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THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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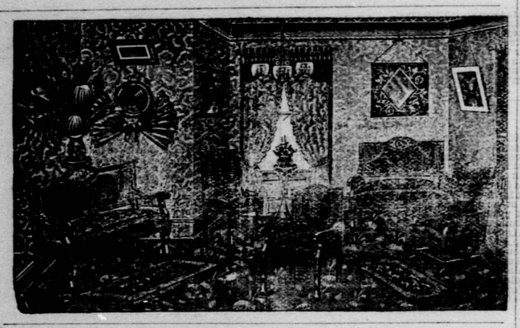

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THE BABIES' PROTEST.

Baby Brighteyes:
"We are three babies, earnestly protesting
Against the things which torture us and kill.
We'll try to make our story interesting—"
All (sweetly)—"We will."

Baby Goldenhair:
"When riding in our carriage clever,
Please keep the sun out of our eyes so blue;
It hurts us and may spoil our sight forever—"
All (pleadingly)—"Please, do."

Baby Sweetheart:
"In case we're being brought up on a bottle
(Against which fraud we kick with all our might)
Please watch it so ourselves we do not throttle—"
All (thoughtfully)—"Please do."

B. B.—"And keep it clean; don't let the milk get soured
By being churned while riding in the sun.
If 'infant food' is not with zest devoured—"
All (decidedly)—"Give none."

B. G.—"In summer keep us cool and bathe us often,
Or else we'll be real angels in the sky.
Then when you see us in our coffin—"
All (sorrowfully)—"You'll cry."

B. S.—"We don't want cruel nurses to neglect us,
And slap us 'little nuisances—no good—'
Our mammas ought to care for and protect us—"
All (lovingly)—"They should."

B. B.—"We do not want old ladies or young misses,
With teeth decayed or foulsome stomach breath,
To smother our poor, helpless lips with kisses—"
All (angrily)—"It's death."

B. G.—"We don't want folks to trot, rock, dance or jounce us
Till we throw up from being sea sick meals;
We don't like men to toss us high and bounce us—"
All (shiveringly)—"We're 'fraid."

B. S.—"Strange women mustn't say, whene'er they greet us:
'We're too, too sweet to live,' and at us fly,
Like Robin Hood's big wolf and play they'll eat us—"
All (fearfully)—"We cry!"

B. B.—"When women, making faces, say to charm us:
'Oo 'ittle pittle tootsie wootsie oo,'
They seem so soft—or crazy, they alarm us—"
All (affrightedly)—"Boo-hoo!"

B. G.—"We don't want clothing tight enough to bind us
So we can't kick to make our bodies strong;
And we don't like small sisters forced to mind us—"
All (sympathetically)—"That's wrong."

B. S.—"When we grow big we'll pay you more than double
For all the care your duty 'tis to show—
And we won't ever say *you* are a trouble—"
All (tenderly)—"Oh, no!"
—H. C. Dodge, in Goodall's Sun.

PARTANBRIDGE'S WIFE.

Her Presence Had a Wonderful Effect on Him.

HE'S a very nice woman, my dear Mickleberry, a very nice woman, indeed!" said Mr. Partanbridge, sagely; "but you allow her to dictate too much! For instance, *my* wife 's should never tell me not to smoke in the parlors on account of the curtains!"

"It does turn 'em yellow," observed Mr. Mickleberry, thoughtfully.

"Granted—but what becomes of your conjugal superiority? And then you didn't buy that corner lot because she advised you not to! What is a woman's judgment worth in a matter of business like that, Mickleberry?"

"Mary knows more than half the men going," parenthetically asserted Mr. Mickleberry.

"Excuse me, Mickleberry, but you don't keep her in her place! Don't the Scriptures expressly say that woman is the weaker vessel? I should like to see Mrs. Partanbridge venturing to oppose me!"

Mr. Mickleberry looked admiringly at his big friend.

"How do you manage it, Partanbridge?" he questioned a little timidly.

"Tact, my dear fellow—tact, dignity, supremacy! I wouldn't have mentioned it if circumstances hadn't pointed directly to the fact, but you are getting hen-pecked, Mickleberry. Everybody notices it. You must gather up the reins of domestic management—you must assert yourself!"

