

THE LAST CHANCE.

An Innocent Remark By Mamma and the Result.

I sat next to a very pretty girl in a heredic yesterday, and quite without meaning it I overheard what she said to a friend who was with her.

"No," said she, "he hasn't been to see me for a month, and I reckon he'll never come again. He is lovely, too - awfully swell, and as sensitive as a girl. It's all mamma's fault, and I'm heart-broken over it. You see, the last time he came over was the evening after Julia's wedding. You know what a lovely account of it there was in the Post. Well, mamma had been too busy all day to read it, so just a little after 10 o'clock she came to the head of the stairs and called down to me, 'Jennie, please bring me up the morning paper.'"

"He was talking beautifully, but he stopped, marched out into the hall, and said to her, 'It hasn't come yet!' Then he took his hat and went. I haven't seen him since, but I almost want to be an orphan.

That reminded me of a man here in town who stays outrageously late whenever he pays visits in the evening. He went to see a young woman upon Capitol Hill once this winter and he stayed, and stayed till the poor girl felt like getting up and killing him. The conversation dragged, but that didn't disturb him. He droned on, talking about everything on earth. Finally he began to talk of his experiments in hypnotism.

"Why," said he, "I could put you sound asleep in ten minutes."

"Oh," said the girl, "it wouldn't take half that long."

And then he departed.—*Washington Post.*

COULD NOT SEE IT.

Daisy—Sibyl is simply furious. She went to help Mrs. Daven-

port receive her young men callers on New Year's day and put a sprig of mistletoe in her hair.

Maud—And didn't anybody kiss her?

Daisy—No. She forgot to take off her hat.

PROF. AYTOUN'S PROPOSAL.

The late Prof. Aytoun was uncommonly diffident when making a proposal of marriage to Miss Jane Emily Wilson, who afterward became his wife. The lady reminded him that before she should give her absolute consent it would be necessary that he obtain her father's approval.

"You must speak for me," said the suitor, "for I could not summon up courage to speak to the professor on the subject."

"Papa is in the library," said the lady.

"Then you had better go to him," said the suitor, "and I will wait till you return."

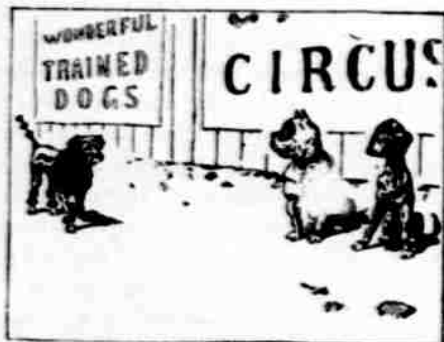
The lady proceeded to the library and taking her father affectionately by the hand mentioned that the professor had asked her hand in marriage. She added: "Shall I accept his offer, papa? He is so diffident that he won't speak to you about it himself."

"Then we must deal tenderly with his feelings," said the hearty old Christopher. "I'll write my reply on a slip of paper and pin it to your back."

"Papa's answer is on the back of my dress," said Miss Jane as she entered the drawing room.

Turning round, the delighted suitor read these words: "With the author's compliments."

The continual succession of boils, pimples, and eruptions from which many suffer, indicates an impure state of the blood. The most effective remedy is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It expels the poison harmlessly through the natural channels, and leaves the skin clean and clear.



1—Bull Dog: Ah, here comes one of those trained dudes. Watch me lay him out.



2—Bull Dog: Bow! Wow! Wow!



3—Circus Dog: Here goes for a little practice. My new turning act.



4—This is my bareback riding act.



5—This is how I ride broncoes.



6—This is my greatest feat of all—



7—this is my grand finale.



8—Good day friends.