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MRS. MAGOOGIN TALKS.

she Makes Some Philosophical Observations to Mrs. McGlaggerly.

"I'd takes th' cake, Mrs. McGlaggerly." "F'what diz, Mrs. Magoogin?" "Th' Jersey City man thet's axin th' divoasht because his wife didn't know how to cuke corn bafe an cabbage, Mrs. McGlaggerly."

"F'what quare goin' an, Mrs. Magoogin?" "Thurs for ye, Mrs. McGlaggerly," said the widow. "It is quare, there's no gain sayin that. But id's quare still that there shud be anny woman wud so little sence that she should go an get marrid wudout knowin how corn bafe an cabbage is coked, me frind. F'what did she think she was gettin marrid fur, Oi don't know? Was it to put her heels up an tap av th' sofoe an wud pinchish an pillies undher her head to lole down an dhrame sweet dhrames the whole liveleng day, Mrs. McGlaggerly?"

"Id's all roight an well enoof for a woman thet gets howit av a Vanderbilk ur an Asther, an thet kin have sarvints an cukes av her own, an thet has divil a ha'p'orth to do fram mornin till noight but brish her hair an talk to herself in th' lukin glass—id's all very noice an raisinable fur a daisy lolkie thet to luther th' mattherguminal shate wudout andherstandin how to cuke corn bafe an cabbage, but id's a shame, an an outrage, an a crime agin th' conjugal conventionalities fur a gerrul that marries a wurrukin mau to be ignorin av id, Mrs. McGlaggerly. Id med me laugh fwlin Oi fushit hurd me daughter Toozy readin about id; but, begorry, fwlin Oi come to think about id Oi can't help thinkin but th' man that axes th' divoasht is roight, me frind. Sure an aff a woman didn't know how to cuke corn bafe an cabbage fwat in the name of St. Mick av the Mountain kin she know at all at all, Mrs. McGlaggerly? Yurra, wurra, but th' gerruls thet ar growin up ar th' divils in all fur knowin nothin an doin nothin but dhressin an shoylin an breakin min's hearts."

"They don't want to sile their hands aff they kin help id, but they'll play long Dinis an smoko cigarroots an paint imbr'idheries an think they're hall an all on fwheels, so they will, Mrs. McGlaggerly. But they can't cuke corn bafe an cabbage, an fwat gud ar' they fur wolvies wudout that, me frind? No wondher th' min ar' runnin away wud other gerruls an gettin so many divoashtes, Mrs. McGlaggerly. How kud it be otherwise, me frind, fwlin they can't have their mails coked properly for thim at home? Wait till Oi show ye fwat a fushelars wofe luka lolkie wan av these days. Oi won't say fwlin—but me Cubyan smash is an th' marry, an I wudn't beshupproise but fwat me daughter Toozy id have a shitepladder for a father wan uv these foina days, Mrs. McGlaggerly!"—New York Mercury.

He Never Tried It Again.

A brigade major serving in Gibraltar was in the habit of giving to soldiers who had indulged not wisely, but too well, a note addressed to the sergeant of the guard, in which it was written, "Please confine bearer."

One day an astute Irishman happened to be one of the victims and was handed the note and ordered to return to the barracks at once to deliver it.

On his way he met the brigade major's groom, and knowing the contents of the note asked him as a favor to take it to the barracks, as he did not wish to return for an hour or two.

On delivering it he was of course confined to the guardroom.

The major, on learning the truth, said no more about it, thinking it very smart on the part of the soldier, and never again tried it.—Spare Moments.

The Wrong Night.

"So you deny that you ever asked my client to marry her or that you promised to marry her?" queried the attorney for the plaintiff in the breach of promise case with a comprehensive gesture and an air of surprised incredulity.

"No, sir, I admit it," responded the defendant promptly.

"You admit it!" shouted the lawyer, leaping to his feet and casting a triumphant look about the courtroom.

"Yes, I admit it, but the conversation alluded to occurred on Sunday evening, and I believe contracts made on that day are void."—Detroit Tribune.

One Sample Enough.

Newman—Come in a moment, old fellow! I want to show you a new invention of mine. It is the latest thing in pants stretchers.

Shooken—Excuse me, but I've had my share of that article, thank you. Old Boddy operates a very effective one. He tried it on me last night, and it not only stretched his pants but stretched me out on the sidewalk.—Boston Courier.

After the Battle.



"Bear?" "Nope. Wife."—Life.

A Hidden Purpose.

Tailor—If any one calls on me, say I will be back in an hour.

Clerk—Very well, sir. Shall I tell them where you have gone?

Tailor—My gracious, no. I'm going out to buy me a ready made suit.—Clothes and Furnisher.

