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TRAVEL VIA THE

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BILL NYE ON TYPEWRITING.

He Gives Some Variegated Advice to a REAT as is my correspondence now, 1 pause to peruse and place the following before the languish ing public:

Esq; Respected Sir DO you think that ! could GET ALONG IN new YORK? with mym. littl.E. writER type wi. writer mean couldent

yours truly

write things for you out; pyy4444450fm my own thoughts if you would FIRST Think the567m out? of course I can write—45hgtrfaster than this when I had some good yumrus FRIEnd to be with 887766? now DOyou get off a I them droll 54432766things EVERY # SUNdaysis it born in youfor is it just PLAIN

Please excuse bad spelling and bad cokxld .I thought I would tell you it is raixe ing hacre to 80 good BXxe??

The above is, of course, more or less perpersonal, but the question is one which concerns many other young men who may be thus afflicted. I therefore take the liberty of answering an inquiry publicly which I would otherwise regard as strictly confidential, suppressing the name, however, and the first par graph, both of which read like the soliloquy of a "hell box" or the smothered ejaculations of a "pled form."

To the correspondent, whose letter is above given, I might say that I believe there would be an opening here for him if he would give himself up to a certain class of work. Of course, he could hardly hope to enter the regular channels of commercial ecorospondence with a typewriter that has such a pronounced impediment in its speech as this one has, but could be not hope to get a job at Volapuk at headquarters !

Certainly there ought to be a place some-where for one whose only trouble seems to be a kind of information of the vowels.

There might be a future here for such a graphic and graceful style of writing, if it could be used in reporting telephonic re-marks over crossed wires. The word painting and vulgar fractions are similar, and it might be made to arouse a good deal of ininterest if properly worked up.

Of course it would be necessary that he should tone down some of his extravagant figures of speech and avoid overexertion of the punctuator, but with his wealth of full stops he might do well on a periodical, and his space work would certainly attract attention. Or he could go into the counting room of a man who did not advertise and do assignment work.

The typewriter, in strong and willing hands, is smitier than the sword. I look for the typewriter to take the place of Indian oratory in our literature, and its tinkling notes will soon be heard, I hope, in homes where the one legged pen and the bottle of bluing all the writing now are doing.

Come to the metropolis \$x:t3 &fm ? .. Come with your abnormal: and your little tYpEswritER. Come with your startling style of English and your chaste method of obliterating space. Come and get acquainted

with mR.sAgE and mR \$\$\$\$\$. gOuLD.!! Here you will meet many yumurus people who will amuse you to a high °. You will also meet Mr. aNthoNy cOmStocK, who will require you to drape all your figures in the

following manner (8).

Come to New York and get a new soft palate put into your typewriter and have an operation performed on its tonsils,

Come and visit the produce \$88lblbbbbl bblbbl ExcHange. Come and see Wall pf'd. \$\$\$000 gr street. Ride on our Elevated railway from BBZZZT***-(0) X!!!&&&::rd. street, to GGXXKKrrtt##B1/1/&Blickernex Visit the brig. Theodora, dam Tarantula straight for place, b. m. Rob Roy dam Ella Jackson horse races!!

The more you mix up with us the more you will like us. We New Yorkers from Wyoming territory enjoy having people thrown among US. You would meet with a hearty welcome whether you came to grow up with our bactierfa or to buy green goods. Cordiality is our one weakness. If a cordial greeting would not suit you you can take apollinaris water. With your natural tendency toward delirium tremens, perhaps that

would be best, any way.

I used to be acquainted with a young man who wrote a beautiful hand \$x:t3/&fm?\$, for that was before the days of typewriters. He would bring out his writing materials and his tongue and make a corkscrew peacock swimming in a large cranberry marsh infested by loops and funny business, all without taking his pen off the paper. He was a thorough artist, with a lofty soul, but he could not spell. He could construct a graceful swan with a halo of chirographical worms all around it, but nature and art had denied him the humbler joys of orthography. He could make a lovely purple with a green fringe to it and red eyed bobolinks, with heliotrope bosoms, perched on space and bearing in their bronzed talons yet other smaller scrolls that were as graceful as a doughnut horse, and on these scrolls would be written such glittering truths as these: "In Frendship's bright gerland, Please regard me as your Humbel furgetmenott," "Look up, press Onnerds & you will git there."