Mr. Mickleberry laughed.

"But what is the use of asserting myself?" he asked, jocosely. "Everything goes on like clockwork at home

"SO HE'S HERE, IS HE?"

—Mary always meets me with a smile—she spends the money sensibly, and never asks me for an unnecessary cent!"

"Does she tell you how she spends it?"

"Not always, but—"

Mr. Partanbridge interrupted his friend with a groan.

"Oh, these women, these women! I should like to see my wife buying a silk dress, as Mary did last week, without first consulting me."

"But she had saved the money out of her housekeeping funds."

"Then, my dear fellow, it's a sign that you give her too much money for housekeeping. Cut her down—draw the purse-strings a little tighter."

Mr. Mickleberry looked uncomfortable.

"I—I should hardly like to do that, Pantanbridge."

"You'll never be master of your own house until you do."

Mr. Moses Mickleberry went home and told his wife all about what Partanbridge had said. Mary laughed and colored, but she was a little angry withal.

"I wish Mr. Partanbridge would mind his own business," said she. "I'm tired of hearing about 'my wife.' She must be a poor, spiritless concern."

"Partanbridge is a man of great ability," said Moses, gravely.

"Fiddlesticks!" said Mrs. Mickleberry. "A regular hen-hussy—a thoroughgoing Miss Nancy!"

"I'm sorry you feel so about him, my dear," said Moses; "for he doesn't like the place where he is boarding now, and I told him he might occupy our spare room for a few days."

"Oh, I've no objections to that," said Mrs. Mickleberry, composedly. "I'm always glad to entertain your friends, my dear, even if they are not the most agreeable people in the world, and I dare say I can get along with Mr. Partanbridge for a few days."

"You're a little jewel, my dear," said Moses, and he forgot all Partanbridge's insinuations at once.

Mr. Partanbridge came, bag and baggage, and took possession of the "spare room" in the Mickleberry mansion as importantly as if he had been the Grand Turk. And thenceforward "my wife" began, figuratively speaking, to trample Mary Mickleberry into dust.

"My wife" spent no money; "my wife" went nowhere; "my wife" would sooner cut off her hand than to go to a woman's rights convention; "my wife" was not literary, but spent her days doing housework, and her evenings mending stockings. She held her husband in salutary awe, never spoke when she wasn't spoken to—in short, knew her place.

"And how did you manage it, Partanbridge?" asked Mr. Mickleberry once again, in the admiration of his soul.

Mr. Partanbridge waved his hand loftily.

"Mickleberry!" said he, "there are some things that can't be expressed in words."

"Fortunately!" put in Mrs. Mickleberry, who was sewing away as vigorously as if every stitch were an unuttered protest.

"And," went on Mr. Partanbridge, as if he had not heard the interruption, "it is woman's duty to listen—to submit—to keep silent!"

"There goes the doorbell," observed Mrs. Mickleberry; "will you go, Moses? it is Bridget's evening out."

"My wife," commenced Mr. Partanbridge, "would never have asked me to perform so menial an office as—"

He stopped short as a loud, masculine voice was heard in the entry below stairs.

"Does Job Partanbridge board here? Yes? Oh, all right—tell 'em to bring the trunks, and you, hackman, a dollar's enough fare. You'll get no more out of me. Clear out, and let's hear no more of your grumbling. So he's here, is he? A pretty chase I've had after him."

Mrs. Mickleberry looked up at the blanching countenance of Mr. Job Partanbridge in surprise and bewilderment.

"Who can that loud-voiced woman possibly be?" she asked. "Surely there is some mistake."

"N-no!" quoth Mr. Partanbridge, with chattering teeth, "it is—my wife."

"Mrs. Partanbridge? Can it be possible?" and hospitable little Mary Mickleberry dropped her work and hastened to greet and welcome her new guest, the paragon among women, the meek and lowly and well-trained wife of the doughty Job.

