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A Comprehensive Order.
Guest (in restaurant)—I've no time to give you an order from the bill of fare. Bring me anything—bring me whatever you've got.
Waiter (deftly)—Everything we've got in one order, sir!
Guest—Yes, that will do.
Waiter (in loud, imperious voice)—Clam chowder for one.—Chicago Tribune.



Not Surprising.
"So your name is Dorothy! Well, Miss Dorothy, do you know that you are the perfect image of your papa?"
"Oh, yes! I am often taken for my papa."—Life.

She Forgot the Bear.
"See anything of my husband?" demanded a Sioux Falls woman one day this week of an officer in front of the postoffice.
"No, ma'am; has he disappeared mysteriously?"
"Naw! He came down town the same as usual this morning, but dinner has been ready an hour, and it's all getting cold, and he isn't back yet."
"You have been to his office, I suppose?"
"No, sir, I haven't. I've no time to fool away looking for him there. Say, is there a sick horse at any of the livery stables?"
"Not that I know of."
"Haven't you dog fights around lately?"
"Haven't heard of a . . ."
"Any ten cent show or target gun in town?"
"All gone, madam."
"Any man in a wagon selling brass jewelry?"
"Guess not."
"No fire anywhere in town?"
"No."
"No pools being sold anywhere on some horse race or trial going on in a justice court?"
"Not any."
"No man selling medicine on the street, no circus hills just posted anywhere, no woman walking a tight rope?"
"No, not one."
"Well, that's peculiar. I can't see where John can be."
"There's a couple of Frenchmen with a tame cinnamon bear down on Phillips avenue, madam."
"That's it—that's it; I didn't think to ask about tame bears. While the potatoes are getting as cold as a stone he is down there making up a purse of 75 cents to see the bear climb a telegraph pole! I'll go down. You watch and see if he isn't up to the house inside of ten minutes!"—Asthoria Record.

Something Good in Store.
A big man rushed at a little man at the ferry dock the other day and exclaimed: "Hi! Now I've got you. I'm going to knock the top of your head off."
"Come on and try it," replied the little man as he got into position.
"You slandered me," shouted the big man as he backed off a little.
"What of it?"
"You've got to take it back or get liked! I'll give you a week to take it back, and if you don't do it I'll—"
"What?" cried the little man as he advanced upon him.
"I'll perhaps extend the time, but you've got to take it back."
"Hold on—wait!" shouted the little man as he got his coat off, but the big man waved his hand and ran aboard the boat to call back.
"Two weeks and not another day! They prepare to get mauled!"—Detroit Free Press.

The Subject of the Day.
The goat, which erst inspired the poet's lay, And furnished fun for many a humorist's pen, Is browsing on the green hillside today Serene, unnoted by the funny men.

An Important niche he used to fill.
"Twas when the humorist to write began, And then he chewed the flaming circus bill And ate the succulent tomato can."
No more he playfully assails the maid Who goeth to the woods to gather nuts; No more are children by his pranks dismayed, No more the duds in country lanes he butts.
No more upon the dump he finds his food, No more the hospital marks his iron jaw, The goat has fallen into desuetude Beside the mother of the son-in-law.
—Boston Courier.

The Down Grade.
Clerk—Perambulators! Yes, sir. We have just got in a new stock, satin lined, silk trimmed, silver plated iron work, full jeweled handle, etc., only \$50. Step this way, please. First child, I suppose?
Customer—No; seventh.
Clerk—Oh! John, show the gentleman those latest improved \$10 baby "coaches."—Cartoon.

Good Reasoning.
An Indian fisherman in offering a string of fine brook trout was asked, "what's your price?"
"One shilling, one fish," was the answer.
"But there is a little one! a shilling for that?"
"Sure," he quickly rejoined, "just as hard to catch him as a big one."—Youth's Companion.

