

TWO KINGS.

One was a king of ruthless power Who sprung his people's trust...

their hats, veils, parasols and gloves—the gentlemen looked around for shawl straps, books and baskets; and once again ran the question—

And Octavia? Where is Octavia? And Dorsey Wheeler, straining his eyes through the gray mist...

ALL ABOUT BANANAS.

The Fruit Possesses All the Essentials to Sustain Human Life. The banana goes back to the earliest days. Alexander's soldiers, as Pliny says, joined the sages of India seated in its shades and partaking of the delicious fruits.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Where Are You Going?—A Personal Reflection—At Bar Harbor—A Sudden Move, Etc., Etc.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING? "Where are you going, my pretty maid?" "I'm going crazy, kind sir," she said.

A PERSONAL REFLECTION.

"Miss Hijee didn't sing to-day," remarked a friend to the leader of the choir of the Church of the Offertory.

"No, she's resigned." "What's the trouble?" "She was offended about the selection of an anthem which she had to lead off last Sunday, and vowed she'd resign sooner than sing it, and she did."

AT BAR HARBOR.

Miss Passee—Don't you think that this talk about seaside engagements is all nonsense, Mr. Youngblood?

Mr. Youngblood—Aw, do you think so? Miss Passee—Yes, Johnny, dear (to her young brother), please stop that noise.

Johnny—I'm only playin' wid yer bag of engagement rings.—[Jewelers' Circular.

A SUDDEN MOVE.

Stranger (in Iowa)—Does a man named Stackhouse live here?

Resident—No. He moved into the next State.

Stranger—Well, I never. Told me he had settled here for life. Must have moved on an impulse, didn't he?

A SHARP REJOINER.

An old lady, brought up as a witness before a bench of magistrates, when asked to take off her bonnet, refused to do so, saying: "There's no law compelling a woman to take off her bonnet."

"Oh," said one of the magistrates, "you know the law, do you? Perhaps you would like to come up and sit here and teach?"

"I thank you, sir," replied the old lady; "there are old women enough there already."

AN UNREASONABLE PATIENT.

Victim (after five minutes of torture)—You said you would have that tooth out in a second!

Dentist—So I will, so I will (giving another wrench) just as soon as I get it loosened from the gum.—[Chicago Herald.

NOT UNCOMMON.

"Now that I have stated them, sir, don't you think my aims are lofty?"

Yes, Mr. Hicks. Your aims are all right, but you are a very bad shot.—[Puck.

NEW THEIR TRAITS.

Old Gentleman (in the park)—What are you doing, my little dear?

Little Girl (with doll)—I am giving Dolly a drink.

"Giving Dolly a drink, eh? But the water is running down all over her pretty dress."

"Yes, she slobbers a good deal. All babies do."—[New York Weekly.

TIRED STANDING.

Old Lady (in electric car)—Dear me! We're going to have a thunder storm.

Bad Boy (hanging to strap)—I don't see no signs of it, mum.

Old Lady—No signs? Why, the lightning is beginning. See the flashes and hear the thunder.

Bad Boy—That ain't outside, mum. That's in the car. I guess something's wrong with the electric connections.

Old Lady—Goodness me! Conductor! Conductor! Stop the car! I want to get out.

Bad Boy (taking her seat)—I guess the old lady kin get into some store before she gets wet.—[Good News.

EYES RIGHT.

Gigantic Lady (to policeman)—Sir, can you not see me across the street?

Policeman—See yez across de street, is it? Sure, mum, I can see you a mile off.—[Outing.

WANTED INFORMATION.

"Your son finishes his college studies next year, I believe?"

"Yes."

"What baseball club is he going to join, do you know?"—[New York Press.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE DESIRED.

Captain Cruiser—So your son is a little dissipated, eh?

Anxious Mother—Oh, very, Captain, very. What can I do with him?

Captain Cruiser—Leave him to me. We sail from New York for San Francisco next week, and won't touch port six months.

Anxious Mother—But, Captain, don't you think brandy or any other spirit is just as bad as port for my son?—[Pharmaceutical Era.

CONSISTENT CRITICISM.

Poet—You always tell me that my poems are too long, so I have brought one of two lines only. What do you think of it?

Editor—Same as usual—it's too long.—[Puck.

AN UNPLEASANT SUBJECT. "What shall I write this morning, sir?" asked the fresh young man of the managing editor.

"You may try your hand on your resignation," replied the latter.—[Epoch.

QUALIFIED.

Scholasticus Hardup—I am a college student, and I want a place to work in your hotel.

Hotel Proprietor—What experience or qualifications have you?

Scholasticus Hardup—I am the champion boxer and wrestler of my class.

Hotel Proprietor—Ah, then you will do very well to whip cream.—[Boston Courier.

BADinage.

"Mizpah says she drinks sage tea because she thinks it will make her wise."

"Her parents should make her drink gunpowder tea."

"Because then she might go off."

DELIGHTFUL TREATMENT.

"So you proposed to her. Accepted, of course?"

"Accepted! Why, she treated me like a dog."

"Allow me to congratulate you, old fellow. I saw how she treated one the other day, and, by Jove, how I envied that dog."—[New York Sun.

A NEIGHBORLY CALL.

Neighborly Caller—How many children have you, Mrs. Newcomer?

Mrs. Newcomer (just moved in)—Two.

Neighborly Caller—Only two? Dear me! I thought I heard about a dozen.—[New York Weekly.

THE SIGNAL SERVICE.

He—What do you think of the Government weather service?

She—I call it a signal failure.—[Argosy.

POETRY THAT KINDLES.

Poet (to Editor)—What is your opinion of my summer poetry?