Mrs. Partanbridge came into the room with the tread of a giantess and the aspect of an Amazon. She was a tall, large woman, red-faced and resolute, with the faint shade of a mustache on her upper lip, and a deep voice like that of a grenadier, and she wore her cloak as if it had been a man's overcoat, the two sleeves tied round her neck, while her sailor hat would have been a snug fit for her husband.

She sat down, at Mrs. Mickleberry's invitation, with a force that made the chair crack and tremble in its every joint and thrust out her feet.

"Pull off those rubbers," said she to Job, and the husband promptly went down on his knees to perform the behest. "Not so rough—you're as clumsy as ever, I see; and now tell me why you didn't send the money for me to join you before?"

"I—I couldn't spare it from my business, Drusilla, my dear," stammered Job, growing scarlet.

"Hang up my cloak to dry—and get me a footstool for my feet!" commanded Mrs. Partanbridge. "Look sharp about it, too! Well, I borrowed fifty dollars from Deacon Underhill, and I've come on on my own hook. I'm tired of being poked away in the backwoods while you're playing the fine city gent, and I'll not stand it any longer; besides, I wanted to attend the Woman's Suffrage association, and I'm a member of the Sedleyville Branch of Female Rights Advocates. You've got a nice house here, ma'am," turning to Mrs. Mickleberry. "I might have had a house of my own if Job Partanbridge had used common sense in his business affairs, and listened to my advice a little."

"Drusilla, my dear—" interposed Mr. Partanbridge, but his wife darted a leonine glance at him.

"Job Partanbridge, will you hold your tongue, and speak when you're spoken to?" she demanded, tartly.

"Certainly, my dear, certainly!"

"Then let's have a specimen of it. As I was saying, Mrs. Mickleberry—Job, go downstairs, and look in the big-handled basket on top of the trunk in the hall, and get me my handkerchief and the camphor bottle with the little wicker-case round it—as I was saying, that sort of thing is just about played out, so far as I am concerned. Job hasn't no more wit than a yellow dog when he's left to himself—you know you haven't, Job, so you may just as well leave off opening and shutting your mouth like a newly landed fish—and I mean to be boss myself, Job."

"Yes, dear."

"Bring me the rocking-chair—now move the screen so the fire won't shine in my eyes. And get a hack early tomorrow morning, and see that I am furnished money; I want to do a little shopping."

"Yes, my dear," said Job Partanbridge.

"And be ready to go with me at eleven to the suffrage rooms. I must render the report of Sedleyville branch."

"Yes, dear," assented the husband.

At this stage Mrs Mickleberry interrupted the orders of the commanding general of the Partanbridge division by a tray containing tea, toast, and other feminine refreshment. Mrs. Partanbridge received them with a contemptuous sniff.

"My good lady," said she, "I dare say you mean well, but I don't feed off such slops! Job!"

"Yes, Drusilla!"

"Go round to the nearest restaurant and get me a bottle of Dublin stout and a dish of stewed tripe. You'll excuse me, ma'am," to Mrs. Mickleberry, "but we all have our little ways, and this is mine."

Away went Job Partanbridge, like an arrow fleeing from the bow, and

"BRING ME THE ROCKING CHAIR."

soon returned with the required dainties, off which "my wife" supped sumptuously.

"Take my things upstairs, Job!" said Mrs. Partanbridge, when she had satisfied the cravings of nature; "I've had a long day of travel, and I guess I'll go to bed early."

If ever mortal man looked cowed, wretched and dismal, Job Partanbridge did the next morning, when he made his appearance at the breakfast table. Mrs. Mickleberry could not resist one little mischievous hit.

"I congratulate you, Mr. Partanbridge," she said, "upon the excellent manner in which you have developed your theories as to conjugal discipline."

Mr. Partanbridge choked convulsively over his coffee.

"Hush!" he cried. "Hush! she is coming!"

"Who is coming?"

"My wife!"

But, ah! how differently he pronounced the low, magic words from the way in which he had spoken them twenty-four hours ago!

Mr. and Mrs. Job Partanbridge left the Mickleberry roof that very day for a hotel handier to the "woman's suffrage bureau," and that was the last Mary and her husband ever heard of "my wife" or her humble slave, the devoted Job.—Helen F. Graves, in N. Y. Weekly.

