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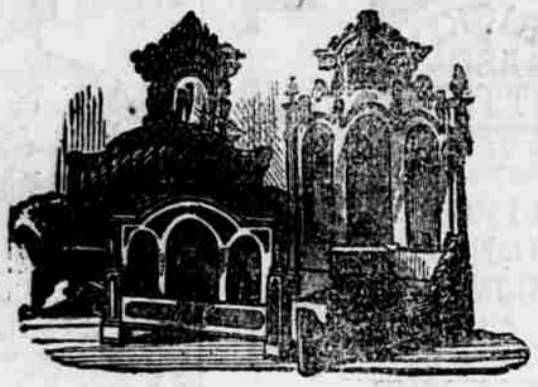
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Last Thoughts.

A veteran physician speaking on this subject recently said: "Judging of the thoughts of men by their words just previous to death, I should say it often happens that a dying person gives no indication of thought upon a subject that has been a favorite topic of a life-time. I have known active business men, with important affairs unattended to, who died with words upon their lips that indicated absorption in some incident of the moment, generally relating to personal comfort. It was that sort of a death that Washington Irving died, saying: 'Well I must arrange my pillows for another weary night; if this could only end.' Long suffering under the afflictions of a painful disease will serve to divert the mind of the strongest. Even the philosopher, Ben Franklin, was forced to say, with his last breath, 'A dying man can do nothing easy.' It is a very common thing for a dying person to express sympathy with attendants who have been fatigued in attending them. Among the last words of Sir Walter Scott were 'Poor souls, I know you were up all night.'"

Better to be Lawyer Than Litigant.

"Is it true that the case of Zabriskie against Van Riper is settled?" asked a reporter of lawyer L. M. Ward, of Paterson, N. J. This case has been in the courts for a long time.
"Yes," replied Mr. Ward, "the case is settled."
"And it is said, Mr. Ward, that you have come into possession of the farm."
"That's so," replied Mr. Ward, laughing. "I've got the farm, and Garry Ackerson, of Hackensack, the lawyer on the other side, has got all the money. I got a mortgage on the farm, and then I paid the balance and became the owner. The money I paid went to Ackerson."
"And what have the two farmers got, Mr. Ward?"
"Nothing. When we began the case there were two well-off farmers and two poor lawyers. Now there are two poor farmers and two well-off lawyers."—New York Sun.

Millions That We Drink.

Statistics just published show that the quantity of beer brewed in the United States during the last twelve months, was five hundred and thirty-eight million gallons, or twenty-three million gallons more than was made during the preceding year. It appears that the production has been steadily and rapidly increasing year by year. The brew of 1883 shows an advance of 106 per cent. over that of 1875. But let not good temperance people too quickly take alarm at these figures. The census returns show that while the production of malt liquors in the country increased in value during the decade between 1870 and 1880 from fifty-five to a hundred and one million dollars, the production of distilled liquors increased during the same period from thirty-six only to forty-one million dollars. Is not this good proof that the people are drinking more beer and less whisky?—New York Herald.

Twice Almost a Bride.

About three years ago Miss Rose Haverman, a bright and good-looking young lady of Greensburg, Pa., was engaged to wed a young gentleman of Middletown, Pa., by the name of Fox. He died three days before the ceremony. Stricken with grief, the young lady for a time lived in retirement, but recently her heart and hand were again sued for and successfully won by a promising young man of 22, named David Price. They were engaged to be married, and Mr. Price removed to Latrobe, where, recently he lost his life while bathing, just three weeks before he hoped to be united in marriage to Miss Haverman. Upon hearing the news of her affianced's sudden death, she left immediately for Latrobe to attend the funeral, only to discover that he had been interred the previous day, the news having been delayed in reaching Greensburg.—Greensburg Post.

Perverved Proverbs.

Hunger is the best sauce, hence street boys are naturally saucy.
Many men have many minds, but one woman frequently has more than all of them.
They who dance leave the host to pay the fiddler.
What can not be cured supports the doctors.
Speak of the devil and he is sure to call for copy.
A fair exchange would ruin the stock market.
Marriages were invented in Heaven, but unfortunately the process was not patented.
If wishes were horses we should all be ruined in boarding-stable bills.
Fair play is a jewel, but bluff takes the pile.

Swallowing a Trombone.

"Wall, now, will you look at that feller," said a gentleman from the country, laying one hand affectionately on the shoulder of the scribe, and pointing with the other to the trombone player. "I kin take my affidavit I saw him run three foot o' that ere brass thing down his throat not half a minute ago; there he goes again; he shoved a yard of that thing into himself then, sir, if it was an inch; he must be frightful holler inside."
"It's long practice that enables him to do that," said the reporter. "When he get's done playing on that instrument he will swallow it entire."
"He won't have no more brass in him than you've got, if he does, sonny," said the rustic, perceiving the guile of the scribe as the latter fled from the wrath to come.

—Smoking has become so prevalent in South Australia that a measure has been introduced in the Legislature to check the practice in youth. It imposes a fine of 5s. to 15s upon any person under eighteen who shall smoke a pipe, cigar or cigarette.

—The Registrar of vital statistics of Providence, R. I., states that there has been but one death from smallpox there in nearly ten years.

HUMOROUS.

"Where is the girl of long ago?" sings Joaquin Miller. We saw her the other day, Joaq. But she isn't a girl any more. She had gray hair and a wart on her nose; had no teeth, and wore specs.

—An English traveler thinks we have mighty comfortable quarters in our sleeping cars. Yes, we generally do have a pocket full of 'em, when we start, but we fee 'em all out to porters before we get there.