As to the Cigar, Yes.
"Bub, is that your first?" he asked of a newsboy who sat on the postoffice steps puffing away at a weed which gave forth a rank odor.
"Yes, it's my first real cigar," was the reply, "but I kin lick any boy of my size, and I've chewed tobacco for a year!"—Detroit Free Press.

Surprising.
A St. Louis boy, aged 14 years, has recovered from a severe attack of hydrophobia. His physicians were thunderstruck because their attempts at cure did not, as usual, result in death.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

She Couldn't.
"I cannot sing the old songs."
She sang: They found it true, She could not sing the old songs, Nor could she sing the new.
—Boston Courier.

The Worst Always Happens.
"I'm so sorry you split the ink," said the poet's wife. "Has it gone over your pen?"
"No, confound it!" returned the poet, sadly, "it went over my postage stamps."—Life.

The Captain Repeated.
Years ago, when the Military Academy was attracting the popular attention, they found themselves one day on a Mississippi river steamer in pecuniary straits. They wanted to send a certain four hundred miles away, but the sum of their cash was barely sufficient to pay their way to the first station, less than twenty miles distant from the starting point. Nats Salisbury, whose courage had never failed in spite of the company's long and unsuccessful fight with malignant fate, tried to "brace" the captain of the steamer to carry them to their next stand, but that official was gruff and obtuse, not to say flinty hearted.
"No, sir!" he thundered. "Ashore you go!" And the poor wandering minstrels suddenly found themselves on the wharf with bag and baggage, scrip and scrippage. The bell rang and just as the wheels began to turn the members of the company waited adieu to the steamer and struck up, loud and clear, the song:
We parted by the river, you and I
It was too much for the captain, beneath whose frowning exterior was a heart of gold. He swung his boat up to the wharf again, took the whole party on board, treated them to the best he had and finally landed them at the point they most desired to reach.—Detroit Free Press.

He Knew Himself.
One of the patrol force arrested a citizen living away out Gratiot avenue the other day, and just as they were ready to leave the house he said:
"I ought to put the bracelets on, I suppose, but if you will promise not to give me any trouble I won't expose you as a prisoner."
"I'll promise," replied the man. They had only started, however, when he added:
"Say! you'd better put 'em on."
"But you promised."
"Yes, I know, but I am probably the biggest liar in Detroit, and you can't trust me. I'm already wondering if I could outrun you."
"Put 'em on," said the wife, who stood by with a smile. "Jim is a good fellow and a good husband, but he hasn't told the truth in twenty-five years."
"You see," continued Jim, as the handcuffs were snapped on, "I know myself and I don't want to take any unfair advantage. Now come on and I'll behave myself."
But he proved himself a liar by running off with the handcuffs.—Detroit Free Press.

He Couldn't Account for It.
LOOK OUT FOR THE CAR!
Lushington (who started to climb the crosswalk gate just as it rose)—Gronk, smoke! Hope I may b' drown'd 'r ever see such a bloom'n' high fence; and seems to me she's still a grow'n'—Judge.

Filling an Order.
"I want," said a new customer the other day in one of our rough and ready, dish banging restaurants, where the waiter chucks your plate on the table before you with a "take that and be blown" sort of air—"I want," said the customer, "a beefsteak, pretty well done, but not too well done; just browned a little on both sides, and plenty of butter gravy and a cup of coffee without milk, but you may bring some milk in a pitcher with it. Will you remember, waiter, but without deigning any reply the waiter stalked off and bawled into the kitchen: "A beefsteak, gilt edged, and a cup of coffee, milk outside!"—New York Star.

A Hard Case.
First Burglar—What became of your brother Bill?
Second Burglar—Bill didn't turn out very well. He's gone to the bad, just robs folks right and left; poor folks, too, mind you.
"Poor folks!"
"Yes, even poor folks. I've pled with Bill over an' over agin to go into honest burglarin' like us, and he's not rob any one but rich folks, but Bill he's got so hard he won't listen to the voice of humanity no more."
"By Jinks! What's his lay?"
"He's a Chicago grain operator."—Philadelphia Record.