But his style is robbed of much of its grace five hook, embroidered backs at \$1. Real and beauty by immersing it in cold and pulse-less type. He was a bold and fearless writer and his hands were ever red with the blood of murdered English. He broke down the high walls established by the brainy but disconnected and flighty Noah Webster, and spelled such words as "pillgarlie" in a way that kept his finer writings out of the magazines. But when he assassinated the English he made no attempt to conceal his methods. He wrote under everything: "Executed with a pen." And he recked not, Not a reck.

Whether you can ever rise to such a position with your type writer, Mr. \$x:t1/4&fm?\$, I do not know. I hope you may. Your orthography is rich with improvisations, roulades and trills. Running through all your work I notice an air of gentle badinage, bon homme, persiffage and pi. You have given utterance in your letter to thoughts which I could not think without the aid of outside influences. I could not evolve such sentiments without the stimulus of a fall from a high building or the exhilaration of a

railway collision. It is the unexpected in your humor which gives it its chief charm. No one can tell, when you start out, whether you will soar away among the asterisks and space, or get involved in a scuffle between lower case and capital, in which you will get injured, mortification and exclamation set in and you lose

I am glad you wrote to me with your little type writer, and though I believe that you can do better than you did, and that as a matter of fact "\$x:136xfmi8" is really an assumed name, your letter has given me much enjoyment, and I print it this morning with great pleasure

80. goOd BXye biLl nXye -New York World,

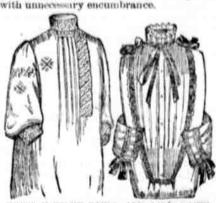
What's the Matter with Adam and Eve? The earliest partnership mentioned in the Bible was Jerry Co.—Duluth Paragrapher.

WHAT SHALL WE WEAR?

COMFORTABLE DRESSING GOWNS FOR NEGLIGEE WEAR.

The Trianen Fichu and Other Concections of Lace and Embroideries-Attractive Models for Night Dresses, Including a Russian Design.

Some attractive models of the various articles classed under the general term of lingerie, have been prepared for the spring trade. In the trimming of much of this class of clothing is noticeable the increased use of fancy laces, and some new effects are used in the combining of narrow Hamburg reversings with wider insertions. There is quite a demand for cambric and lawn garments, trimmed with plain Valenciennes and fine torchons. The use of ribbons in light shades, combined with laces and fine Ham burgs, produce a handsome effect, and are much sought after. Chemises seem to be in less demand, except in skirt lengths, and trimmed around the bottom. The sale of corset covers and underskirts is greatly on the increase, many ladies preferring these two articles in preference to chemises. This is caused by the popularity of tailor made garments, which necessitate the doing away with unnecessary encumbrance.



RUSSIAN NIGHT GOWN-INVALID'S GOWN. Our cut represents two quite new patterns One is a Russian model, and therefore will be popular so long as the craze for Russian fashions exist. This is of white linen, quaintly decorated with cotton embroidery in the special colors belonging to the Russian type of ornamentation, viz.; red, blue and orange.

The remaining figure in the cut represents an invalid's night gown of Pongee silk, with plastron in tucked muslin, and fastened with mother of pearl studs. The bows are of corded ribbon. The front is framed with an insertion in Valenciennes lace,

Mother Hubbard styles in short yoked night owns are still much in vogue. Among the dealers in the finest goods a demand is maintained for shirt front gowns trimmed to the

Dressing Gowns.

Numbered with convenient and comfortable accessories are flannel dressing gowns, These are out in a bewildering variety of shades, and employ in their making an equally wide range

of material. There are the blanket wrappers, made as the name suggests, of a woolen blanket, the border of which constitutes the trimming of the gown. Eider down cloth in plain colors, Jersey cloth in stripes, and all sorts of flannels add to the list of materials employed. In the cut here-

with presented is a pretty French model for a dressing gown: this will loubtless be copied FLANNEL DRESSING in more expensive

material than flannel. The model is of white flannel striped with red. The frilling around

the edge and down the front is finely kilted The Trianon and Other Fichus.

