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Medicine kept in stock. Al-
though I keep fifteen varie-
ties.
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Thumb Fishing.
Mr. G. H. Mock, who resides near Cameron,
says that Jarrell's lake, near there, is the best
place to catch fish he ever heard of. That
when the breeze are in a biting notion any
one can take a worm and rub it on his finger
and hold his hand in the water, and that the
fish will come up and take hold of the finger,
then by closing the thumb down on its head
it can be taken in without any effort. This
can be repeated until you become weary of
the sport. Nothing could induce him to
leave that section just now.—Sylvania (Ga.)
Telephone.



Delicate Series.
Guide—Now, ladies and gentlemen, you
wouldn't believe it, but it's true, that these
weights are so delicate that they mark the
difference between a blonde and a brunette
hair.
Tourist (opening memorandum book)—And
which weighs the less?
Guide—The lighter one.—Life.

She Meant to Compliment.
They were talking about photographs, and
some one ventured the opinion that, as a rule,
very homely people took a fairly good pic-
ture, and vice versa.
"Now, Miss Brighteye," said De Jones,
"tell me honestly what kind of a picture do
you think I'd take?"
Miss Brighteye (who has not heard the dis-
cussion)—Oh, Mr. De Jones, I think you'd
take a perfectly lovely picture.—Yankee
Blade.

Very Easy.
Bibson—Did you ever meet Biggum
Dumpsey—Yes.
"Is he easy of approach?"
"Yes."
"How easy?"
"Did you ever see a big mud puddle at the
foot of an icy flight of stairs?"
"Yes."
"Well, easy as that."—Burlington Free
Press.

A Husband's Faultfinding.
"Wives in these days are very negligent
about their household duties," said Young-
husband.
"So I have heard."
"Yes, take my own case, for example. I
come home at all hours and still my wife
never has the dinner ready."—New York
Evening Sun.

Good Time to Save.
Mr. Bifkins—Catch me paying that fellow
\$10 to dig that little ditch; I'll go out and dig
it myself.
Mrs. Bifkins—Horrors! Have you lost your
senses, Mr. Bifkins? What will people
think?
"They'll only think I'm paying an election
bet, my dear."—Philadelphia Record.

Their Dreadful Fate.
"And now, children," remarked the Sun-
day school superintendent, "what happened
to those wicked people who reviled Noah and
refused to heed his warning? Where did they
find themselves when the flood came?"
"In do soup!" exclaimed a class of news
boys on the back seat, with one voice.—Chi-
cago Tribune.

A Scarce Article in College.
Stranger to college student playing pins—
Is it possible that you young college gen-
tlemen play the simple game of pins?
College Student—Yes, indeed, sir, and we
play 'em for keeps. I tried for three hours
this morning to borrow one pin, and couldn't
do it.—New York Sun.

Didn't Know When to Stop.
Insurance Superintendent—Well, did you
succeed in persuading Mr. Samson to insure
his life?
Agent (sadly)—No, I talked to him for six
hours, but before I got in all my argument
he died.—Philadelphia Record.

In High Circles.
First Tramp—I say, have you taken a bath?
Second Tramp (anxiously)—No! Is there
one missing?—Harvard Lampoon.

THE FANCY WORK MAIDEN.
An' so you kinder wanter know w'y I broke off
with Sal?
It wasn't because she wasn't a good an' mighty
purty gal;
For there ain't a blessed star in heaven shines
brighter than her eyes;
An' her cheeks are just like peaches on the trees
er Paradise!
An' her smile is like the sunshine spilt upon a
flower bed,
An' her hair like sproutin' sunbeams on the gar-
ding of her head,
An' her hair is like a singin' brook that bubbles as
it passes
Thro' the rick up tiger lilies and the purty
sunshin' grasses.

An' I told her that I loved her much as forty
times a day,
But she had'n't much time to bother, an' kept on
with her crowslay,
W'en I plumped right down afore her, plumb
upon my very knees,
She said: "Git off my rick, an' you're rumpin'
up my friends."