He Was a Tenderfoot.

"Are you fond of music?" he asked.

"Sometimes," was the answer.

"I have some duets in my trunk. Can say of you sing at sight?"

"No, but a lot of us can shoot at sight."—Washington Star.

Where They Went.

Carruthers (in Waite's den)—That's a very pretty desk you have there, but I don't see any pigeonholes for bills and the like.

Waite—No, but you'll observe a very pretty wastebasket to the left.—Truth.

No Hurry.

Eaton Saltzer—Where are those oysters I ordered on the half shell?

Waite—Don't get impatient, sah. We're tremble sh'ot on shells, but yo're next.—Exchange.

JULYS OF THE PAST.

A WONDERFUL MONTH IN THE HISTORY OF NATIONS.

Not Only the Month of Independence, but of Many Other Important Events. Charles Carroll of Carrollton—The Continental Congress.

July is a wonderful month in the history of all nations, and in many of them the leading anniversary falls in that month. Of course this is not the result of mere accident. It has often been remarked that more startling and important events have occurred in one month of midsummer and one of midwinter than in all the rest of the year, and truly man is so far subject to nature that stirring events seem to crowd, as it were, toward that period when vegetation for the most part completes its growth.



CHARLES CARROLL OF CARROLLTON.

It is claimed that more bloody and decisive battles have been fought in June and July than in all the rest of the year.

It is a matter of common knowledge that all or very nearly all the great riots have been in the hottest weather, and the reason is obvious. The greatest riot ever known in London began June 7, 1780, and lasted five days. Thirty-six fires were blazing at once, and in suppressing the outbreak 210 rioters were known to have been killed and 248 wounded. The greatest riot in New York began July 13, 1863, and the total of killed and wounded is roughly estimated at 300. In July, 1877, there was rioting in almost every northern city between the Hudson and the Mississippi, and the total of killed certainly exceeded 300. The loss by fire and otherwise has been estimated all the way from \$50,000,000 to \$100,000,000. July certainly is the fighting month.

It is just the same in France. The month is there so memorable that "Days of July," "Column of July," etc., are familiar to all readers. The 14th is French Independence day, because on that day in 1789 the Parisians captured and sacked the Bastille. On the same date in 1790 Louis XVI took the oath to support the new and liberal constitution. July 5, 1791, the assembly voted to abolish the last remains of kingly power. July 28, 1794, Robespierre and his adherents were guillotined, and the reign of terror ended. Thereafter the discontented in France made it a point to begin their disturbances on one or the other of these dates, but the government, being forewarned, kept them down till July 27, 1890, when the second revolution began. The war with Germany began in July, 1870, and was fought chiefly in the next month.

It is quite in the course of nature that great military movements should culminate in July, but many events of the month in American history seem to have more than a passing significance. To all patriots it will never cease to be matter of deep thought that the two statesmen most prominent in securing the passage of the Declaration of Independence, after having been presidents of the nation they founded, died on the same day just 50 years after their memorable act. Historians of 1836 tell us that as the news traveled slowly over the land that one of them was dead the date was taken as but an accidental coincidence, but when it was followed in a few days by information of the other's death pious men everywhere saw in it the evidence of a supernatural order, as if heaven itself smiled upon their great work and approved it in the most impressive of all methods.

Five years more passed, and ex-President James Monroe died on July 4 in New York city. He served in the field as Adams and Jefferson had served in congress, and it certainly seems something more than a coincidence that the three died on Independence day. Hannibal Hamlin is the only vice president who has died on that date. Not long before his death Jefferson wrote thus to Adams: "I have ever dreaded a dozing age, and my health is so good that I dread it still. The rapid decline of my strength the last winter gives me hope that I see land. . . . They say that Starke [the 'Victor of Bennington' had recently died at 83] could walk about his room. I am told that you walk well and firmly. I can only reach my garden, and that with sensible fatigue. I ride, however, daily, but reading is my delight. God bless you and give you health, strength, good spirits and as much life as you think worth having."

The death of Adams and Jefferson left but one—Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Md., who for five years was known as the last survivor of the immortal 56. It was his singular fortune to be alone and noted in many things. He was the only Roman Catholic who signed the Declaration of Independence. He was by far the richest man in all the colonies, as rich probably as any other three men. He was the only man in the continental congress sprung from a very old family of unquestionably "noble blood" on both sides. And he lived to the greatest age (95) and untilld all the other "signers." Still more, he had near relatives almost equally celebrated in the same cause and founded a family which in the truly American sense of that word may be called "noble" in Maryland. J. H. DEADLER.

THE ESCAPE.