ROYAL GAME.

Sore Disappointment of a Hunter Who Missed an Ibex.

The ibex is of a light-brown color, the males being rather darker than the females; but the oldest males undergo a complete change in appearance, becoming light gray, with a clearly-defined black shoulder stripe, which gives them a very smart appearance. It is a sight to stir the heart of a hunter to see such a one sunning himself on some tower of rock, and, by way of morning exercise, bending his head to the ground and driving his sword-like black horns into some bush, of which he "makes hay" in about two minutes. I only once got a chance at one of these grand old "billies," and that I muddled. We had taken refuge from a sharp shower in a cave, or rather shelf on the cliff, protected by a long overhanging rock. The rain drifted in, and Celestin carried my rifle to one end where it was more sheltered. We made a fire at the other end, and were sitting over it, when, with a fixed stare, Omar pointed with his finger over my shoulder. There, about a hundred yards off, was a splendid male ibex such as I have described, with black horns which curved back nearly to his tail. There are not more than two or three like that on the mountain. He was quite unsuspicious, and calmly moving down the mountain, on account of the bad weather, I suppose.

Risking discovery, I crept to the place where my rifle lay. Two trees grew across that end of the opening, and I could not shoot from there. Back I crawled and sat down for the shot. He was slowly stalking down the rocks, but still within easy range. I leveled my piece, but at that moment a gust of wind blew the flame and smoke across my line of sight, and I could see nothing. The next instant he was round a rock and gone. I nearly turned sick with desperation. Of course, we followed and tried to find him again—an all but hopeless task in the complications of this hill. In the course of the search we got wet through, and in trying to dry my coat over the fire Celestin burned the back of it, my best "go-to-meeting" one, as it happened; but I would give twenty coats to have got that beast.—Nineteenth Century.

—In Court.—"Now collect yourself, my man, and tell us the whole truth about the affair." "I assure you, your honor, I could not say anything different from what I have said, not if you were to make mincemeat of me."—From Fliegende Blatter.

AN ANCIENT "SELL."

The Huge Joke Played Upon a Quarryman of Carrara.

Not many travelers visit Carrara, where the finest of marble is constantly being quarried, as it has been for so many centuries, but, once there, much may be found in the way of legend and scenery to occupy the curious mind. Innumerable stories float about the place, says a writer in Cornhill, concerning the existence of hidden treasures.

Gold has often been found in the neighborhood of the town, and not very long ago a crock of gold coins was unearthed beneath one of the streets.

A most curious experience, however, was that of a quarryman who, in one of his rambles, stumbled upon an old deserted quarry, within which, half-buried in grass and brambles, lay an enormous block of heavy marble. On examining it, he found a number of letters rudely cut, and half-hidden under a crust of dirt. With some difficulty he managed to spell out the words: "Blessed is he who shall turn me over."

The man at once jumped at the conclusion that he had stumbled upon hidden treasure, and that his fortune was made. He rushed home and collected some of his friends to aid him in the recovery of the concealed gold. After some very hard labor they succeeded in turning the hoary giant over. Another rude inscription met their eager eyes: "Thanks, my friends. I was weary of reposing so long in one position!"

VISITORS EXPENSIVE.

The Cost of Interrupting a Large Body of Workwomen.

A party of ladies and gentlemen were shown through a large carpet establishment in Broadway a few days ago, says the New York Times. They were permitted to look into every nook and corner of the building except one. At the bottom of the stairway leading to the top floor they came upon a closed door upon which were the words: "Positively No Admittance." The curiosity of the ladies was awakened at once. "What is up there?" inquired one eagerly. "That is our workshop," explained the representative of the firm. "We have one hundred and fifty women on that floor sewing carpets." "O, I should so like to see them at work," said the fair questioner with a playfully beseeching look.

