

THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

T. H. HARTER, Editor and Prop'r.
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Buenos Ayres contemplates holding a world's fair.

The white population of Texas increases more rapidly than the black.

Figures show that the sustaining unit of the globe will soon be reached.

Idaho Territory is actively bestirring itself in the matter of securing admission to the Union.

The large coal fields recently discovered in Tonquin, China, are expected to revolutionize the shipping traffic in the Orient.

It is asserted that during the Exposition Paris shopkeepers have raised prices fully fifty per cent., but only to strangers.

Owing to neglect on the part of the city government the city of Boston is without a Potter's field in which to bury her indigent dead.

The growing scarcity of whalebone is tempting many an old whaling skipper to leave his fire-side to again try his luck in the Arctic regions.

Paper publishers consider that the King of Holland's address to the State General, in which he asked that 65,000 troops be kept armed to defend Dutch neutrality, is a grave event, indicating expected German action.

It is alleged, observes the New York Commercial Advertiser, that the sale of bananas, which in 1888 were imported to the value of \$3,172,000 (an increase of \$500,000 over the year previous), is interfering with the sale of berries.

There is every probability, states the New York Times, that Japan will soon become entirely independent of other countries as regards its coal supply, vast coal fields having been recently discovered on the islands of Kusio and Yesso.

It is estimated by the head of one of the largest banking houses in New York city that at least \$100,000,000 will be sent to Europe this year to meet travelers' credits. This is an immense drain on the financial resources of the United States.

The Atlanta Constitution alleges that New York is a centre of misery. The police estimate that 50,000 people walk the streets not knowing where to sleep at night, and 50,000 others sleep as best they can, not knowing where to get a breakfast in the morning.

The most extensive building in the world is undoubtedly Machinery Hall, in the Paris Exposition. It is nearly a quarter of a mile long and 370 feet broad, its roof, which covers 60,000 square feet, is one great arch, spanning the entire distance from side to side, without a single intervening support.

"English pickpockets," says the London Graphic, "have hitherto carried off the palm among such light-fingered genies, but statistics gathered by the Turin police show that the British now only hold the third rank. The Spaniard is the most skillful of all, and does his work with two fingers only, while the Italian comes next, operating much in the same style."

If any persons have been frightened by recent rumors of a coming deficiency in the beet supply of the country, they can find reassurance in this year's report of the agricultural department on farm animals. To put the statement in round numbers there were 25,000,000 in the United States in 1860, 33,000,000 in 1880, and 50,000,000 in 1888, the year covered by the last report.

The Minneapolis Tribune has in some way discovered that the blue bird, which comes to us in the early spring, with the arbutus and the band organ, can vanquish the English sparrow in single combat. With this fact as a basis it moves to oust the bald-headed eagle from its place as the American bird and substitute the plucky little warbler which goes dressed in the uniform of Uncle Sam.

During the six months of this year 133 railroad lines were laid in thirty-one States and Territories, aggregating 1522 miles of track. Mississippi heads the list with 171 miles laid, while the minimum mileage is in Maryland, six miles being constructed in that State. Eight miles were laid in Illinois, on one line, during the last half of the year it is probable that some of the Northern States, including Illinois, will add considerable mileage. The tendency in the last two years has been to the construction of numerous short lines, instead of a lesser number of long competitive lines.

DESTINY.

I saw the bald cliff bathed in silver rain While the parched fields stretched up their threats in vain; Woe to the land whose unplucked ears have pined— Whose harvests waste, and never yield their kind!

Know you not, wise one, with what thankful toil
You pour your love out on a desert soil?
Still wars the heart if this be truth or no—
What the priests say—that God has willed it so.

—Dora Read Goodale, in Lippincott.

JUSTLY PUNISHED.

BY THOMAS BURKE.

James Monroe and Mary Murdock were engaged to be married. They had known each other for years and as their parents were fast friends and near neighbors it seemed the most natural thing in the world that they should wed. They were the children of farmers and from school days up had attended the country merry-makings together. No "husking" or "paring bee" or "mite society" was complete unless James and Mary were there. James Monroe was a tall, blue-eyed young man of five and twenty, with light hair and a light musache, which latter all the girls voted, "just too cute for anything." As a truthful chronicler, we must add he was quite conciliatory and rather inclined to flirt.

Mary Murdock was a brunette, a charming little black-eyed miss who, though generally light-hearted, gay and laughing, had more than once shown that it was hardly safe to trespass too far upon her good nature. Her age was twenty.

