

A TRUE FRIEND.

The friend who holds a mirror to my face, And hiding none, is not afraid to trace...

OLD STOVEPIPE'S DAUGHTER.

"Look, amigo!" said Tom, hastily snatching a smoking disc of venison from the glowing coals.

"What is it, Jim? Indians?" "Indians nothing! Je-ho-o-phat? Wimmen! I hope to live, and bearing right down on this camp!"

"As at that time none of the gentler sex were known to have penetrated within a hundred miles of us, we very nearly shared his astonishment."

"Right from Arkansas, probably," remarked Tom, coolly. "Mormons," I suggested.

"Bet your life, no. Quality folks!" insisted Jim. We had no time for further conjecture...

"I never knew just how Tom came to take this sudden notion to go West, but rumor had it that he had been jilted by some silly girl..."

"Thus we two, destined by over-sanguine parents for future presidents, became simple prospectors..."

"After breakfast I took my way to our claims, which lay to the west of our camp, and Tom shouldered a Washoe pick and set forth to examine some promising crannies..."

"Without a moment's hesitation he began climbing the steep mountain side, keeping as near as possible to the windward..."

"Tom took but a moment for reflection. Stripping himself half naked for the purpose, he bandaged the broken limb so as to prevent it from swaying..."

"Now, as this little story is about Tom, and not about myself, I have not previously mentioned that I had been launched upon the world as a 'medicine man'..."

and as for Tom—well, perhaps Tom blushed from sympathy. The night was calm and mild, and mountain and valley were brilliant under the rays of the full moon...

The driver was commanded to throw down the cash box, and the passengers to get out, form a line and throw up their hands. Under the persuasive influence of three leveled revolvers this request was promptly complied with.

Tom's existence would have ended then and there, as the first villain had regained his feet and was bringing a six-shooter to bear upon his chivalrous head...

"Dear Fred, I have had a pretty tough time of it, old boy. They say I was delirious for many days; but for me, it seems a long sleep full of troubled dreams."

"The awakening was glorious; to find that she and her father had watched and cared for me through all those days and nights of delirium, and to see the joyous smile that lighted her careworn face when assured that all danger was past..."

"Tom's next letter was dated some weeks later, when he had fully recovered his health. He still said nothing of the piscatorial interests that had drawn him thither, and wrote chiefly on business topics."

"How insects breathe. If we take any moderately large insect, say a wasp or a hornet, we can see, even with the naked eye, that a series of small, spot-like marks run along the side of the body."

"Novel Use for Beer. 'Beer is absolutely indispensable to our business, nowadays,' said a fashionable dressmaker the other day, as she noticed my glances of inquiry at a basketful of empty bottles that a servant was taking out."

"Origin of the Salvation Army. The Salvation Army has been in existence just thirteen years. It had its origin in a sensational way in the English town of Whitby, in the rough coal-mining district of Yorkshire, where General Booth, at that time the Rev. William Booth, was doing humble mission work."

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THE JOKER'S BUDGET. JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

The Age of Invention—Comforting—Where the Beauty Lies—Plenty of Visitors, Etc., Etc.

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COMFORTING. Enpee—Dr. Firstly preached a comforting sermon this morning. Mrs. Enpee—What was the subject? Enpee—Bout there being no marrying there.—[New York Herald.

WHERE THE BEAUTY LIES. Mrs. Gospi—I think that Mr. Lovely married a very homely girl. Mrs. Lorgette—She may be homely, but her income is very handsome.

PLENTY OF VISITORS. Hyman—Your neighbors don't seem to call you very often, Crawford. Crawford—Oh, yes, they do. Six bill collectors and a deputy sheriff have been here already this morning.

A FAILURE. Young Husband—My dear, business reverses have caused me to make an assignment and— Young Wife (tearfully)—Y-e-s. Young Husband—We will go abroad and travel for a year or two.—[Epoch.

A HARD WORKER. Dupleigh—Aw, Nicely, old fellah, you took laah. Nicely—Jove, old chappie, but I should fawney I might. Been working all the mornin'.