"I am sorry that I cannot take you up there," replied the firm's representative, "but the rules are very strict. Really, there is nothing worth looking at, and there are no trade secrets there. The reason why the firm interdicts visitors is because the presence of strangers in the room causes every sewing-woman to look up and it takes her attention off her work from one to five minutes. Suppose each woman loses an average of two minutes. With one hundred and fifty women that means a loss to the firm of three hundred minutes, or five hours of time. That is too much time to lose when we are working under a full head of steam, as we are now."

AN ENGLISH HERO.

He Saves His Would-Be Rescuer from a Watery Grave.

An exciting story of the rescue from drowning of a Japanese, by an Englishman whose life the Japanese himself had set out to save, is told in a Japanese paper, the Kobe Shimbun. The Englishman was a resident of Tokio. Being on his way to Yokohama, and finding no ferryboat, owing to the swollen state of the river, he determined to swim across with his clothing in a bundle tied on his head.

The daring attempt attracted a crowd of sightseers, one of whom, observing that the stranger was apparently in difficulty, plunged in and swam to his rescue. The Japanese was a good swimmer, but the waters ran swiftly, his strength gave out, and he was carried down-stream. Then arose a cry from the spectators, for they saw that the Japanese was going to sink.

By this time the Englishman had almost reached the opposite bank, but when he heard the cries of the crowd he turned about, and seeing the drowning Japanese, he again faced the current, and coming up with the drowning man caught him with one arm, and swimming with the other hand he brought him ashore amid the cheers of the crowd.

"How chivalrous was his action!" exclaims the Japanese journalist in conclusion. "His name we know not, but he has our highest admiration."

A FORTY-DOLLAR MISTAKE.

Two Bidders for One Man at an Auction Sale.

An Iowa man, who is a great lover of horses, and who keeps a grocery store and a livery-stable, was desirous of obtaining a certain horse which was to be disposed of at a public sale of a gentleman's estate. He knew that it would never do for him to bid in person, as the auctioneer, aware of his weakness for fine animals, would manage by one means or another to run up the price. The story is told in the Chicago Herald.

The grocer and livery-keeper arranged to have another man bid off the horse for him, but when the hour of the sale arrived he felt that he must be present and see to it that his instructions were carried out.

He arrived a little late, and just as the horse was being sold. Yes, there was his man Jones, true to his trust, in the midst of the crowd that surrounded the fine animal. Just at that moment Jones bid one hundred and thirty-five dollars.

Some one must have immediately nodded five better, for in another moment Jones bid one hundred and fifteen. From some unseen bidder the auctioneer received another advance of five dollars.

That was as much as the horse was worth, but Jones had orders to buy it at almost any price, and he promptly raised his offer to one hundred and twenty. So matters went on till Jones' bid was one hundred and thirty-five dollars.

At that point the livery-keeper mounted a box to see what fool wanted the horse so badly. On the further edge of the crowd stood Smith, and just as he nodded another five, it flashed upon the livery-keeper that he had told Smith to do exactly what, in his forgetfulness, he had afterward instructed Jones to do.

He lost no time in stopping the fun, which had already cost him about forty dollars.

OCEAN CABLES.

Cost and Extent of the Submarine Telegraph System of the World.

According to the latest report of the international bureau of telegraph administrations, the submarine telegraph system of the world consists of 120,070 nautical miles of cable. Government administrations, says Scribner, own 12,324 miles, while 107,546 are the property of private companies. The total cost of these cables is in the vicinity of $200,000,000. The largest owner of submarine cables is the Eastern Telegraph Company, whose system covers the ground from England to India, and comprises 21,860 miles of cable. The eastern extension, which exploits the far east, has 12,958 miles more. Early in that year the system of West African cables, which started from Cadiz only six years ago, was completed to Cape Town, so that the dark continent is now completely encircled by submarine telegraph, touching at numerous points along the coast. More than 17,000 miles of cables have been required to do this, and several companies, with more or less aid from the British, French, Spanish and Portuguese governments, have participated in carrying out the work.

The north Atlantic is spanned by no less than eleven cables, all laid since 1879, though not all are working at the present time; five companies are engaged in forwarding telegrams between North America and Europe, and the total length of the cables owned by them, including coast connections, is over 30,000 nautical miles.

NORMAN HUMOR.