One evening in July there was an ice cream festival in Payne's Woods near the village of Barnesville and also near the homes of the two betrothed lovers, and, of course, they were in attendance. It was a merry gathering. Besides ice cream, cake, candy, peanuts and lemonade were offered for sale, all for the benefit of the church.

The merry making was at its height when a sudden hush fell on the assemblage and all eyes were riveted on a gentleman and lady who were slowly making their way toward the head dispenser of ice cream. The gentleman was bowing right and left, and smiling with great urbanity, thereby displaying a white and glistening set of false teeth to much advantage. Evidently he was on the best of terms with himself, and as a natural consequence with all the world. Why shouldn't Josiah Hurton, J. P., the wealthiest man in the neighborhood, be on good terms with himself.

But it was the young lady who attracted the lion's share of attention. She was, perhaps, twenty-five years of age, very tall, with dark blue eyes, and hair denominated ashburn by her friends, and red by her enemies, of which last it may be said she had her full complement. Her form was simply perfection. When I add that she was rich in her own right, and the prospective heiress to another large fortune, I have, perhaps, said enough to convince the reader that her lines had fallen in very pleasant places. Her name was Imogene Burton, and she was on a visit to her uncle, Squire Hurton. She had tired of Saratoga, she had tired of Newport, the White Mountains, and Bar Harbor, and therefore in a sudden freak had left the latter place for Barnesville, arriving there just in time for the lawn festival.

After gazing with some degree of interest on the, to her, unusual and amusing scene, she seated herself at a small table to partake of the cream and cake her uncle had provided.

She had just daintily raised the spoon to her lips when a blonde young man deposited a glass of lemonade in her lap and fell prone upon the grass at her side.

It was James Monroe who had been drafted in as a waiter for a short period, and who had unluckily stumbled over a chair standing in the shadow of a tree.

Of course Miss Burton was angry, not that her splendid satin dress was irretrievably ruined, but at the awkwardness of the whole affair. "To have a young man fling a glass of lemonade on her dress and then fall at her feet as if suing for pardon or her hand, and that too, before a whole grove full of laughing strangers was very mortifying to the proud and pampered Imogene.

James arose to his feet with a scarlet face and commenced stammering his apologies. At first she greeted all his explanations with a curt "it is of no consequence, sir," and a supercilious elevation of the eyebrows, when suddenly it occurred to her that as the young man was of fair appearance he might possibly be the means of relieving her of her ennui.

In fact she resolved to commence a flirtation with him then and there, and so when he had for the fifth time explained how the whole thing happened, and bemoaned his stupidity and awkwardness, glancing the while with rueful eyes at her discolored dress, she held out her white bejeweled hand with great frankness and smiled on him most sweetly.

James, though highly delighted, was somewhat taken aback at this sudden change of front, but as he, as has already been said, was rather inclined to flirt himself, and was flattered at her apparent interest in him, he made no audible comments on her changed behavior.

Taking a seat at the table he entered into an animated conversation with her, in the course of which she artlessly gave him to understand that she was very sad and very unhappy, and that she desired, above all things, a friend who would soothe her when sad, rejoice with her when merry, and be true to her till death.

Miss Burton looked tenderly at James as she uttered the above sentiment and softly sighed. What wonder the young man's heart beat violently, and his brain was in a whirl? Was not he hobnobbing, so to speak, with the beautiful and aristocratic heiress of whom the whole assemblage stood in awe, whose praises

had been so loudly and persistently sung by her uncle, the doughty squire.

The good people of Barnesville and vicinity being early risers were necessarily early retreats; consequently the festival came to an abrupt end at a far earlier hour than Miss Burton's accustomed bedtime.

How short the evening had seemed. Mr. Monroe, she said, as she gave him her hand at parting, "and I have you to thank for it. Will you not call on me to-morrow afternoon or evening? Something tells me we are to be the best of friends. Will you come?"

"I shall be delighted to do so," said James. Squire Hurton coming up at that moment, the young man reluctantly left the heiress and proceeded to seek out his deserted and till then forgotten betrothed. He found her seated near the entrance to the grounds, having with her an old lady whom she had prevailed upon to remain with her until her recreant ancestor made his appearance. She was very quiet and as they passed near the large lantern at the gateway leading from the scene of the festivity, James noticed that she was deathly pale and that there was an ominous glimmer in her jet black eyes.