—An observing pedestrian has made the startling discovery that the reason why women can not succeed as well as men in walks of life is because when she is on the walk one hand is usually employed in holding up her dress.

—A gentleman, who was describing to his wife an accident he had witnessed, said, that for a moment he fairly held his breath. "Did you, dear?" was the reply. "and for a whole moment! It must have been a wonderful exhibition of strength."

—There is a man in Burlington who has failed in business five times since he was twenty-three years old, and has never lost anything but his temper. And pays fifty cents on that—never gets more than half so angry as other men.

A good deacon not a thousand miles from Oil City, Pa., being late at a church where it was his duty to hold service, asked the congregation to excuse his tardiness, as he had been up the night before opening the finest lot of dry goods ever brought to town.

—Human nature is pretty much the same the world over. Even in France, when a woman rushes out into the front yard bare-headed, the neighbors all know that a strange chicken has put in its appearance, or that a dog has chased a cat across the verberna bed.

—"The boat has turned over and drowned your son," said a man approaching a fishing party and addressing an old gentleman. "Great goodness!" exclaimed the old man, bursting into tears. "He was my hope in this life. He was the best boy on the place; and besides that, he had the bait cup with him."

—A young lady from the rural districts entered a dry goods store the other day, and asked for a pair of stockings. The clerk politely asked her what number she wore. "Why, two, you blasted fool! Do you suppose I am a centipede, or have got a wooden leg? How many do you suppose a two-legged hair-pin like me would wear?"

—A farmer widower of a back county in this State was chased over a barn lot by a bull, stamped on, tossed over the fence, kicked by a colt and suffered a concussion of the nervous system through the coo advances of a sportive ram. When picked up he was weeping bitterly, and upon being asked the cause of his grief replied with great emotion: "That 'ar experience recalls such vivid memories of my poor lost Sairy."

—The Arkansas man has many ways of getting his name into print, and when all other means fail the mad dog resort is taken up. The gentleman who wants his name to appear in the local paper calls on the editor and says: "Killed the biggest mad dog this morning you ever saw. Better make a local to that effect as it might serve as a warning to the people of the neighborhood. You needn't say that I killed him. Just say that a very large mad dog was killed the other day by—well, you can put my name in, I don't care."

The President of the Lime-Kiln Club on Matrimony.

"I understand," began the President, as the meeting opened in due form, "dat quite a number of de members of dis club am gwine to be mar'ied dooin' dis season. Dat's all right, an' I wish 'em much joy, an' shall be glad to witness de obsequies of each an' ebery one. But, I want to say a few words in general. In de fust place, am you gwine to mar'y fur love or fur a sort of bizness partnership? If you answer fur love, let me warn you to be sartin dat you doan' mistake de sentiment. Many a young man who thought his heart torn by love has plunged into matrimony to discover dat he simply had admiration fur a \$30 set of false teeth an' a high instep. If you answer fur a sort of bizness partnership, let me warn you not to expect too much. You won't love de woman, an' she won't trust you. It will be a sort o' hoss trade, in which both parties will be cheated, and both continer to be mad about it. You kin get along arter a fashion, an' people who see her on your arm at a circus won't know how you fight at home.

"If you mus' marry, let common sense have a show in de transakshun. Doan' go off yer feet bekause you meet a gal who kin sing like a robin, smile like a rose an' jump off a street-kyar widout boderin' de driver to stop. A wife will have much to do besides singin' an' cultivatin' dimples. If you am gwine to marry ax yerself how fur \$10 per week will go when divided up fur clothes an' pervishuns an' house rent an' fewel an' incidentals. Befo' you fall in love wid a gal who looks too sweet fur anythin' in a red plush saque kinder figger on how many sich duds your income would afford her. Befo' you am all broke up offer a gal who plays de pianner, talks French, paints landscapes an' reads poetry jist sit down an' figger who am to cook yer meat an' taters, patch yer cloze, darn yer socks an' help ye make \$12 buy \$15 worth of things. Befo' ye let a pa'r o' flashin' eyes an' a cunning' dimple captivate ye look aroun' a little an' see if de owner has got a temper like a wildcat. Marriage am a lottery simply bekause people take each oder unsight an' unseen. Let us now prognosticate to bizness."

A Recipe For Making Cake.

I have always thought well of the cooking schools, but I saw recently the notes taken down by a young lady of fashion, who had just come from a cooking lesson, and I don't know now what to think. The young lady saw a friend at the school who had just appeared in an elegant new spring costume, and her notes ran about like this: "A fine cake. —One pound and a half of flour, four ruffles across the front, one cupful of milk cut bias, whites of two eggs with kilt plaiting, butter the dish with bugle trimming, bake in a moderate waist until the oven is finished with the over-skirt."—Exchange.

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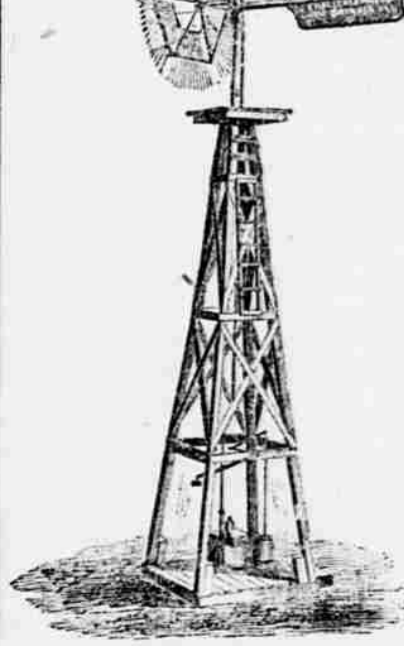
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