The Legend of the Revolving Rock of Normandy.

Superstitions about rocks, which were once popular among the peasant classes of Europe, are dying out. The familiar legend is of a rock which, moved at a certain time by some strange witchcraft, revolves or rolls aside and discloses treasure hidden beneath, the time usually being specially inconvenient for witnesses, as for instance, "on the stroke of twelve on Christmas eve." A peculiar story of this kind is still told in Normandy. M. Julien Tiersot writes of it in the Revue des Traditions Populaires:

In the neighborhood of Caudbec-en-Caux there is a stone which, the country people say, revolves while the bells ring the Angelus at noon on Good Friday. A walk in the country in the spring at the hour of noon is an agreeable diversion, and the sceptical stranger readily consents to go and see the alleged magical stone.

The stranger and his escort reach the stone and wait. Time passes. It is afternoon.

"But the stone has not moved," he says.

"Wait, you have not heard the Angelus rung yet," is the smiling reply, and one might wait forever, for on Good Friday the Angelus is never rung.

The Green Cloth in Church.

The church naturally took more or less of the local color in early times, says the Butte City Miner, and the anomaly of a professional gambler as a leading church member might easily occur. A story goes that there were several of these men who were pretty regular attendants at church in Last Chance gulch. As United States money was scarce and gold dust was the ordinary medium of exchange, it sometimes happened that the knights of the green baize had no money with them when the plate went around. On such occasions they would toss a faro or poker chip into the dish, and the deacon would go the next day and have the dust weighed out in payment. It was not uncommon for amounts to range from ten dollars to twenty dollars. It is said the knights are not so reckless in these days, and that they are rarely seen at church. Their tribe is not extinct, but business with them is far from brisk.

A Queer Collision.

A collision between a ship and an omnibus is something rare; but one is just reported from Hamburg. The bus was crossing a bridge and the vessel poked her jibboom into it, but nobody was hurt.

An Anti-Panic Chair.

A new form of chair for use in theaters, music halls, etc., is now being introduced into England. This chair is already in use in several theaters in Germany and is intended not only to prevent panic in case of fire, etc., by enabling the audience to gain the exit doors more easily than hitherto, but also to allow officials of the theaters and members of the audience to move with freedom from one place to another. For this purpose the seat and back of the chair are free to move, and are connected suitably together, so that by means of a counterbalance weight a mere touch of the hand will cause the seat and the back to move simultaneously on hinges to a vertical position, the seat by raising and the back by lowering, thereby allowing free passage along or through the tiers. The very idea of such a device, when the absurd amount of inconvenience and annoyance suffered in comparative patience by the ordinary theater-goer is considered, raises up visions of comfort and pleasure which it seems hard to believe will ever be realized.

California in 1812.

In an old geography printed in 1812 appears the following; "California is a wild and almost unknown land. Throughout the year it is covered with dense fogs, as damp as unhealthful. In the interior are volcanoes and vast plains of shifting snow, which sometimes shoot columns to great heights. This would seem nearly incredible were it not for the well-authenticated accounts of travelers."

DEBT.

We pity a man who's in debt;
No pleasure in life does he gebt;
His head it will ache
From lying awache
At nights to worry and frebt.

He borrows from every friend
Until they refuse him to llend;
In time he becomes
To even his chomes
A nuisance despised to the lend.

He looks no one straight in the eye;
Without ready cash he must bye
On tick and take tough,
Unsalable stough,
And pay for it awfully bye.

He isn't a free man at all;
To those whom he owes he must crall
And cringe and obey
And hide from their wey
Disguised in a bonnet and shall.

Without any system of guard
His money melts quicker than luard,
And when it is gone
His watch he must pene;
For others he has to work luard.

When old not a comfort he knows;
"Dead broke" to the poorhouse he gows
And suffers, of course,
The keenest remourse
Till "Potter's Field" endeth his wows.

MORAL.

Down hill it is easy to roll
But once you get into the holl
Of debt you may climb,
Yet never in timb
Get out to save body or soll.
—H. C. Dodge, in Goodall's Sun.

Crocodiles and Birds.