An' I tried to talk of love, an' things, an' told her
I would die,
Unless she smiled upon my soot. She simply said,
"Oh, no!"
You've tore my purty tidy down, an' had'n't ye got
no eyes?
You've planted them big feet o' yours on them ar
tapestries!"
An' she wore in big flamingoes, snakes an' turkeys
on her rugs,
An' she painted puller poodles on her mother's
lajasse jugs,
An' she painted purple angels on majenta colored
plaques,
An' she wore orange colored cherubs, with blue wings
behind their backs.

An' w'en I talked of love an' stuff, she'd talk of
rugs an' lace,
An' ax me would I take my feet from off that
Chiny vase.
I'd say, "My heart's love, O, be mine; be mine;
be wholly mine!"
She'd say, "You've got your elbows mixed in that
silk sheet er twine."
Now I'm goin' to Arizona for to do a cowboy's
work,
Driven forth from civilization by the cause er fancy
work,
But her smile will alius hunt me, alius in my
visions play,
Frased in latest styles of rick, with a back-
ground of crowslay.
—S. W. Fuss in Yankee Blade.

A WHOLESALE POET.

**The Astonishing Experience of James
Whitcomb Riley.**
While the Nye-Riley combination was on
the road last winter a little incident hap-
pened at Kalamazoo, Mich., which has never
been given to the public. Their entertain-
ment was over for the night, and a large and
pleased audience had dispersed. Nye had
been taken in hand by the town lecture com-
mittee and towed off to Uncle Asa Butter-
field's house to hear Uncle Asa tell his famous
story about his red cow and Dunk Brown's
hired man, the occurrence having actually
taken place in 1883. Uncle Asa was a local
humorist of great renown; he had been
unable to attend the lecture on account of
rheumatism, but had promised to sit up till
the committee brought Nye around. The
red cow story was his masterpiece, and he
was anxious that Nye should hear it, as he
thought that very likely he might want
to introduce it into his lectures. Riley had
escaped by feigning sickness as soon as the
visit was proposed, and before Nye could em-
ploy the same excuse, and was sitting in the
hotel office at about 11 o'clock congratulating
himself and chucking quietly. He was think-
ing of various facetious remarks which he
would make to Nye, should he survive the
operation he was undergoing, about Uncle
Asa, the red cow, the hired man, and so forth,
when a man hurriedly entered who attracted
his attention at once. The man was tall and
angular with long gray hair and hollow eyes,
and he had a trick of thrusting his head for-
ward and pointing with a long tony finger.
He glanced around at the group of hotel
guests sitting about and walked directly to
Riley.

"You are Riley, James Whitcomb Riley,"
he said, as he pointed a long finger at him.
The poet blushed slightly and modestly ad-
mitted the fact. "Yes, yes," went on the
man; "I know you, though I never saw you
before. We never met, but we've had a
good deal of business with each other."
"Well, perhaps," replied Riley, "but I
don't exactly understand what you refer to."
"Ha! I'll tell you. My name is Thomas
H. Stockwell," and he looked at Riley tri-
umphantly.

"Er-well, I can't just place you I'm afraid,"
answered Riley.
"You can't? Why, I'm the man that has
written all your poetry for you!"
The poet looked at the hollow eyed visitor
speechless.
"Yes, sir, gentlemen," went on the intru-
der, swinging his long, bony hand so as to
include the little group, "I am the man who
has written all of James Whitcomb Riley's
poems for him. When he has wanted a new
one he has always written to me and I have
sent it to him and got my pay for it, and
that has been all there is about it. You
know it, Mr. Riley, as well as I do. But I'm
sick and tired of it. Hereafter, sir, the
world shall know Thomas H. Stockwell as he
is; the name of James Whitcomb Riley will
hereafter rest on the brow of Thomas Hos-
tetter Stockwell. The time has come for me
to declare myself and claim my own!"