WHY WHISTLING WAS APPROVED. 'I like a man who whistles at his work,' said Fayles, who was reducing his help. 'Why?' 'Because it gives you such an excellent excuse for firing him.'—[New York Press.

A SIMPLE CASE OF MULTIPLICATION. Teacher—Yes; that's right; a-u-n; now pronounce it. Pupil—I can't. Teacher—What gives more light than the moon? Pupil—Oh! I'm on to that; two moons, of course.—[Puck.

AN INTENSIFIED CURIOSITY. 'What nonsense is there?' he asked, as he looked over his shoulder at the paper she had in her hand. 'Some fool dress pattern, I suppose.' 'No,' she replied. 'It's a diagram of the pitcher's curves in baseball.' 'Lemme see it as soon as you get through, will you?'—[Washington Post.

FAMILY DISCIPLINE. Colonel Fizzlepot was under the painful necessity of administering a severe castigation to his son Johnny. After he had completed his labors he said sternly to his suffering victim: 'Now, tell me why I punished you?' 'That's it,' sobbed Johnny; 'you nearly pound the life out of me, and now you don't even know why you did it.'—[Texas Siftings.

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A REVISED VERSION. "Where are you going, my pretty maid?" "The other way, good sir," she said, and the flirtation ceased.—[Epoch.

EFFECT OF THE WEATHER. "Maude," said Clarence to his sister, "it is undoubtedly an incontrovertible fact that—"

THE POINT OF VIEW. Although the summer skies are bright, The sea like molten gold, 'Tis darker than a winter night, For Marion is cold.

THE OLD MAN'S IDEA. Paterfamilias—Let's do something unusual this summer. The Family—That will be splendid. Paterfamilias—Let's stay at home.—[Good News.

A PERTINENT QUERY. Wagg—What are you doing now? Wooden—Oh, I'm living by brain work. Wagg—I want to know! Whose? CUMULATIVE EVIDENCE.

AT A SOCIAL GATHERING, the conversation being on Balaam's ass, Gus De Smith remarked: "I believe that animals can talk. I am sure that even nowadays asses talk, just like Balaam's ass did."

A CEREOUS MISUNDERSTANDING. "How's your wheat?" "Intend to be long." "Intend to what?" "House my wheat."

A NECESSARY EVIL. Weary Watkins—W at an outrage it is that people has to work so hard. Hungry Higgins—You're a talkin' through your hat. If people didn't work, where would our grub come from? Eli—[Indianapolis Journal.

EXCUSABLE FLIGHT. Stern Parent—Hugh! That young fellow wants to marry you, eh Hugh! Why didn't he have the face, the manliness to come and ask me himself—the miserable, cowardly, white-headed young—

Parent—Oh—um—er— Bless you, my children.—[Good News. THEY WERE NOT TWINS. "Have your berries got their growth?" "Yes, sir e-e."

YET THEY SAY WOMAN CANNOT REASON. She—I notice that you are always glancing at the clock. He—Good gracious! You don't suspect for a moment that I am weary of your company? She—No, but I suspect that you have pawned your watch.—[The Humorist.

MODERN WARFARE. Steam and Electricity as Factors—The Lesson of '61. It may safely be admitted says John C. Ropes, in Scribner's Magazine, that if the conditions of warfare had been the same in 1861 as they were in 1815, or, in our judgment, as late as 1850, the prediction of Napoleon and Palmerston of the failure of the North would in all probability have been fulfilled.

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Dr. R. J. KENDALL CO., COLUMBUS, OHIO, April 4, '90. Dear Sirs:—I have been selling more of Kendalls Spavin Cure and I find it is doing very well.

Dr. R. J. KENDALL CO., CHITTENANGO, N. Y., May 15, '90. Dear Sirs:—I have used several bottles of your Kendalls Spavin Cure with perfect success.

Dr. R. J. KENDALL CO., MONROE, LA., May 8, '90. Dear Sirs:—I have used your Kendalls Spavin Cure and it has cured my horse.

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