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Wanted It Transferred.

A little boy in this city, whose mother was endeavoring to teach him to be generous with his sister, has profited by the lesson. The mother would always say to him whenever he got anything, "Give half of it to sister." He usually did as he was told, though not always with a very good grace. Recently the little fellow got sick, and it was then that his mother's teaching bore fruit. She was endeavoring to administer a dose of castor oil when the youngster generously exclaimed, "Give it all to sister, mamma!"—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Business Terms.



"UP TO SAMPLE."—Life.

An All Around Doctor.

According to a letter recently received by Dr. Van Waters from his brother in Seattle, there is a quaint and original doctor located on one of the islands in the sound. He advertises in posters and placards printed in a home outfit. In one of his announcements he says:

"Legs and arms sawed off while you wate without pain.

"No odds asked in measles, whooping cough or mumps.

"Bald head, bunions, corns, warts, cancer and ingrowing tow nailes treated scientifically.

"Crotch, cramps, costiveness and worms nailed on sight.

"Wring worms, polo evil, shingles, moles and cross eye cured in one treatment or no pay.

"Diseases of man, woman or beast eradicated.

"P. S. Terms—Cash invariably in advance. No cure no pay.

"N. B. (Take Note.) No coroner never yet set on the remains of my customers, and enny one hiring me don't haf to be good layin up money to buy a gravestone. Come won, come awl."

The writer adds that this man does a good business, although you would not expect it, and his patients say he cures disease and does it thoroughly and quickly.—Stillwater Gazette.

Rather Dismal.

"Thought you were down at Atlantic City," somebody ventured.

"So I was," thundered the club kicker.

"Been laid up with the grip and thought the change would do me good. Doctor went down with me. Got a seat at a small table where there were only two other men. One of 'em was an undertaker and the other a clergyman. Nice cheerful company for an invalid, wasn't it? Doctor kept asking me about my health, all the time telling me what to eat and what not to eat. Clergyman struck up conversation and began talking about the beauties of the burial service. Undertaker occasionally chipped in with some comment about the large death rate and the particular ravages of the grip. But for the most part he just sat sort of purring at me and gloating over the prospect of more business. I stood it for three meals. Packed up today and came back to the city. Nice, lively crowd, that's all! Here, waiter, bring me another whisky and quinine."—Philadelphia Record.

Prompt Rejoinder.

Mr. J. L. Macadam, the illustrious Scotchman who invented the kind of paving which bears his name, is said to have been a guest at a large dinner given in honor of Sir Walter Scott.

Being asked to respond to a toast, Mr. Macadam rose, and at the end of his speech proposed the health of "the great Sir Walter Scott, the colossus of literature!"

In an instant Sir Walter was on his feet, and lifting his glass exclaimed:

"Here's to the great Mr. Macadam, the colossus of roads!"—Youth's Companion.

A Change From the Old Way.

He—They married in haste.

She—And of course repented at leisure.

He—No.

She—No?

He—No. They repented the same way.—Detroit Free Press.

Sad.

Mrs. Ashpen—I found it almost impossible this morning to get a man to shovel snow.

Mrs. Dustbin—Poor fellows! I suppose they're all too busy looking for work.—Bozbury Gazette.

The Best Thing.

Wiggles—I know what to take for seasickness.

Waggles (eagerly)—Do you? What is it?

Wiggles—An ocean steamer.—Somerville Journal.

Where Brevity is a Blessing.

The Professional Lecturer—Isn't it funny? They frequently pay me as much for a short lecture as for a long one.

His Friend—I should think they'd pay you more.—Chicago Record.

Decline of the Blizzard.

"Delightful weather now, colonel."

"Yes. If it keeps on at this rate, there won't be six inches of snow by August."—Atlanta Constitution.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

It Was Not a Sealskin Jacket, and There Was Trouble.

Mr. Topstyle came home from his office one evening with the glow of an approving conscience on his face. As he greeted his wife he said:

"I've bought you a present, dear. You will find it on one of the hall chairs. I knew it was something that you really needed at once, otherwise I would not have selected."

"George!" cried his wife joyously. "How did you ever find it out? I only decided this morning to go to the theater with the Brownsmiths, and I didn't realize myself until I looked at all my hats that I hadn't a thing large enough to wear on my head."

"On your head! Is the woman crazy? You'd have a hard time getting into any theater with your head adorned with"

"Oh, George, how stupid of me! I know now. It's that diamond ring I've needed so long. Never mind, dear, I'd rather have it than the hat, and I can wear it tonight anyhow. I"—

"But it isn't!"

"Yes. I might pretend that my glove hurt me and take it off, or better yet, I might rub a hole through it with the stone and then complain about it to Laura Brownsmith. It would be a great day when her husband brought her home a diamond ring without"

"My dear, is your mind quite right? I said nothing about a diamond ring. I merely informed you that I had brought you something you really needed and that the package"

"George, George! Can it be that it is a sealskin jacket? Oh, how happy I am! You are the best husband in the whole world, George, and I only wish that I hadn't told mamma yesterday that you were cross—I really did not mean it at all, you know. But you shall just see what a good wife I shall be in future."

"My dear, is there any hereditary insanity in your family?"

"No; but I am almost out of my wits with joy. Oh, I do hope it will fit! I must try it on at once, for I shall want to"

"Antoinette Topstyle, will you listen to me for one moment?"

"Oh, George, a moment? An hour, a day, you dear thing. I"—

"And will you kindly stop dancing about while I tell you about what I really brought you?"

"Of course I will, dear. Where did you get it anyhow? Is it 32 or 34 inches long, and, oh, George, how much did you pay for it?"

"Antoinette," said her husband, with the accent of calm despair, "if you don't stop a minute and listen I shall commit suicide by cutting my throat, which would be unfortunate, as the carpet is new and as my life insurance policy lapsed a week ago. What I really brought you"

"Is a sealskin jacket, I know, I know!"

"It is nothing of the kind. I never said it was. It is a pair of nice, warm arctic overshoes, the very thing you need in going out to do your marketing, and"

But the room was empty. Mrs. Topstyle had gone over home to tell her mother what a brute she had married.—Chicago Tribune.

He Explained It.

The Madison Advertiser says that two young men of Madison were looking over The Constitution one day this week and came across an article in which was used the following expression, "Anglosaxonize your minds, my friends."

"Well," said Jim, "that's some pumpkins, I guess, but what on earth does it mean, Bill?"

"Great Scott, man, where was you raised?" replied Bill. "That's the slang way of saying, 'Go off and soak your head!'"—Atlanta Constitution.

His Rocky Goal.

I admire the rosy dawning of the morning on her cheek. For pearls each time she opens her lips I diligently seek. I shiver at the coldness of her frowning brow of snow. When lightning blazes from her eyes, for cover do I go. The midnight blackness of her hair strikes chill into my soul. The path to her affection is my rocky, weary goal.—Chicago News.

Teddy's Opinion.

Teddy—Mamma, here's a medicine that they say will cure anything.

Mamma—That should be taken with a grain of salt, Teddy.

Teddy—I should think, mamma, that it would be better taken with a lump of sugar.—Detroit Free Press.

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