A great variety of fichus are worn: some

over closed, some over open and other over quite low bodices. Some of these are very laborate concoctions of lace, fine muslin and delicate embroideries, gracefully and apparently carelessly fastened under sprays of flowers or bows of ribbon. Others are simplicity itself, one called the Trianon being simply a square of Indian or mull muslin, with one corner rounded, full lace all round, extra full at the corners. The square is folded on the cross, leaving the rounded corner either above or below the other, between the shoulder. A few plaits caught by hidden stitches fit the muslin to the back of the neck, and the ends are loosely tied in front, crossed over the bust and pinned to the waist, or may be drawn to one shoulder.

and fastened there under bow or ornament. This Trianon fichu is a very elegant addition to a theatre or dinner dress for young girls, with whom, in England, simplicity and freshness of toilet are the characteristics of the highest style. These fichus are, how-ever, not confined to the young girl, but are secoming at any age.

Collars and Coverlets for Dogs.

In Paris, where lucky spaniels and pugs are having their day, along with terriers and other breeds of dogs in fashion, dog clothes receive due attention. The newest things for domestic pets of the canine category are Souris collars and Capuchin coverlets. The Souris is composed of a red or blue velvet bracelet, on which five mice are represented in honor of the five female characters in M. Pailleron's latest comedy The Capuchin coverlet is composed of soft, white, downy cloth, with a pointed monastic bood, bordered with red ribbon. To complete the monastic illusion a white cord, similar to that which engirdles the burly, or, as it may be, the ascetic forms of Capuchin monks. is delicately thrown around the august pet. There are also constitutionnel coverlets of gutta percha, with Tosca pelerines, which help to protect curs of high degree from cli-matic inclemencies.

Flannel Night Dresses.

The introduction of flannel night dresses has met with great favor. They are made in cream, blue, pink and scarlet. The fronts are tucked with silk of the same or a harmonizing color, and the cuffs and collars embroidered with the same, or merely ornamented with a feather stitch or "herring bone." Red silk is used on white, blue on pink, and white on light blue. The sleeves are rather full, and are set into a band at the wrist, this band being embroidered and finished with a frill or a lace.

The Bustles Growing Smaller.

From London writes one correspondent: "The hump of the back of the dress is fast diminishing, and the protuberances are only worn by the sort of women who love exact geration in dress, and always cling fondly to absurdities and eccentricities, seeing in them their only chance to be what they call stylish."

STORIES ABOUT MEN.

How Andrew Carnegie Rattled Off His Own Message.

A short man, with gray beard neatly trimmed and clear eyes that look directly at you as if they were examining the inside of your head, stepped briskly up to the iron railing around the government telegraph table in the house corridor the other day and asked if he could send a message. The op-erator politely told him that general business was handled at the Western Union up stairs, next to the press gallery. "But this is to the secretary of war," suggested the would be cus-"Very well, then, I will send it as soon as I finish this message," said the operator. "If you are busy I can send it myself," continued the man with the brisk step and the bright eyes, "if it isn't against the rules to let me inside the railing. I am an old telegraph operator myself; I believe I was one of the first that ever took messages by sound." The operator thought he had better work the key himself, but he glanced at the signature of the dispatch to see who his pleasant spoken customer was.

The name was "Andrew Carnegie," and he was allowed to send his own dispatch.-Washington Letter in Philadelphia Press.

Ben Butler and the Page. One of the pages in the house of repre sentatives had a faculty for drawing. His sketches of the members were fairly good caricatures. The easiest mark for his pencil was the statesman from Massachusetts, and the caricatures of Ben began to float around the house pretty promisenously. The matter coming to the attention of Mr. Butler, complaint was made to the doorkeeper, who had charge of the pages. The offending boy was kept after adjournment to be reprimanded,

He was taken before the statesman, who had waited to hold court on the little criminal. "So you are the boy that has been making these pictures?" Yes, sir."

"Hum! How old are you!" "Twelve, sir."