The evening was a wonderful one. The stars shone brightly, the moon was at the full, and a cool breeze musically rustled the leaves and fanned the brows of the moody lovers as they silently wended their way toward the home of Mary, which was near by. At last James broke the irksome silence with the query:

"How have you enjoyed yourself this evening, Mary?"

"Very well," she replied; "it would be superfluous for me to repeat that question, for I saw you were enjoying yourself immensely. You doubtless found Miss Burton a very entertaining companion."

"I did," replied James. "She gave me a very cordial invitation to call on her to-morrow afternoon or evening."

"Do you intend doing so?" asked Mary, in a scarcely audible voice.

"I do," was the curt reply.

"Then," said the young girl, "you need never call on me again. We will henceforth be as strangers. Here is your ring." And before the dumbfounded James could reply she hurriedly drew their engagement ring from her finger, thrust it into his hands, and, as they had arrived at her father's gate, ran up the gravelled walk and into the house without a word of parting.

"Little spiteful," said James to himself. "The idea of acting in this way just because I conversed with Miss Burton a short time."

He did not seem to realize that he had spent nearly the entire evening in Miss Burton's company, neglecting his betrothed to such an extent that even the dullest took cognizance of and commented upon it.

On the following afternoon after making a more than usually elaborate toilet, James presented himself at the door of Squire Hurton's stately white house and inquired of the trim maid of all work who answered the summons of the bell, if Miss Burton was in. The maid replied in the affirmative, ushered him in to the "best room" where he found the heiress deeply absorbed in the latest society novel. She closed the book at once, and rising from her seat greeted him very warmly.

They were soon conversing as amicably and apparently as intimately as friends of long standing.

When at the end of two hours (which seemed but a few minutes to the infatuated James) he arose to take his departure he was warmly invited to call again. He did so on the very next day, when he was treated with greater kindness if possible than on his former visit. They played several games of croquet together during the course of which it was arranged that on the following afternoon they should take a boat ride on Lily Pond, a small lake in the neighborhood, noted for its white and fragrant water lilies. He also took her out riding behind his span of blood bay horses, and on one occasion escorted her to church where the heiress created an immense sensation as she swept down the central aisle in her trailing, rustling silken gown, while he with head erect, silk tie in hand, and curled mustache, was the envy and despair of all the young men of Barnesville. Even the gray-haired old minister was visibly disconcerted at the sudden and unexpected appearance of so much style and elegance and lost his place in the chapter he was reading, for he knew, Miss Burton always made it a point to arrive late at church as well as at all other public gatherings.

In less than two weeks it was whispered about by the gossips that James Monroe and Mary Murdock had quarreled, that the engagement was broken, and that he was "keeping steady company with that stuck-up, red-haired city girl at Squire Hurton's."

And it must be said it was all true; James had become infatuated with the fair Imogene and danced perpetual air upon her. Her dainty ways, her city bred airs, her varying moods, and above all the thought that she was already wealthy and destined at no distant date to become still more so, wrought such havoc in the heart of the unsophisticated youth that he resolved at the first favorable opportunity, to use a phrase much in vogue in those parts, to "pop the question."

Accordingly one pleasant afternoon when he and Imogene were seated on a rustic bench in the very grove where was held the memorable ice-cream festival, he, after much unwonted stammering, plumped down on his knees and proposed in the most dramatic manner imaginable—and was greeted with a loud and ringing peal of laughter. He had never heard Miss Burton laugh before, and the sound, however birdlike, or flutelike he might have considered it under other circumstances, was just at that moment far from pleasant to him.

"Marry you," she said, when she could fully control her risibility. "Marry a farmer? And I suppose you would expect me to milk the cows, and sweep, and cook and wash, as do all the good house-wives of Barnesville and vicinity. No, Mr. Monroe, the idea is impracticable, and I will add, utterly impossible; for I am engaged to a gentleman in New York and am to be married early in the fall. I have enjoyed your company very much indeed. You have helped to relieve the tedium of this beautiful though monotonous place, and for that I am truly thankful; but such a thing as becoming your wife has never once entered my head. You must learn to forget me. I leave for Boston to-morrow morning and you, doubtless will exemplify the truth of the old adage: 'Out of sight, out of mind.' And now let me give you a little good advice. I have heard something of a little black-eyed girl to whom you were engaged and with whom you quarreled, presumably over poor me. Return to your allegiance. Marry her; she will make you a good wife, and you will both live to laugh over your silly misunderstanding, and at me."