He Should Have Begun Earlier.
He had passionately declared his love.
"You are too late, George; too late," murmured the girl.
"Too late!" he exclaimed with an agonizing cry. "Is it possible that you love another?"
"No, George; but it is nearly 12 o'clock, and I hear papa at the gate."—Life.

A Domestic Fairy Tale.
Wife—Toast all right, darling! Husband—Done to a turn, pet. Wife—How (hesitates)—how is the coffee? Husband—Perfection. Wife (tremblingly)—Not so good as your mother used to make? Husband (calmly)—My mother never knew how to make coffee at all, preciously.

The Masher in England.
London Masher—My dear Miss Rustic, you have the most blooming cheeks I have ever seen; let me congratulate you.
Miss Rustic—Well, you have the most blooming cheek I have ever seen; but I can't congratulate you on the fact.—New York Tribune.

That's It.
"What is the writer's cramp?" asked a Pittsburg paper. You work for six months on a manuscript, send it off and have it rejected five or six times, figure on it to buy your winter's fuel, and you will find out all about cramp.—Detroit Free Press.

Had Heard of the Book.
Clerk at leading bookstore—What can I show you, sir?
Intellectual Looking Customer—I've heard a good deal about a new book called Robert L. Smead. Got it?—Chicago Tribune.

No Exceptions to This.
Writing for the magazines is a business that always yields big returns.—Life.

Might Be Worse.
Taken as a whole, the love of a fitful, fickle, and not so bad.—Washington Critic.

Excellent Judgment.
"What do you think of the new arrival, Professor Uggly?"
"I've never heard him perform, but I know that he has splendid judgment in musical matters."
"How do you know?"
"When we were at the gathering at Spinner's last evening he was the first to request me to sing."—Lincoln Journal.



A Remedy.
Harry—Why, Tom, what in goodness' name have you got in your trousers?
Tom—Dear me! I was in hopes it wouldn't be noticed. You see, I've been out to the ball ground all day, and that means a thrashin' when I get home; so I just put a tin sausagepan where I fancied it would be of some use, but I'm afraid dad's eyes 'll be as sharp as your'n.—Life.

A Singular Man.
On a Baker street car the other day a man who had taken a car ticket from his wallet in trying to replace it in his pocket. Three or four passengers saw the transaction, but no one had said a word, when the loser discovered his loss and started up and sat down in disgust.
"Anything wrong?" asked a passenger.
"Yes; wallet is gone."
"Probably picked out of your pocket?"
"No. I guess not."
"Don't you suspect some one in this car?"
"Oh, no, I probably dropped it on the street."
"Probably contained a hundred dollars, didn't it?"
"No."
"Much as fifty, then?"
"No. I guess there was about a dollar in it."
"But you will stand off your gas bill and water tax and grocer on account of it, of course?"
"No, sir; I shall pay everything today."
"Well, good-bye to you, and here's your wallet! Say, folks, let's present him a token of our utter amazement."
And they bought him six car tickets and offered to run him for mayor.—Detroit Free Press.

Oysters Are In Season.
She (blushing)—Why do you say my teeth are like pearls?
He (gallantly)—Because they are. I can't compare them with anything else.
She (smiling)—You are a flatterer, I'm afraid, George.
He (gravely)—Flatterer! No, I only speak the plain and simple truth.
She—And they are really like pearls?
He (emphatically)—They are.
She (with an arch glance)—Do you know what your reference to pearls reminds me of, George?
He—I can't say. What does it remind you of?
She—Oysters.—Boston Courier.

Ting-a-ling-ber-r-r-r.
Tired Stranger (2 o'clock a. m.)—I've been traveling since yesterday morning. Can you give me a quiet room where I can sleep till 10 o'clock? Don't care where it is, nor what it costs, but want the quietest room in the building.
Hotel Clerk—Can fix you up all right, sir. Boys, show the gentleman to No. 88.
[No. 88 is a cozy room on the fourth floor just opposite the elevator, and the stranger, a class leader of seventeen years' standing, backslides hopelessly before 8 o'clock.]—Chicago Tribune.

