven. Stir until the sugar dissolves and fill the glasses.

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"Have to go after her yourself?"

"Yes."

"How did you happen to hear of her?"

"A friend of mine told me about her first, and I wrote to her on a venture."

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He Didn't Need It.

He was sitting on the platform at the railway station in a deep study, while two men passed near him watching. He had set time for ten minutes, when he had finished for some time down upon him.

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New Spring Goods

Consisting of Black and Colored Shallice Silks, Satin Silks, Velvet and Velveteens in all colors, Black and Colored Henriettes at 25, 30, 35, 40, 45, 50, 55, 60 and 65 per yard. We have a full line of all the New Weaves, such as Bedford, Carls, Chateaux, Harris and others, all Guaranteed, Ready Finished, and Warranted to give satisfaction.

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