With these words Miss Burton arose, and swiftly and silently glided from the grove, leaving James Monroe dumbfounded and crestfallen, and yet with a secret feeling in his heart that he had been rightly served.

After the first rankings of his wounded self-love had died out, he bethought him of Miss Burton's advice and called at the Murdock home-stead. He was ushered into the familiar parlor where had passed so many pleasant happy hours, by one of Mary's younger sisters, and, in a short time Mary made her appearance. She was as bright and cheery as ever and apparently harbored no ill-feeling because of his past conduct, but when he drew forth the engagement ring she had so long worn, and attempted to place it upon her finger and again gain her consent to be his wife, she drew back with a quick, proud movement and said:

"No, James, I shall always be a friend to you, but never your wife. You have shown plainly that you did not love me as you ought, and I feel it is best we should henceforth meet merely as friends and neighbors. I will own that I have felt very badly over the way—the way you have used me. But time heals all wounds."

"Yes, time and John Graves," said James angrily, as he seized his hat. "I have heard of his coming here, and if you care more for that lost than for me all I have to say is: Marry him."

Thus speaking, he flounced out of the room, not forgetting to slam the door behind him. Mary's black eyes fairly snapped with just anger and indignation. But the storm in her bosom subsided as rapidly as it had arisen, and in a low, heartfelt voice, she said: "Thank God for my narrow escape."

John Graves, whom James Monroe had denominated "a lout," was a young farmer living about three miles from Mr. Murdock's. He was a steady, upright young man, not given to "putting on airs," but honest and true to his friends as the needle to the pole. He had a large farm bequeathed him by his father, which he cultivated to the very best advantage. In fact, he was considered the best farmer near Barnesville. His mother and a maiden sister attended to the household duties, while he and two "hired men" were constantly employed in bringing his broad acres into the highest state of productiveness. Him the following autumn, Mary Murdock married. And at about the same time Imogene Burton was led to the altar by "a gentleman of New York."—*Yankee Blade.*

Tunneling the Hudson at New York.

Why local capital fights so shy of the Hudson river tunnel is not easily explained. Direct communication between New York city and the railways terminating at Jersey City, N. J., is bound to be had sooner or later, and why not sooner? The passage by ferries is expensive and subject to vexatious delays, and the Hudson river bars three-fourths of the railroads of the United States from entering the metropolis. Consider the enormous amount of traffic and what its transportation means. Dewitt C. Haskell conceived the idea of a tunnel under the river. A company was formed and it was decided to build two parallel tunnels, each 5000 feet long, 18 feet high and 16 feet wide. About 2000 feet of the north and 850 feet of the south tunnel were completed under the river and then the money gave out. The working shafts at both shore ends are complete and the works are abundantly supplied with machinery. The company has legislative authority to condemn such real estate as it needs for terminal facilities both in New York and Jersey City. In Jersey City the terminus will be in close proximity to the great trunk lines centering there. On the New York side the tunnel will come to the surface at Morton street, and the tracks will by easy gradients reach Broadway only 16 feet below the street level. The terminals will cover 250,000 square feet in New York and a larger area in Jersey City. The Brooklyn bridge cost \$13,000,000, and its passenger traffic exceeds 30,000,000, and its earnings \$850,000 a year, while at the same time the East river ferries carry more passengers than before it was opened. The distance across the Hudson at the tunnel site is three and a half times that across the East river at the Bridge site. The terminus on the New York side will tap street railways that will carry 240,000,000 passengers annually.

A simple statement of these facts has been sufficient to secure enough English capital to complete the work. Some \$3,000,000 has already been expended. This will be represented by a portion of the share capital of \$10,000,000. The tunnel company is to issue a total of \$2,750,000 in bonds, redeemable in 1939, and secured as a first mortgage. —*New Orleans Picayune.*

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

CARE NECESSARY WHILE BOILING JELLIES.

The experienced housekeeper is careful not to boil preserves and jellies too long after the sugar has been added, because the acids in the fruits may cause the sugar to "invert," or split up into two other forms of sugar, neither of which possess much sweetening power. Neither will she boil jellies made from gelatine too long, or a chemical change will take place, and the gelatine lose its power of "setting," or gelatinizing. —*Boston Cultivator.*

CLEANING OILCLOTH.

