

A REAL POET.

But His Pa Didn't Want Him to Start In as Devil.

"Yes, sir," went on the gentleman from Cornobville as he drew up his pants and took a seat in the editor's office.

"Indeed!" interrogated the editor wearily. "And in what channel does your son's talent run?"

"Oh, it's all to writin," came the answer. "all to writin. 'Pon my son, it jes beats all the way that boy kin write."

"Well, I've heard as how some men make mighty big wages writin' stuff for papers, an' I'm in town today to make arrangements for my boy."

"Well," the poor editor managed to say, raising his eyebrows, "if you want your boy to enter a newspaper office, I think I can give him a job."

"That's the way to talk. What'll it be?" "I can make him the 'devil'."

"Devil? I s'pose that's one on a paper that jes writes stuff that makes people rear an keeps up the old Harry all the time, eh?"

"No; it is not that." "Reckon it's one that prints the paper then?" not so hilariously.

"No." "Well, what is it then, and how much'll he git?"

"Well, it's the position of one who is jes learning the printing trade. He will be required to delve in grease, oil and ink, and his wages will be \$3 a week."

"Hah!" exclaimed the farmer, jumping to his feet. "Delve in grease, oil and ink an' git \$3 a week! Why, you old baldheaded jackass, if my wife'd hear you say such a thing she'd fill yer mouth full o' smashed teeth. Delve in grease, oil and ink! Say, look-a-here! If you'll jes lay down that there pen an' come out on the side."

"I won't scatter my constitution over the hull o' nothin'." My son's a poet, h'at, an' all ye've insulted him. Ye kin jes scratch my name off yer book, for I'm smothered if I'd read a line in yer rotten old paper for \$47!"

And the door banged after him.—Boston Courier.

His Conclusion.

When General Tom Thumb and his wife were on their return from their wedding tour in Europe, they stopped for a day or two at Hartford, but did not place themselves on exhibition.

There happened to be in Hartford at the time an old farmer from the neighborhood of Litchfield Hill, who heard that Tom Thumb was in the place and resolved that he would see him before he went home.

The farmer found his way to the hotel where Tom Thumb was stopping, and was told to go, if he wished to see him, to a certain room on the second floor and rap on the door.

The farmer went up and knocked, as he was bidden. But it happened that the room was occupied by a certain Colonel Jones, a prominent politician who lived in an adjoining county and who was a man of enormous stature, measuring almost 7 feet in height.

The colonel had already been rallied a little on the fact that his next door neighbor down the corridor was Tom Thumb, and when the visitor knocked at his door he was rather out of humor.

"Come in!" he called out.

The farmer opened the door and peered in. "I'm a-lookin' at you," he said, "for General Tom Thumb."

"Sir," said the colonel, raising himself to his full height, "you see him before you?" "I will fight to know! Be you Tom Thumb?" "Yes!"

"You don't say so!" said the farmer. "Waal, I guess you've growed some since you had your picture' took, hain't you?" "Youth's Companion."

A Laughable Story.

A few workmen were discussing the names of great scientists in Manchester. The name of Darwin cropped up. One of the company, less learned than the rest, said:

"Darwin; I kins that place. A've been ober monny a toime."

"Get out, you fool!" said another. "We're nut talkin about the place called Darwin, but the moo. Hev'n't you niver heard o' Darwin?" Why, if it hadn't been for Darwin we s'ould all hev been chatterin monkeys, and nut gentlemen, like we are.—Sheffield Telegraph.

A Philosopher.

"Terrapin," said Mr. Dredfleshort, "is one of those things that come high that you don't have to have."

And he laid the bill of fare down and cheerfully ordered fried liver.—Chicago Tribune.

Bore Traces of His Gull.

"Harold Honesteel," said the beautiful girl in scornful tones, "tis useless for you to try to deceive me. You have been shav'ng yourself; your face betrays you!"—Puck.

The Very First Thing.

May—if you were I, what would you do? Jack—Well, first of all, I'd let me kiss you.—Life.