The unknown poet who had blushed un-
seen all these years drew himself up proudly
and laid his hand on his heart. Riley had
been gradually getting over his astonishment
and now found his voice.
"Perhaps, Mr. Stockwell," he said, "you
may have some of your poems with you such
as you have been furnishing me, and can
favor us with a short reading."
"Certainly," replied the long haired in-
dividual promptly, as he pulled a handful of
crumpled manuscript out of his breast
pocket; "certainly, nothing would give me
greater pleasure. I have here among others
one entitled 'The Old Barnyard,' with which
I intended filling your next order. I will
read one verse:
When you go out in our barnyard a kind 'o wan-
derin' round
Amongst the hens and sheep, and the hogs
er rickin' in the ground,
An' peckin' 'em on the colts and how much they'll
prob'ly bring
When they're broke to drive in harness later in
the spring,
Algo off from the sheep with horns—less you
want to see some stars
Cause he's prejudiced and likes to hunt you
through the lars,
But what you want to rally 'void aint airy pig er
sheep er hogg,
But the stock 'at's got the spotted calf
When She Looks Cross!
"You will excuse me, gentlemen, for giv-
ing you but one verse, as I want you to at-
tend the reading I shall give in the hall to-
morrow night. Admission only 50 cents. I
have one other here, entitled, 'When Bill
Turns Jack,' part of which I will recite:
When the stock is in the stable and ever' thing's
been fed,
An' all them kind 'o chores done up and the wood
er thrown in the shed,
I'm mighty apt to slip across to Bill's to have
some fun,
An' most gen'ly we play eucher till the clock
strikes one;
I've alius handled pasteboards in a easy sort o'
way,
But when it comes to Bill, Ise got jes' this 'ere
much to say:
You may pile up p'intz agin him 'n' hold the best
keerds in the pack,
But you've got to play 'em awful close
When Bill Turns Jack!

"That is all I will give you to-night, gen-
tlemen, but it is enough to show you who has
been writing Mr. Riley's poems. My reading to-
morrow evening will be most entertaining,
and as I wrote all of Mr. Lowell's poems,
and am constantly shipping poems to Mr.
Lowell, you can see that it will be varied as
well. Lately I have been encroaching on the
English market, sending a number of con-
signments to Mr. Browning, and yesterday
filling a trial order for Baron Tennyson.
This is all done away with, however, and
Thomas H. Stockwell reveals his true self to
the world. Do not forget my entertainment
to-morrow!"

"Tom," said a man, as he entered and
touched the poet on the shoulder, "come on—
it is long past time that you were in, and I
have been looking everywhere for you. I
hope he hasn't disturbed you, gentlemen," he
continued, as he started toward the door, fol-
lowed by the other; "he is perfectly harm-
less, so we allow him about the asylum
grounds, but we didn't think he would wan-
der away. He is the same man who used to
think the world would cease to revolve
around the sun if he didn't wear a green rib-
bon on his hat, but he has given up that and
taken to poetry."

Nye came in a moment later very much
exhausted by Uncle Asa's cow and hired man
story, but he had to help Riley up to bed.—
New York Tribune.

A Real Novelty.
Mrs. Duquesne—I suppose you sing or
play?
Miss Newcomer—Oh, no! I'm not at all
musical.
Mrs. Duquesne—You recite, probably?
Miss Newcomer—Oh, no, indeed!
Mrs. Duquesne—Well, then, I suppose you
paint plaques?
Miss Newcomer—No paint! I couldn't paint
a fence.

Mrs. Duquesne (sagely)—Oh, you dear girl,
how lovely! You must promise to come to
every one of my receptions. You'll be such a
sensational!—Pittsburg Bulletin.

The English We Use.
"Naomi, there is one reason why every-
body should admire you."
"And what is that, George?"
"You use only pure English. So many
young ladies have that detestable habit of
interlarding their sentences with slang.
Don't you know it?"
"Well, yes, it does make me rather tired."
—Lincoln Journal.