"Well, go to the cloak room and get my

The boy scampered off on the errand, glad even for the momentary respite, but evolving in his mind the possible character of the impending punishment, which was such that the judge needed his hat before going to the place of execution. When the youngster had returned and tremblingly yielded up the tile, the general, who has an enormous head, threw the bat like a candle snuffer down over the tow head and flaming face of the boy.

It covered him like a second mortgage. "My son," said the hero of New Orleans, when you can fill that hat you may caricature Benjamin F. Butler. Now go."-Chicago Herald.

Eighteen Months Was Nothing. Judge Gary has probably made more witty and quaint remarks on the bench than any other judge in Chicago.

On one occasion, when he was sitting in the criminal court, he appointed a young attorney to defend a young criminal who was brought to trial and who had no lawyer. The young man had just been admitted to the bar and was consequently ambitious to make a reputation, but despite his utmost endeavors his client was "sent up" for eighteen

After court adjourned the young man walked over town with the judge and took occasion to say:

"That was pretty hard on me, judge." "What was hard?" asked the judge in his absent minded way.

"Why, my first case. I wanted to get a little start, and here my client gets eighteen "That's nothing," returned the judge, sententionsly. "My first client got eight years,"

—Chicago Tribune.

All Out of Constitutions.

Senator Stockbridge, of Michigan, is something of a wag. He was sitting in his committee room the other day when one of those fellows who are always demanding documents came in. The caller had secured almost every book, pamphiet and bill which the government magnanimously prints and gives away. But he still longed for more. "I am very anxious," said he, "to secure a

copy of the Constitution of the United States. Could I enlist your help, senator?"
"Why, certainly; but it would be useless. The effort will be futile." "Indeed; and why?"

"Well, you see, there were so many de-mands from people like yourself for copies of this good work that the supply nearly ran out. There was only one copy left, and the president has just sent that to the pope."-New York Tribune.

Tailer When He Lay Down. Governor Fitz Hugh Lee, of Virginia, who s very stout, recently amused some friends by telling the following story: "A few months ago a friend and I went sailing on a lake for the purpose of catching a few fish. While we were trying to get a bite a squall came up, overturned the boat, and we were both thrown into the water. I attempted to save my friend, but he sank from sight and was drowned. Being a good swimmer, I thought of my life and what Virginia might suffer if I were drowned, so I made for the shore. While making lusty strokes my stomach touched the bottom, and, thinking I had reached shore, I turned on my feet, and to my surprise I found I was still over my head. I got to shore all right and the country was saved."-Chicago News.

All Out of Locks. Gen. Sherman has received so many requests lately for autographs and locks of hair that he has had a reply printed that reads like this: "It is impossible for me to comply with all the requests for autographs, and I cannot send any more locks of hair because I have discharged my secretary, whose hair had entirely disappeared under constant application of the scissors, and the orderly who now serves me is entirely bald."-Boston Transcript.

Moral: Don't Chew.

An exchange says that there are no microbes in tobacco. That sounds reasonable enough, but the man who drags out a shingle nail, a shoe lace and a baggage check from a five cent plug would prefer a few good healthy microbes.—Nebraska State Journal.

Consolation. Condemned Man (to his lawyer)-It's a long

entence, sir; to be sent to states prison for Lawyer (inclined to a more hopeful view)-Yes, it does seem long, but perhaps you won't live a great while.—Life.

This Joke Is Older Than Kidd. The spirit of Capt. Kidd lately told a medium that he buried no treasure at all. He said he intended to, but he paid a plumber's bill in a fit of absent mindedness.—Pitts

burg Chronicle-Telegraph. A Point for Ignatius.

If Shakespeare had only known about the Baconian cipher when he wrote his plays, there can be no doubt that he could have made them fit a great deal better than they do.-Lowell Citizen.

YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN.

WONDROUS THINGS THAT CAME TO PASS ON A WINDOW PANE.