Found Out.

Claudia—Oh, I was so very, very sorry to find you out when I called yesterday. Elvira—I, too, regretted it of course. But do tell me why you were so very, very sorry. Claudia—Because I'd just seen you enter the house five minutes before.—Truth.

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THE PUZZLER

No. 283.—The Coming of Santa Claus. Coming with merry feet to young and old. Where snow and ice would block his onward way.

No. 284.—A Coin Puzzle. The trees wuz fall of leafy leaves. The sun shone bright an' fair.

No. 285.—Double Acrostic. The letters in each of the following 18 groups may be transposed so as to form one word.

No. 286.—Something Nice. Johnnie enjoyed his Christmas dinner greatly. Oh, yes; but there was something lacking in his opinion.

A Literary Curiosity. A western paper is responsible for the following: A few days ago a supposed dead bull was seen lying by the side of the track on the Northern Pacific.

Confiding. Down in Virginia a robbery had been committed. The finger of suspicion pointed to a negro servant, and he was arraigned before the local justice.

No Puller. The man was driving a sorry old horse along the road, hitched to a light wagon, when he met a chap from town.

His Argument. "But why should I give you money instead of work?" said the householder to the tramp.

The Star Boarder Again. Star Boarder—Here is another fly that has met a watery grave.

North Western Line Palace Sleeper and Fast Chicago Train Service. A palace car for Lincoln people is now attached daily to the Chicago limited.

A CINCINNATI MIRACLE.

Why Mr. Charles B. Noble is Being Congratulated. A Remarkable Case of Being Completely Cured of Paralysis After Nearly Three Years of Suffering and Eminent Physicians Had Declared Their Best Efforts Baffled.

Newspaper men as a rule place little credence in patent medicine stories and seldom bother to even read them. This is not to be wondered at when it is taken into consideration how often they are called upon by unscrupulous persons to fabricate and publish stories of remarkable cures and perhaps print a picture of the mythical man or woman supposed to have been cured.

Mr. Charles B. Noble, the well-known litterateur, who has been suffering for nearly three years with paralysis, was upon the street today, cheerful and active and the recipient of congratulations from his many friends.

"It was a hard tip," I had of it," said he, "but the last medicine we take is always the best that cures, and I have taken the best. I was paralyzed on March 9, 1890, while in the employ of the David Williams Publishing Company of New York City as their representative from Cincinnati.

"I sought a score of physicians, going to the best specialists in Cincinnati, Chattanooga and Pittsburg. Twelve Cincinnati doctors, pronounced my case incurable, but I would not give up, and after seeking in vain for relief in Pittsburg and Chattanooga, consulted the best medical talent in Chicago.

"From the first week of using the remedy I made a steady improvement, and on April 12, I put up my cane after using it thirty months. I certainly believe this medicine is all the proprietors claim for it, and that it will do all they say it will.

"Yes, I know there are many who will fancy anything you say about my case in an advertisement, but if they want any corroboration, let them address me at the Y. M. C. A. building, and I will cheerfully answer all inquiries if stamps are enclosed."

Pink Pills, which advertised and handled by the drug trade as a proprietary article, are not considered a patent medicine in the sense that name applies. For many years previous to their general manufacture they were used as a prescription. At first their great restorative powers were not fully recognized and they were chiefly prescribed for impure blood and general weakness.

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Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose form, by the dozen or hundred, and the public is cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., or Brockville, Ont. The price at which these Pills are sold makes a course of treatment inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

J. V. WOLFE, Box 325, Lincoln Neb. Has a very choice lot of Poland China hogs from ten different sizes which he now offers at private sale.

Furnas County Herd. A few young males left. Orders booked for sows bred. Choice fall pigs cheap. See my premium pig offer.

H. S. Williamson, Beaver City, Neb. L. H. SUTER, Neligh, Nebraska. Proprietor of ELKHORN VALLEY HERD Poland-China Swine.

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