Oilcloth ought never to be scrubbed with a brush, but after being swept may be cleaned by washing with a soft flannel and lukewarm water or cold tea. On no account use soap or water that is hot, as either would have a bad effect on the paint. When the oilcloth is dry rub it with a small portion of a mixture of beeswax, softened with a minute quantity of turpentine, using for this purpose a soft furniture polishing brush. The following is also used to make oilcloths look well: Wash them once a month with skim milk and water, equal quantities of each; rub them once in three months with boiled linseed oil; put on a very little and rub it well in with a rag and polish with a piece of old silk. —*Washington Star.*

CANNISH FOR FISH SALAD.

A pretty garnish for a fish salad is made by arranging six sardines (the bones carefully removed), on the top, with heads meeting in the centre, a fringe of lettuce or parsley leaves in a border, and lemon points at intervals. The round red radishes can be prepared in such a way as to be very ornamental. Cut off the root close, and with a sharp knife pare the radish toward the top; the knife can only take up a narrow portion at a time; repeat this until all the red part is cut, and the result will be that the cut portion will look like petals, and the radish will closely resemble a flower. Let them stand in water until they are crisp, and serve them in a blue bowl with cracked ice. Olives also taste better if served on a bed of cracked ice. —*New York Observer.*

TO KEEP CUCUMBERS FOR PICKLING.

Wash the cucumbers in cold water. First put a layer of coarse salt, an inch or more in depth, in the bottom of whatever you wish to pack them in. Then a layer of cucumbers (lay them closely as it will not hurt them to touch). Cover each layer with salt. Always have a layer, on top. After putting in one day's picking cover all over the salt on top layer, with a clean cloth wrung out of cold water then a board and weight to press them. In a few days brine will form from the dampness. After putting in each day's picking, rinse the scum from the cloth before replacing. When the vessel is full as desired cover over and about once a week rinse the cloth to remove the scum. Although some say to let it remain as it does no harm. —*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

CURRENTS IN TEMPTING FORMS.

Currant jam is made by stemming and washing the berries, adding no water, but two-thirds the quantity of sugar, and stirring and simmering for one hour, or till a smooth and even mass.

Currant preserve is made of equal weight of fruit and sugar, cooked slowly, and not stirred, so as to retain somewhat the shape of the currants.

iced currants make a beautiful dessert, especially the red and white varieties, mixed. Take the clean, whole bunches, and dip them, holding by the stem, into beaten white of egg, then into finely powdered sugar, dry for an hour, and then repeat.

Another currant dessert, very ornamental as well as very palatable is currant froth. It is light and delicate for a warm day. Get one pint of currant juice, make perfectly clear by straining. Soak two ounces of gelatine in two cups of cold water for an hour. Then put cups of sugar together in a milk boiler, over a clear fire; let it come to boiling point only; then strain into a vessel to cool. When cool, but before the jelly stiffens, add the frothed white of three eggs, and beat all till it is a stiff froth. Pour into a mold, and put near the ice. This should be made the day before it is wanted. This dish may be varied by making it sweeter, and serving with flavored whipped cream poured around it.

Currant fumery is another pleasing dessert. Get the juice from two quarts of currants and strain very clear; add one pint of granulated sugar. Now take out one pint of the currant juice and blend with it one-half pint of ground rice. It must be very smooth and free from lumps. Then put the remainder of the juice into a milk boiler, set it on the fire, and when it boils, stir the rice batter gradually in. When it has cooked till quite thick, put it into molds to congeal. It should be served with sweetened cream.

Currant Bavarian Cream.—The flavor of currants in cream is especially agreeable, but they require more sugar from their acid nature than most fruit or berries to make it an acceptable dish. Cover one ounce of gelatine with half a cup of cold water for one hour, then put over the fire and add one pint of currant juice, one cup and a half of sugar, bring just to a boil and strain into a large earthen bowl, set in a cool place and stir till it thickens, when add one pint of whipped cream and whip all well together and put into molds and upon ice. In warm weather it should be chilled upon the ice before stirring.

Spiced currants to serve with meat are an agreeable relish. To four quarts of currants washed and stemmed, add two and one-half quarts of light brown sugar, one spoonful of ground cinnamon, one of ground cloves and half a spoonful of ground allspice, also one pint of vinegar. Mash the currants, stir often and cook slowly for two hours. —*New York Independent.*

AN OVERSIGHT OF MAKE-UP.

A sweet little baby brother
Had come to live with Flo,
And she wanted it brought to the table,
That it might eat and grow.
"It must wait for a while," said grandma
In answer to her plea,
"For a little thing that hasn't teeth,
Can't eat like you and me."
"Why hasn't it got teeth, grandma?"
Asked Flo, in great surprise
"Oh, my! but isn't it funny?"
"No teeth, but nose and eyes
I guess," after thinking gravely
"They shouldn't have forgotten
Can't we buy him some like grandpa's?
I'd like to know why not?"