I have watched upon many occasions the stealthy advance of a crocodile to capture small birds, when in flights of many thousands they have settled upon yielding branches of dwarf willows, writes Sir Samuel Baker, in "Wild Beasts and Their Ways." The elastic boughs bent down beneath the weight of the innumerable flock, and the crocodile's head appeared above the surface at a distance, sank below, and quickly reappeared (the eyes and crown alone above water) within ten yards of the unsuspecting birds, all of whom were busily engaged in twittering excitement, quarreling for places, and occasionally dipping their beaks in the water when the bending twigs permitted them to drink. In a few moments after the disappearance of the wary eyes a tremendous splash was accompanied by a pair of open jaws which swept the occupants of the lower branches into the greedy throat.

An Ingenious Device.

The principle of the expansion and contraction of a metallic loop made of German silver and steel when exposed to varying temperatures has been utilized for automatically shutting off gas when it has been blown out instead of being turned off in the usual way. One end of the loop, which is adjusted close to the gas flame, is free, while the other is secured to the fixture. A valve controlling the gas is attached to the free end, and when the gas is burning the valve is open and the gas freely escapes. If, however, the gas is blown out the loop will quickly cool and contract and the valve will shut off the gas. The device is exceedingly simple and it responds quickly to the change in temperature.

The Champion Jumper.

They had been speaking of big jumps.

"There's a friend of mine in the circus business," said Allround, "who thinks nothing of jumping over five men in line."

"Pshaw!" said Fishlets, "I know a man who once jumped about a hundred people."

"Oh! say, now! What do you take me for?"

"It's just as I said. The people he jumped were creditors."

And then they smiled all round.—Light.

A Lucky Lawyer.

An Austin lawyer caught a tramp in his office stealing some law books, which the latter intended to pawn. Seizing the intruder by the collar, the lawyer exclaimed:

"You scoundrel, I'll have you tried and sent to the penitentiary."

"Let go my neck, colonel. If you are going to have me tried, I reckon I'd better engage you as my lawyer, as you have the luck to be on hand," replied the tramp.—Texas Siftings.

QUITE NATURAL.

Mrs. Lippie (to grocer)—Tell Mr. Allspice I'm going to leave him if he doesn't give me better measure.

Boy—Why, what's been wrong?

Mrs. Lippie—The last butter he sent me was half a pound short.

Boy—Oh, yer mustn't mind dat. It's only his weigh.—Munsey's Weekly.

A Perennial Mystery.

Average Man—These Sunday papers just make me sick. Nothing in them but commonplace personal items about a lot of nobodies no one ever heard of.

Friend—I saw a little mention of you in the Sunday Gammon.

Average Man (half an hour later, to messenger boy)—Here, rush around to the Gammon office and get me forty copies of the Sunday edition.—N. Y. Weekly.

Too Much of a Good Thing.

"Did you see the notice I gave you?" said the editor to the grocer.

"Yes; and I don't want another. The man who says I've got plenty of sand, that the milk I sell is of the first water, that there are no flies on my sugar, and that my butter is the strongest in the market, may mean well, but he is not the man I want to flatter me a second time."—Harper's Bazar.

Proper Discipline.

Meek little Hennpect lay at the point of death. With streaming eyes the family had assembled about the bedside to hear his last sad words.

"John! John!" cried the weeping wife, "you *mustn't* leave me!" Slowly Hennpect's dimmed eyes sought her face and in an apologetical little voice he murmured meekly: "Just as *you* say, Maria, just as *you* say."—Life.

He Wasn't Equipped.

"I cannot marry you, Reginald," said Maud, "but you mustn't mind. There are as fine fish in the sea as were ever caught, you know."

"I know," replied Reginald, "but they won't take anything but the most expensive kind of artificial bait, and I am going to quit fishing."—Detroit Free Press.

Very Remarkable.

Miss De Pink—Did you hear about Miss Bullion's engagement to a foreign nobleman?

Mr. Goodfello—Yes, everybody is talking of it.

"Isn't it remarkable?"

"Yes, indeed. They say she is marrying him for love."—N. Y. Weekly.