How a Young Lover Narrowly Averted an Expensive Trip.

"Darling," she said as she nestled closer to him and looked up with a fond gaze into the eyes of her lover, "you know all the preparations for our wedding have been made. The cards are out, my trousseau is complete, but there is one little matter that has not yet been settled."

"I presume you refer, dear," he replied, lovingly holding her hand in his, "to our wedding trip?"

"You have guessed it, you dear, sweet boy," she cried joyfully, "and let's decide where we will go."

"Let me see," he said, taking out his notebook. "There's Niagara and Washington and Old Point and—"

"No, dear," she interrupted, "I don't want to go to any of those places."

"Perhaps you would like to go to some real quiet place," he continued, "where we could be all alone by ourselves. But, my darling, what is the matter with you? You are not ill, are you?"

Her face had become ashen pale. Controlling herself by a supreme effort, she said: "Can you not guess it? Don't you see where I want to go? And she whispered something in his ear."

Two hours later the figure of a solitary man might have been seen scurrying along the wharves in the lower part of the city. He paused a moment to see that he was not observed, and then moving swiftly to the edge of the black water without a moment's hesitation he plunged in, exclaiming ere he did so, "No World's fair for me!"—Life.

None For Him.



Vicar's Fair Daughter (at school treat)—Won't you have some jam on your bread and butter, Johnnie Spry? Johnnie Spry—Not me, miss—I works where they makes it.—July.

What Mike Had.

"An how is Moike, Mrs. Herliby?" inquired one of that lady's neighbors. "Pore b'y, phwat does the docther say to his loonag?"

"He says there's niver a thing the matther wid Moike's loonag now," replied Mrs. Herliby, "but he ain't denyin they've got the last mite av a tindiny."

"Wurra, wurra, an is that so?" exclaimed the neighbor dolefully, and then after a short pause she asked deferentially, "An phwat is a 'tindiny,' Mrs. Herliby, dear?"

"A 'tindiny,'" responded Mrs. Herliby, with solemnity, "is a thing that ain't to be shpoke av loighty. It's where what ain't so shriddy is loikely to come on ye unbeknownst at anny minuit!"

"Pore Moike, pore b'y!" ejaculated the visitor with a dubious shake of her head, and she departed to spread the news of Mike's mysterious ailment.—Youth's Companion.

And She Did.

A girl in a Maine village who made her home with her aunt was often disturbed by evidences of the old lady's indifference to everything but the welfare of her own material possessions. One day, in going down cellar for some butter, she tripped and fell heavily upon a distance. The maiden aunt rushed to the door, and peering down into the darkness called out sharply:

"D'ye break the dish?"

"No!" thundered back the niece, for once thoroughly aroused. "No, but I will!" and she shivered it with heavy good will against the cellar wall.—Lewiston Journal.

Might Be So.

"When I was once in danger from a lion," said an old African explorer, "I tried sitting down and staring at him, as I had no weapons."

"How did it work?" asked his companion.

"Perfectly. The lion didn't even offer to touch me."

"Strange! How do you account for it?"

"Well, sometimes I've thought it was because I sat down on the branch of a very tall tree."—Tit-Bits.

The Georgia Mule.

"Have you got any Georgia patent currys?" asked a man of a Toccoa merchant the other day.

"I don't know," replied the storekeeper. "I've got several kinds. What sort is the Georgia patent?"

"It's made with scallops so it will fit in between a mule's ribs this time of year," replied the man.—Atlanta Constitution.

Neatly Arranged.

Miss Summit—Papa wants you to go yachting with him tomorrow.

Eggy—Dash me, I wealdy couldn't go, ye know. Why, my yachting suit isn't finished yet.

Miss Summit—Oh, that's all right. You can wear one of mine.—Clothes and Furnisher.

The Proper One.

Johnny—Mamma, can't you tell me a new fairy story?

Mrs. Bragg—I don't know any, Johnny. Maybe your father will tell me some when he comes in tonight.—Bulletin.

A Full Man.

Melton—That fellow Allatke is the windiest man I know.

Messery—No wonder. His wife takes particular pains to blow him up every chance she gets.—Troy Press.

A Decided Preference.

"What scent do you prefer, Mr. Empty-purse?" asked she as they passed a perfume shop.

"The red, Miss Moneygurl," replied he fervently.—Truth.

Commendable Caution.

De Sappie—Have a cigarette? Caustic—No. I don't smoke 'fool killin'."

De Sappie—Neither would I if I were you.—Life.

A Man Who Said This.

"It was a woman who took the prize in the missing word contest."

"I am not surprised at it. A woman is never at a loss for words."—New York Press.

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