

# Whether Common or Not

### Confidence

The news is most discouragin' at Pohick-on-the-Crick.  
 The joy is gettin' thfinner an' the gloom is growin' thick.  
 But underneath the willows there's a space of ripplin' stream,  
 Where the sunlight seems to sparkle with a soft, peculiar gleam.  
 The birds come sweetly singin' to the hours that drift away,  
 An' the great, big world seems peaceful, an' contented for a day.  
 You toss a line an' watch it, with your troubles all forgot,  
 An' it doesn't make much difference if you catch a fish or not.

The fish, of course, is mighty large on which your hope is set,  
 But it keeps you interested if a nibble's all you get.  
 Somewhere the world is strugglin' in the darkness an' despair,  
 An' perhaps your turn will come to lend a hand an' do your share.  
 But we all have a notion that the future is secure,  
 No matter what our feelin's may be called on to endure:  
 For some day we'll have time to tie a string on to a stick  
 An' go a fishin' once again in Pohick-on-the-Crick.

—Washington Star.

### Timely, Anyhow

A story—apocryphal, perhaps, but at any rate timely — is going the rounds of Park Row about Col. George Harvey, the editor.  
 Col. Harvey, according to this story, visited his native Peacham, a short time after his first brilliant New York success, and, on a cold winter morning, entered the Peacham general store. But nobody, to his surprise, knew him.  
 Col. Harvey, seated with the Peacham veterans around the hot stove, could no' resist telling one or two of his minor metropolitan successes—successes which the Peachamites heard in cold silence.  
 "And I, too, am a Peacham boy," said Col. Harvey. "Yet nobody remembers me here. Strange!"  
 He turned warmly to an old man with red chin whiskers striped with gray.  
 "You," he said, "are George Slocum."  
 He turned to another old man who had very large, white, even false teeth.  
 "You are George R. Boone," he said.  
 Then he turned to the whole circle of veterans around the stove and cried impulsively:  
 "Somebody, surely, must remember my name. Come now, think! It's George—George—George—"  
 "Wall, jedgin' from them tales ye bin a-givin' us," snorted an old fellow in gum boots, "I reckon it hain't George Washington. — Washington Star.

### Everybody Satisfied

Trading horses is sometimes like trying to stop a buzz saw with your bare hands. The sunny side of the picture will, therefore, be refreshing.  
 At an auction mart in greater Boston a local liveryman picked up a classy saddle horse, for which he paid \$42. The animal caught the admiring eye of another Bostonian, who speedily foregathered the mount, paying in return five \$10 bills and a

sound little bay mare. Good trade No. 1.

Aforesaid bay mare was admired by another lover of horses at the south end, who willingly paid \$80 for her. Good trade No. 2.

The South End man's family drove the mare, liked her, and sold her, somewhat reluctantly, to a Boston party at \$125. Good trade No. 3.

Meanwhile the owner of the saddle horse, perfectly satisfied with his bargain and not once regretting it, was induced to part with his horse, and you may safely wager that the price was right, even allowing for good will and affection. Good trade No. 4.

The present owners of the horses are satisfied; everybody else had made a piece of money. Perhaps "trading horses" isn't so black as it has been painted. — Brocton Enterprise.

### Arranging a Duel

Two Irishmen arranged to fight a duel with pistols. One of them was distinctly stout, and when he saw his lean adversary facing him he raised an objection.

"Bedad!" he said, "I'm twice as big a target as he is, so I ought to stand twice as far away from him as he is from me."

"Be isy now," replied his second, "I'll soon put that right."

Taking a piece of chalk from his pocket he drew lines down the stout man's coat, leaving a space between them.

"Now," he said, turning to the other man, "fire away, ye spalpeen, and remember that any hits outside that chalk line don't count." — Lippincott's.

### Arriving at Conclusions

A group of workmen were passing the dinner hour in political argument. An interesting deadlock had been reached, when one of the men turned to a mate who had remained silent during the whole of the debate. "Ere, Bill," he said, "you're pretty good at a argyment. Wot's your opinion?"

"I ain't goin' to say," said Bill. "I thrashed the latter out afore with Bod Jones."

"Ah," said the other, "and what did you arrive at?"

"Well," said Bill, "Bob, he arrived at the hospital, and I arrived at the police station." — National Monthly.

### Globe Sights

No man can smell his own pig pen. A liar and a coward are about the same thing.

Sometimes plain fits are mistaken for inspirations.

Sympathy also frequently goes where it isn't wanted.

Most wedding notices read about the same, the world over.

It isn't probable that the checker champion is any girl's hero.

There are few successful imitations of youth, although plenty who try it. Whenever an Atchison man makes a mistake he shouts: "Rotten cue, rotten cue."

A man can join so many mutual aid societies that his family will starve to death.

The rule is that goods offered below cost are the ones you don't want or need, are they not?

You must keep every promise you make or people will foreclose on you in one way or another.

Some domestic felicity is also based

on the fact that the woman isn't very well acquainted with her husband.

A vegetarian may live longer, although we aren't sure, but he pays too much for the privilege if that is true. — Atchison Globe.

### The Worst of It for Father

"Father always gets the worst of it at bridge."

"How's that?"

"Well, if he loses, that isn't pleasant. And if he wins mother always says she's glad to see him winning. He takes this as an intimation that he's a poor loser, and that gets him up

in the air. — Louisville Courier-Journal.

### The Modern Child

Hostess (at children's party) — How would you children like to play London Bridge?

Miss De Style (age fourteen) — We would much prefer a game of auction, if you don't mind. — Puck.

Farmer — I'll give you \$5 a month and your board!

Applicant — Aw, shucks! What do you think I am, a college graduate. — Philadelphia Bulletin.

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