Story of a Canadian Fur Hunter and a Wolf-The Bright Side of Life Amid Ice and Snow-Two Popular Winter

The stories recently told of intense suffering and sad loss of life caused by extreme cold weather and lack of sufficient fuel, have no doubt brought tears of sympathy to the bright even of many of our young readers. But, fortunately, this dis-mal side is only one phase in the lives of those who dwell where snow falls and ice



PAVORITE SPORTS ON SNOW AND YOR. In our cut is represented a bright side, such enjoyed by the youth, not only of the northern and middle states, but Canada as well. The two popular winter sports are here depicted, tobogganing and skating. It is a difficult matter to decide which is the more enjoyed. Tobogganing as yet possesses the merit of novelty in the states, although it is not a new pastime in Canada.

In this connection it may not come amiss to give a rule or two to young skaters. A rule often broken is the one referring to keeping the knees straight when skating, Nothing appears more clumsy or awkward than a skater who keeps the knees bent. The beginner should stand as in the third position in dancing, with his right heel in the hollow of the left foot. The two feet will thus form right angles with each other, and it is from this position that the first step in skating is made,

A Wolf's Wonderful Endurance.

Three large welves having made havor among the train dogs of a party of fur hunters, a price was set upon their heads. An old experienced wolf is not easy to catch; indeed, his cunning in avoiding all traps is quite wonderful. But an old Canadian, hoping to gain the reward, set some spring traps, which he fastened by a chain to a very large piece of wood. A terrible storm kept the old trapper at home for three days, but at length be visited his traps, and found one wolf caught and dead. The second trap had been set off without catching its prey, while the third trap had disappeared. After long and vain searching the old Canadian gave up hope of discovering his lost trap, and solaced himself by having gained one prize for the one wolf he had snared.

A month afterward the people of Green Lake (about ninety miles distant from the ot where the traps had been set) saw a wolf walking on one of their lakes apparently with much difficulty. It was pursued and killed. and then discovered to be the very wolf which had stolen the trap, for the cumbrous steel was still attached to his leg. The wretched animal must have suffered much as he wandered through the forest for a whole month, dragging the heavy trap in the midst of the most intense cold. He was reduced to a mere skeleton from hunger, and this strange occurrence proves a tenacity of life in the wolf difficult to understand.

Pictures Drawn by Jack Frost. Wondrous things have come to pass On my square of window glass.

Did you ever make a study of frost covared window panes? If so you must surely have noticed the trees all dressed in white, the piles upon piles of snow moutains, white church spires pointing to the cold sky, and ther curious conceits.



In the accompanying sketch, re-engraved from St. Nicholas, is shown first the outline of the picture of a bit of the sea, a boat, and the snowbound shore, as drawn unassisted by Jack Frost. At the bottom of the cut is given a picture in detail, made by filling in with shading from a human artist's pencil the outline left by nature's artist. If you will make a study of your window panes the next morning cold enough to invite a visit from wizard frost, the probabilities are you will discover quite as wonderful things as came to pass on the square of window glass here described.

Words in the English Language. There are 75,000 words in Webster's Die

tionary, and no living man knows one-half or one-third of them. It is astonishing what a number of superfluous words there are in our language. Shakespeare, who had the richest vocabulary used by any Englishman, employed only 16,000 words. Milton could pick out from 8,000, but the average man, a graduate from one of the great universities, rarely has a vocabulary of more than 3,000 or 4,000 words. The ordinary person can get along very comfortably with 500 words, and in the rural districts a knowledge of 200 words is sufficient to carry a man through his life. This of course refers to the needs of conversation. If a man wants to read newspapers and well written books, he must know at least 3,000 words.

> Mother Goose Modernized. Little Miss Lumberkin, Dreadful to say, Found a mouse in the cupboard A sleeping away. Little Miss Limberkin Gave such a seream

She frightened the little mouse

Out of its dream.

F. THE YOUNG FOLKS.

Ris Rirsute Appendage Was Too Much

There is a lattle girl of 5 years living in the same house with me who calls me her beau. There are four other men living there, too, and one of them has a big, full beard, day I asked ber if she would rather kiss this man than me. She looked straight at me and said: "Why, how could I kiss hims! There isn't any room."-Boston Globe,

Words and Their Uses,

Two-year-old Dorothy has had a severe case of chicken pox. She came down with it the very day that the family had chicken for Nobody imagined that Dorothy thought that there was any connection between the dinner and the disease, until a few days afterward, just as the baby was getting better, a turkey was brought on for dinner. Dorothy refused to eat it, saying: "The chicken made me have chicken pay, mamma, and I don't want to eat turkey and kave turkey pox."-Woman's Tribune,

Johnny Drew the Line.