How to Cork Political Prophecs.
Blinks—There comes Jinks. Let's get away from him. He thinks he's a political prophet, and does nothing but bore everybody he meets.
Klinks—Let him come; I'll shut him up like a jackknife.
"Eh? You won't threaten to strike him, will you?"
"No; I'll offer to bet with him."—Philadelphia Record.

For Once.
Maiden Lady—I think I will visit a chiropodist while I am in the city.
Friend—Have you courts?
M. L.—No.
F.—Bunions?
M. L.—No.
F.—Why, then, visit a chiropodist?
M. L.—I want to have it to say that I had a man at my feet once in my life.—Boston Courier.

Likely.
A news item says that a mule in Colusa county, Cal., "was struck by lightning and paralyzed, but recovered after twenty-four hours and was as frisky as ever." It is not stated what became of the lightning, but it is inferred that it is still lingering in a hospital.—Norristown Herald.

A Temporary Loan.
Chumley—I'm in a little fix today, Brown, for money; what would you say if I were to ask you for a temporary loan of a hundred or two dollars?
Brown—Well, Chumley, if the loan will be temporary, I might let you have the two dollars.—Accident News.

When Time Flies.
Sweet Girl—Mercy! It's 10 o'clock. Has time ever passed so quickly with you as it does now?
Devoted Lover (a traveling salesman)—Never, except at railroad dining stations.—Philadelphia Record.

Accouted For.
"I see," remarked Withers, "that the Prince of Wales wears a black silk ribbon instead of a watch chain. Funny, isn't it?"
"Well, I don't know," returned Smithers; "perhaps he's lost the ticket."—Judge.

An Unhappy Joker.
Mr. Khan, the Persian jokester, who has arrived in Washington, will doubtless form a very favorable opinion of this country, if some wretch doesn't ask: "Can Khan dance the can can?"—Norristown Herald.

Here Habit.
Philadelphia—That St. Louis friend of yours is the most quiet, unobtrusive, unobtrusive western man I ever met in my life.
St. Louis Man—Yes; he used to be a policeman.—Philadelphia Record.

Medical Progress.
Young Doctor—They don't bleed people nowadays as they did twenty years ago, do they, professor?
Professor—Not with the lance.—Doctor.

Saw the Connection.
"Is that check good for anything?" asked a passenger off the Lake Shore road of the policeman at the Detroit and Milwaukee depot yesterday.
"No, sir," replied the officer, after an inspection. "That's a confidence man's check. How much did you let him have?"
"Thirty dollars."
"Well, you have been swindled. Didn't you ever read of their games?"
"Lots of times."
"And yet you were roped in?"
"Yes."
"I can't help you any."
"I don't want you to. I want you to look at this."
He handed the officer a parcel which, upon being opened, was found to contain a large bunch of human hair which had been pulled out by the roots, together with a piece of a man's ear.
"And count this," added the man, as he held out a roll of money.
"Here are \$70, and what does it all mean?" asked the officer.
"I'm the man that was swindled. This truck belonged to the chap who thought he had caught a sucker. See the connection? Closely observe my left eye. See any quish in there? Feel my head. Any soft spots anywhere around? Tra-la, old boy, and tell 'em not to weep for yours truly!"—Detroit Free Press.

He Helped Him.
"Say, pard, I'm starving. Gimme a dime for a meal, won't yer?"
The speaker was a sad eyed tramp. The man addressed might have been one of the McAllister 400. The scion of aristocracy glanced scornfully at the scion of poverty, allowing his eyes to rest unkindly upon the unshaven cheek and chin of the hungry soul.
"Heah," he said. "Heah's a quartab. I don't give a rap for youah hungry, but fah the sake of sassity go and get shaved."—New York Evening Sun.