That afternoon to the corner,
With paper and pen and ink,
Went Flo, saying: "Don't talk to me
If you do it'll stirb me think.
I'm writing a letter, grandma,
To send away to-night,
An' 'cause it's very portairt
I want to get it right."

At last the letter was finished,
A wonderful think to see,
And directed to "God in heaven,"
"Please read it over to me,"
Said little Flo to her grandma,
"To see if it's right, you know,"
And here is the letter written
To God by little Flo.

"DEAR GOD: The baby you bro't
Is awful nice and sweet,
But 'cause you forgot his body
The poor little thing can't eat.
That's why I'm writing this letter,
A purpose to let you know;
Please come and finish the baby,
That's all. From LITTLE FLO."
—*Pittsburg Post.*

PITH AND POINT.

Navy Plugs—Old sea horses.
Cut rates—The surgeon's fee.
Fligs everywhere. Even time flies.
Dead reckoning—The undertaker's bill.
Forced politeness—Bowling to necessity.
A solid man—The ossified African at the dime museum.—*Mail and Express.*
Very few persons can hold their breath on their first sea voyage.—*Boston Courier.*
The march of righteousness should be played on an upright piano.—*Baltimore American.*
"All things will come to him who waits." The dry rot, for one thing.—*Philadelphia Press.*
He—"Come, now; let's kiss and be done with it." She—"No, sir; I won't."—*Siemens Journal.*
"How can I get ahead?" asked a little boy of a pessimist. "By rising and bagging," was the consoling reply.—*New York Journal.*
Wrestling is by no means confined to animate things, as everyone knows who has ever seen a ship's spar, sea fight or a ballot box.—*Baltimore American.*
We observe that a young man who was arrested for attempted suicide by jumping into the river has been "hauled out" by his friends.—*Mansey's Weekly.*
They sat within the parlor dim
And fretfully she said to him:
"I wish, dear John, that you'd believe
If not, I wish that you would slay."
—*Boston Courier.*

"What shall I call my play?" said the man who had stolen one from the French; and his friend advised him to call it Elijah, because it was translated. —*Sings.*

"Have you a cigar about you?" "No, I don't buy any now." "What do you buy, then?" "Because I want to lead you of the habit of smoking." —*Florida Blatter.*

I wonder no more you retain your bloom
And grow so sleek and fat.
When you ask as much for my ball head
As your landlady asks for the flat.
—*New York Sun.*

Bridget—"Enjoy sleep, is it? The minute I lay down I'm asleep, and the minute I'm awake I have to get up. Where's the time for enjoying sleep if I come in I'd like yez to tell me!" —*Wings.*
The burglar sneaked silently into the house
The housewife awoke with a cry:
She didn't assault him with pistol or bowie
She conducted him to the police.

Visitor—"I presume it was because you were sadly tried by adversity that you are confined here." Prisoner—"Yes; it was because I was tried by a grand jury that couldn't be bought." —*World.*

It is said that the hogs in this country are double the value of the sheep, and that the reason why the railway monopolizes two seats in a car while the sheep-faced man is compelled to stand is—*Sings.*

When you go to the circus,
Take care what you drink;
Look not on the lemonade
When it is pink.
—*Lawrence American.*

"Where's your pa, sonny?" "Out." "Ma in?" "No; she's out." "Brother in?" "No; he's out." "Then you're the only one in?" "Now; I ain't three out, side out; I'm just left out." —*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A youth who resided in Leicester, Mass., blew into a patent lung tester.
But he stopped with a sneeze.
For with Limburger cheese
The machine had been stuffed by
Jeicester. —*Washington Chronicle.*

Frank—"The deuce he did! And what did the General say?" Kate—"He said that if I married young Ellyah he'd cut me off with a shilling." Frank—"Bravo! Go it, Ellyah! And did you mention me?" Kate—"Yes, Frank; I did. Papa said that if I married you he'd cut me off without one cent's worth." —*Time.*

"Papa," said Amy, hesitatingly, "must confess something. Harry had arranged to elope to-night, but my conscience troubled me, and I just told you, and spoiled it all." "It's not spoiled it," replied the fond parent, "go ahead and elope, but never know it. It will save the expense of a wedding." —*Harper's Bazar.*