An Heroic Remedy.

Clara—Why in the world are you going to marry Mr. Slimpurse? He hasn't a penny to bless himself with.

Dora—The doctor said nothing would cure these horrid little pimples but a long continued low diet, and I'm determined to save my complexion.—N. Y.

Mistaken Economy.

There is such a thing as mistaken economy. Some things we can hire done more cheaply than we can do them ourselves. It would not be economical for our young doctor to saw his own wood and take care of his horse if these interfered with his duty to his patients, any more than it would be for the wood sawyer to prescribe his own medicines to save the doctor's fee. "Do you know," said a prosperous lawyer to his fellow-traveler on the suburban train, "I believe I'll reshingle my barn during the court vacation. I might just as well as not save the money." "H'm!" said his friend, dubiously. "I hope you will save money, but I doubt if that is an economical way to do it." The lawyer did not see the force of this remark until he slid off the roof and broke his arm. Then he counted up his pain, the doctor's bill and the expense of shingling, which had to be done anyhow, and sent word to his friend that if he "saved much more money that way, he would be ruined."—Youth's Companion.

—Weary Watkins—"What's become o' Miserable Johnson? He oughter been along here a week ago." Hungry Higgins—"He's in jail. He was tryin' to follow the new sowveneer spoon fashion an' the boss of the beanery ketched him in the act."—Indianapolis Journal.

It Would Be Useful to Her.

Innocent Girl from Mountainous Region—What are you reading, Cousin Henry?

Cousin Henry—A book on pathology.

Girl—Oh, I understand! Pathology is the science of finding paths. You must really lend me that book, Cousin Henry, for at home I'm always losing my way.—Pharmaceutical Era.

Money Enough.

The rich woman who was shocked to hear her daughter say: "A penny for your thoughts," when she ought to have offered a dollar, has a relative in California, of whom the San Francisco Examiner relates a "true anecdote."

She is not unknown in fashionable society, her wealth drawing about her a set of admiring followers. Lately she had some affection of the throat, and called a physician. After an examination, he said:

"Madam, I shall have to touch two or three of the affected spots with nitrate of silver."

"Oh, doctor, please don't do that!" answered the patient. "Use nitrate of gold. The expense is quite immaterial."

A Strong Reason.

She was having a confidential talk with her aunt.

"I can never marry Harry Westlock," she said, in a tone which implied that it was useless to talk about it. "I never can."

"And why can't you?" asked her aunt. "I'm sure I should think any girl would esteem it an honor to be Harry Westlock's wife. He is very wealthy, too. Why can't you marry him?"

"Because he hasn't asked me to, and I know he never will."—Boston Herald.

New Light on Raleigh.

The earl of Leicester, alone of all Elizabeth's court, declined to enthuse over the gallantry of Sir Walter Raleigh in throwing his cloak into the mud so that her majesty's feet would not be wet.

"Why are you so glum over it, Leicester?" asked Ben Jonson. "Not jealous, I hope?"

"Not at all," returned the earl; "but it was my cloak."—Puck.

Making a Sure Thing of It.

Rowne de Bout—Have you met Miss Chilton yet?

Upson Downes—No, I called there last Friday afternoon, and she was out.

Rowne de Bout—That's strange. I called there the same afternoon, and she was in.

Upson Downes (dryly)—The next time I call on her, I shall go with you.—Puck.

Those Ill-Natured People.

Clara (haughtily)—I went to the theater every night last week and had a different escort each time.

Rival Belle (vindictively)—You should be more cautious, my dear.

"Cautious?"

"Yes, my dear. Ill-natured people all over town are saying you can't get the same man to go with you twice."—N. Y. Weekly.

HIS COPSHIP DIDN'T DECIDE.

"So yez has an order iv arrest for Mrs. Maguire, an' yez proposes to take me wid yez. Young man, allow me to ax how yez intind goin' along wid me; is it an ambulance or in rimnants?"—Life.

No Kind of a Fellow.

Kate—I'm not going to have Clarence Bashley call on me any more. He's too bashful for anything.

Della—How is he?

Kate—Why