Little Johnny Fizzletop is an Austin boy, who has been obliged for many years to wear the east off clothing of his elder brother, Bob. Johnny never gets anything until Bob gots through with it. A few days ago Bob had a dreadful toothache, and it was decided that the aching tooth should be pulled.

"You may pull all his teeth out, if you like," said Johnny, "but I ain't going to chew with them afterward. I can tell you that right now."-Texas Siftings.

Hard on the M. D.'s.

While making a professional call this morning on a little child the grandmother, who has great faith in doctors, as I know from past experience, was telling of a remedy used as a poultice by some lady twenty-five years ago with success, and then added innocently: "I guess she did not doctor much, anyway, for she is alive yet!'-Boston

Off the Track.

Teacher-John, what are your boots made of Boy-Of leather. Where does the leather come from?"

"From the hide of the ox." "What animal, therefore, supplies you with boots and gives you meat to ent?"
"My father."—Boston Commercial.

A Dude Horse.

Little Bertha lives in one of Boston's mburbs, and last summer, when 214 years old, was playing one day near her grandpa on the piazza. Seeing a horse pass which was covered with a net, she exclaimed: "Pity sakes, grandpa, there is a horse with a shawl

Climate and Weather. A little girl in the public school the other day, when asked by her teacher to explain

the difference between climate and weather, "Climate is what we have with us all the time, but weather only lasts a few days."-Detroit Free Press.

Sprung a Leak. "Why, Bobby," said his mother, "what are you looking at papa so for?" Bobby—Well, pop just drank some coffee out of his saucer, and it's made his mustache leak, and I didn't know whether to tell him or not.—New York Evening Sun.

Feline Acousties. Kitty was on the lounge, purring as loud as she could, and Katie was coddling her. "Oh, mamma," the little girl cried all at once, "my kitty has got a washboard in her throat and I can feel the noise rub over it,"—

Youth's Companion. They Didn't Hit.

"Mamma," exclaimed an enfant terrible, after scrutinizing the face of an elderly visitor for some moments, "Mr. Smith ain't got but two teeth, and them don't hit!"-Harper's Bazar.



Chicago Boy-Roller skatin' may be out of style, but sister Sue's old skate comes in good about this time. - Life.

The New Way. A new steel gun has been designed for our new steel navy. As the enemy approaches the muzzle his attention is attracted by a small sign, "Drop a nickle in the slot and see the gun go off."—Burdette in Brooklyn

Couldn't Bore Him.

Miss Thumpit (pausing for breath)-I fear Mr. Heavyweight-Not a bit of it; play on, I can't tell one note of music from another,-

Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

Oscar Prefers to Wait. "Oscar Wilde expects to be buried in Westminster Abbey," says a floating item. Well, we are willing. Is there any reason for this maddening delay - Somerville Journal,

Less Costly in the Long Run. "How do you manage to keep your water pipes from freezing this weather, Dobson?" "Easy enough. I have a yearly contract with a plumber."—Hartford Post.

Look Hard and You'll See It. There is a young lady in a girls' school fn Georgia who goes by the nickname of "Postscript." Her real name is Adaline Moore.-Burlington Free Press.

In the Theatre.

"But why do you weep! The acting is cor-inly not so touching." "Excuse me, I am tainly not so touching." "Excuse me, I am bewailing the money I paid to come in."— Fliegende Blatter.

A Definition. Counsel—What is the plaintiff's attitude as to this question! Witness—Recumbent.

es about it constantly.-Tid Bits. One That Never Gets Tired. The person who is always talking to him-

Lowell Citizen. Answers the Same Purpose. "Lynching deesn't put down criminals in Texas," No, it raises them up.-Richmond

self is sure to have an interested listener .-

The Safest Time to Skate.

Aim to do most of your skating in July; after that the ice gets thin.—Burlington Free