Editor—It's too light for winter fuel, but it makes good kindling material.—[New York Journal.

THAT CIRCULATING ENGAGEMENT RING.

Miriam—Horace, you have made a mistake. You have had H. S. engraved in this ring instead of M. P.

Horace (sotto voce)—Ding that jeweler. I told him to file out the initials. (Aloud.) That jeweler is slightly deaf, and you know M. P. sounds like H. S.—[Jewelers' Circular.

DONE WITH AN EXPLETIVE.

"You can't get your postage stamp to stick, I see?"

"I can't, by Jupiter!"

"I can do it, by gum!"

BRIGHT FOR BESSIE.

"Bessie," said papa, "won't you have a little piece of this chicken?"

"No, thank you," said Bessie.

"What! no chicken?"

"Oh, yes, I'll have the chicken, but I don't want a little piece."—[Philadelphia Record.

THE DIFFERENCE.

On leaden feet the time goes by As you wait for her at the pasture bars;

But oh, how swiftly the moments fly When you're standing with her under the stars! —[New York Press.

A WARM DAY.

Mother—I'm afraid you'll catch cold if you sit in that draught.

Little Boy—But, mamma, I'll catch hot if I don't.—[Good News.

A HINT AT 12 P. M.

Maud—Do you feel the cold?

Chollie—No, why do you ask?

Maud—O, I don't know. I was just wondering whether you do or not, as it is very cold outside.—[Argosy.

IT WOULDN'T DO.

Photographer—Can't you assume a more pleasant expression than that? Just think of your best girl for a few minutes.

Young Man (suddenly)—It wouldn't do any good. She refused me about a week ago.—[Brooklyn Life.

CROWDED OUT.

"I like this dress very much," said Ethel. "It is just too delightfully tight. But where are the pockets?"

"Here they are," said the dressmaker, handing her two small silken bags.

"You'll have to carry them in your hands. There's not room in the dress for them."—[Harper's Bazar.

FLY TIME.

They pester us both night and day; From their attacks we're seldom free. The man is happy who can say: "Just now—'There are no flies on me!'"

SHE PLAYS FOR SMITH.

"So Smith cut you out with her, did he? I wouldn't break every bone in his skin if I were you."

"Oh, I am having a better revenge than that."

"How?"

"Why, her father has just bought her a piano and Smith goes to see her three times a week."—[New York Press.

LACKING THE MOTIVE POWER.

"I wonder why the car doesn't start?" exclaimed an impatient passenger.

"There are not enough people on board yet to make the cargo," replied another, who understood the situation.

E. M. GERITZ,

Opposite Central Hotel, Centre St., Freeland.

GO TO

Fisher Bros. Livery Stable

John T. Miller of Fort Reno, Okla., while seated in a group at the Laclede Hotel said:

"When you talk about a fight to a finish and knock-out blows, both are witnessed to the highest degree of perfection when a fight between two Indian bucks is seen in a ring, the circumstances of which is not a rope, but a string of interested human spectators.

It is a fact that among Indians of the same tribe, though they may number thousands, there are few cases of quarrels among them that ever result in murder.

This is strange when it is remembered that the Indian is passionate, uncontrolled in his impulses, cruel and ferocious by nature. They have their difficulties and quarrels, however, but arbitration of the old men prevents bloodshed or murder.

"Yet once in a while a fight occurs, and it is a novel sight to witness. One buck challenges another to combat, and, accompanied by their friends to the battleground, each buck is stripped and made to confront the other. Between them lies a war club—a smooth, long piece of hard wood, seasoned by years of service and regarded as a sort of mascot because of the blood stains on it received during the war. The seconds of the surly looking duellists toss up a piece of bark on the 'wet or the dry' principle, when boys long ago chose sides in playing town ball. The winner picks up the club, and his opponent, folding his arms, sturdily plants himself, bending his head. It is the club-bearer's privilege to whack his antagonist just as hard as he can, and with all the vigorous maliciousness he can command on the back. It is a foul blow to strike above or below the back. One blow is struck, and then the man who has endured it picks up the club and his opponent is subjected to all the force he can command. So the whacking goes on, and almost every blow is a knock-down one, until the duellist last knocked down rises to his feet and refuses to accept the club from his opponent. He has had enough and the party breaks up.

"The severity of the punishment inflicted and endured in these duels is marvellous. The club used has a jagged edge, and every blow struck brings blood, making deep cuts and fearful bruises. I have seen two such fights, and they are brutal and nauseating in the coarseness of their procedure and the appearance of both contestants after victory is won and defeat confessed.—[Globe-Democrat.

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Dear Sirs: I desire to give you testimonial of my good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for 12 months. Still I believe it is the best I have ever used. I would like to see it in larger quantities. I think it is one of the best I have ever used. I have never lost a case of my kind. Yours truly, CHAS. A. BYDNER, Manager Troy Laundry Stable.

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MOTHER CAREY'S CUSHION.

"Now, Octavia," said Mrs. Oland, "do be a little careful to-day. Don't, for pity's sake, let your wild spirits run away with you!"

Octavia Oland, in her pink muslin dress, tied here and there with jaunty little bows of ribbon and a stray gypie had garlanded with pink poppies, turned around, the very incarnation of radiant glee.

"Mamma," she said, "why should you grudge me my little holiday? Don't I work like any African slave? Don't I lose my very vitality in shirts and puffings, and toil my finger ends off with flounces and tucks? Do let me play I am a child again, just this once?"

So this beautiful young Euphrosyne danced away, leaving only the sweet echo of her laughter in the gloomy apartment, and Mrs. Oland sighed.