Only One Case on Record.
The late William Warren was a wit as
well as a comedian. Pestaloe Welch's bright
little paper, The Theatre, relates that on one
occasion Mr. Warren was asked why he did
not go more into society.
"Why should I?" he asked.
"Because," was the reply, "everybody
wants to meet you. If you would only give
us a chance we would be delighted to lionize
you."
"Oh, well," he said, "it's much better as it
is; I never know of but one man who was
not spoiled by lionizing."
"Who was he?"
"The prophet Daniel."—Detroit Free Press.



At a Whist Table.
"Whose deal is it?"
"Who dealt last?"
"You, didn't you?"
"I don't know."
"Oh, it's Mr. B's deal."
"Why, so it is?"
"What's trumps?"
"Diamonds."
"Diamonds? Well, if I ain't got the aw-
fulest hand."
"Well, I just haven't got a thing."
"I never did have quite such awful luck."
"Whose play is it?"
"Let me see, what's trumps?"
"Diamonds."
"Oh, so it is; how stupid of me to forget."
"It's your play."
"Oh, is it? What led?"
"Spades."
"Let me see, now—um—um—spades led
and diamonds are trumps!"
"Hurry and play!"
"Oh! if you didn't have ten trumps."
"Who took that trick?"
"You mean this?"
"O-o-oh! if you didn't make four! You're
horrid! Whose deal is it?"
Then they say it all over again.—Time.

In a Nutsell.
Ella Wheeler composed one of her poems
while rocking her baby brother to sleep in
his cradle. This accounts for the rocky na-
ture of the meter of the poem.
The crown prince of Greece dislikes pub-
licity, and often travels in third class rail-
way coaches. In this respect he shares to
some degree the peculiarities of the Ameri-
can tramp.

Lord Tennyson calls Mary Anderson "a
living, breathing poem." If she is a poem,
she is one that no sane unmarried editor
would reject.
A Dedham man has a brindle dog that can
climb a tree. That man's daughters must
stand a mighty poor show of getting mar-
ried.

First Principles of Trade.
Jake—Mrs. Growler wants two more yards
of that cloth she bought here yesterday, but
she says we charged her ten cents more than
Wool & Co.
Dealer—How much did they charge her?
Jake—Sixty cents, and we've been getting
seventy for it.
Dealer—Well, why don't she buy it at
Wool's then?
Jake—They haven't any; nobody in town
has it except us.
Dealer—How much did you say it was a
yard?
Jake—Seventy cents.
Dealer—And she wants two yards more!
Jake—Yes.
Dealer—Nobody else has it?
Jake—Nobody.
Dealer—Well, let her have it for ninety
cents, then.—Detroit Free Press.

No More Browning.
"Are you going into the Browning club
business as steep this winter as you did last,
Kate?" asked Miss Chicago of her friend Miss
St. Louis.
"Not by a long shot," replied Miss Kate,
emphatically. "A reaction has struck our
Browning club, as I know it would. We've
voted to cheese Browning and have some of
our good, old fashioned taffey pullings and
cotillon and eucher parties this winter. How
we ever got drawn into that Browning snap
is a mystery to me, anyhow."—Time.



Jimmy's Experiment.
Jimmy went to the fair grounds and saw a
balloon inflated with gas. Upon his return
home his experiment upon Samuel the
youngest was a perfect success.—Life.

No Man for the Place.
First Honest Dealer—I see that Jim Good-
man is no longer in your employ.
Second Honest Dealer—No; I discharged
him a week ago.
First Honest Dealer—Didn't take hold well,
did he?
Second Honest Dealer—Oh, yes; first rate.
First Honest Dealer—Then why did you
discharge him?
Second Honest Dealer—Because he always
persisted in getting off the load when it was
being weighed.—Yankee Blade.

The English We Use.
"Naomi, there is one reason why every-
body should admire you."
"And what is that, George?"
"You use only pure English. So many
young ladies have that detestable habit of
interlarding their sentences with slang.
Don't you know it?"
"Well, yes, it does make me rather tired."
—Lincoln Journal.

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