A Good Man to Lend Books To.
Corkins—Wipedunks, I have accidentally lost that book I borrowed of you the other day. I'm awfully sorry, for I hadn't quite finished it. You haven't another copy, have you?
Wipedunks—I have not, Corkins, but (suggestively) there is a bookstore next door to my office.
Corkins (considerably relieved)—That's lucky. You can get another one without any trouble. I'll call around to-morrow. Splendid book, Wipedunks. I wouldn't miss reading it for \$100.—Chicago Tribune.

Taking Up the Thread Again.
There had been a runaway. A pair of horses were down, a carriage smashed to pieces, and the driver and a lady lay groaning on the grass with their hurts. The street car stopped and many got off to render aid. Among those who stood on the rear platform were two ladies, one of whom held up her hands in horror and exclaimed:
"Mercy on me! but what an awful, awful affair! How long did you say you boiled your grape jelly, Mrs. Smith?"—Detroit Free Press.

A Wearing Responsibility.
Bishop (to Pat, returning from work)—You look tired, Pat.
Pat—Oh, ah, sorr. It's a harral day I've had, sorr, as foreman of the gang—in straight hours.
Bishop—Ah, Pat, would have to work hard in this world. I often put in eighteen hours a day.
Pat—Yis, your rivinence, but your warruck is nisy loike, and clane, and ye's basent any responsibility.—New York Sun.

Too Much Extravagance.
A paper mache figure of a dudu was on exhibition at a recent state fair. It was a valuable instructor to the farmer, who considered it quite as much of a curiosity as the mammoth squash, and some grangers mistook it for a new brand of scarecrow; but, after all, it was a great waste of paper mache, and state fairs should not encourage such extravagance.—Norristown Herald.

A Genius for Advertising.
A doctor in an Ohio town, who lives on a street leading to the cemetery, has a reversible sign. Usually the sign presents his name and office hours; but when a funeral passes, he turns it over, and then the following legend is displayed: "Not my patient; I cure all who follow my directions."—New York Tribune.

Heartrending.
Miss Eva Ready (who has been spending the summer on a farm)—We had a terrible earthquake out in the country.
Miss City—Eh—Indeed?
"My, yes; I heard Mr. Hay Hood, where I was boarding, tell his wife that all the corn was shocked."—Drake's Magazine.

Accommodations for Both.
Occupant of Boston herdie, to driver—I say, driver, I paid you double fare to drive slowly!
Driver—Yis, sorr; but the other gint paid me double fare to drive fast. Oil drive fast half way, an' slow the other half. Get er lang there.—The Epoch.

A Little Commission.
She (on board the yacht Fleetwing)—What are they doing, Lieut. Goldbrink?
He—They are weighing the anchor.
She—Oh, are they? Would you mind asking how much it weighs? I am so interested in everything of a nautical nature.—The Epoch.

A Chicago Freak.
Chicago Man (on Chestnut street)—That gentleman I just bowed to is one of the most remarkable men in Chicago.
Philadelphia—Eh? In what way?
"He was born there."—Philadelphia Record.

Too Much Better Than Not Enough.
Stout Old Lady (to druggist's boy)—Boy, d'ye keep a preparation for reducin' the weight?
Boy—Ye'sm.
Stout Old Lady—Well, I don't eggactly how much I ought to git.
Boy (diag-nosing)—Better take all we've got, ma'am.—Harper's Bazar.

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1 PRIZE OF \$50,000 is	50,000
1 PRIZE OF \$25,000 is	25,000
2 PRIZES OF \$10,000 are	20,000
5 PRIZES OF \$5,000 are	25,000
25 PRIZES OF \$1,000 are	25,000
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200 PRIZES OF \$250 are	50,000
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100 do. 100 are	10,000
100 do. 50 are	5,000
100 do. 25 are	2,500
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