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The "Old Hundred." Half a bar, half a bar, Half a bar onward! Into an awful ditch, Choir and precentor hitch, Into a mess of pitch They led the "Old Hundred." Trebles to the right of them, Tenors to the left of them, Basses in front of them, Bellowed and thundered)h, that precentor's look When the sopranos took Their own time and hook From the "Old Hundred!"

Screeched all the trobles here, loggled the tenors there, aising the parson's hair, While his mind wandered; Theirs not to reason why This psalm was pitched too high, Theirs but to gasp and cry Out the Old Hundred, Trebles to the right of them, Tenors to the left of them, asses in front of them, Beliowed and thundered. Stormed they with shout and yell, Not wise they sang, nor well, Drowning the sexton's bell, While all the church wondered.

Dire the precentor's glare, Flashed the pitchfork in the air, Bounding fresh keys to bear Out the "Old Hundred."

Swiftly he turned his back, Reached he his hat from rack Then from the screaming pac Himself he sundered. Tenors to the right of him, Trebles to the left of him, iscords behind him Beliowed and thundered Oh, the wild howls they wrought! Right to the end they fought! ome tune they sang, but not, Not the "Old Hundred." -New York Graphic.

Senator Vance's Wonderful Memory. Senator Vance has a very good memory and seldom fails to recognize a person he has once met and observed, but one of his constituents got away with him a short time ago. The senator was standing with several of his friends in the rotunda at the Capitol, when a

stranger approached and offered his hand, anying: "Why, senator, how are you?" The hand was taken and grasped warmly. "Quite well, sir; how have you been?" "Oh, I've been fine, never in better health, hut I don't helieve you remember me." but I don't believe you remember me."

"Oh, yes I do, perfectly. Your face is quite familiar. It's only your name that es-"mpes me." "My name is John Buckwillen."

"Sure enough, John Buckwillen, Of course (and he shook the man's hand a little more

vigorously), I don't see how, I forgot it. Let "Well, senator, the fact is, you never did

see me but once." "Only once-you must be mistaken."

"Oh, no, I'm not. It was at the old church

"Yes, perfectly. So it was at the old church spoke there to that awful big crowdf" "Yes, perfectly. So it was." "Tm the man who was sittin' up on the ladder in the back of the church. I was in my shirt sleeves and did a good deal of the shoutin'. That was as close as I ever got to horse living! You can't go with me, Mrs. you."-Washington Critic.

A Strange Case.

A solid and eminent citizen had risen from a fall in front of a soldiers' monument yes-terday, when he was accosted by a stranger, who said: "What a coincidence! I fell on that same

spot yesterday." "You did, eh!"

dressed me just as I have you." "That is curious. What did the strange

man say!" "Asked me for a quarter to buy him a breakfast, just as I am now about to ask you. Bowser, who was looking puzzled. 2 - DAILY TRAINS - 2

Isn't it odd f" "It certainly is. You didn't give the fellow the quarter, did you!"

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

The Former Buys a Horse and the Latter Gets Even With Him.

At 3 o'clock the other afternoon I accidentally caught sight of Mr. Bowser skulking about the back yard. He had acted very restless at dinner time, and I at once felt that omething was wrong. A caller came and I could not get out to the barn for half an hour, and then it was too late. A horse stood in the stall, and Mr. Bowser stood looking at the horse,

"Have yon-you," I gasped. "Have I what?"

"Bought another horse, after those two dreadful failures/"

"Dreadful failures: I bought one horse and he objected to the neighborhood. The other liked the neighborhood, but you objected to his color."

"Mr. Bowser, please don't buy another horse. We don't need one, you know, and you will surely get swindled." "Swindled! I get swindled on a horse!

Mrs. Bowser, the man who can swindle me on a horse has yet to be born! I know 'em from ears to heels. I can read 'em like so many books. We need a horse. Here was a chance for a great bargain and I improved it." "I'm so—so sorry!" "That's just like you, but I can't help it. I

don't propose to throw a hundred dollars over my shoulder. I bought that animal for \$200, and just in time to head off a man who would have been glad to pay \$300. I wouldn't take \$400 for him as he stands there."

I was much put out, and after a time Mr. Bowser followed me into the house and said: "Just wait a week and if he doesn't turn out all right I'll sell him for the \$300 and give you the extra \$100."

Nothing further was said until the next morning, though in the meantime I heard Mr. Bowser telephoning about condition powders, bran mashers, toe weights, quarter boots, handholders and throat sweaters. It seemed to me that he ordered about \$50 worth of those things. Twice in the night he got up and raised the back window to listen, and he was out of bed and out to the barn with the first beams of daylight. He carge into breakfast with a smile all over his face, and

nounced: "Mrs. Bowser, yourself and your child are invited to a sleigh ride after breakfast."

'You don't mean it!"

"But I do. Not only that, but I hope to show you a gait that will throw snow in the eyes of all who follow."

He had borrowed a neighbor's cutter and bells, and after breakfast I got ready. Mr. Bowser said it was better to make our start from the barn, and when I got out there I found a lengthy, raw boned, wild eyed equine pawing the floor and working his ears and anxious to be off.

"He looks dangerous," I said after watching him a minute.

"So does a stuffed lion, but he isn't. However, if you are a coward I'll ask Mrs. John-

son to go." "Mr. Bowser, you are as pale as a ghost and all in a tremble. You are afraid of him yourself."

"W-what! Afraid of him, or any other

Bowser! Go right into the house!" I held the horse while he shut the barn door, and I sized the animal up as a vicious brute. I fully expected a calamity of some sort, but I would not back out nor let Mr. Bowser go alone. I entreated him to un-hitch, but he glared at me and replied:

"Have you gone clean daft? This horse is as gentle as a rabbit, and I'd as soon let the baby drive him. Whoa, Claudius! Now

"I did, and as I arose a strange man ad-iressed me just as I have you." "That is curious. What did the strange semed to have struck a circus. "Is this a blooded horse!" I asked of Mr.

"Certainly. He's a Fearnaught."

cunning tricks before they start off !"

"Keep still! Go on, Claudius!"

"Then he doesn't fear us, does het And do rnaught horses always go through these

Claudius dropped down on all fours long

mough to use his hind feet and send the dash-

board of the cutter flying high above our heads, and as I picked the slivers out of my bonnet I asked Mr. Bowser if he hadn't bet-

and jump which gave me the impression

that the cutter wanted to get over the fence

into the next yard. After getting a start the

horse laid himself out for a run, and as I re-

alized this I said to Mr. Bowser, whose eyes

hung out like onions: "He was warranted perfectly docile, wasn't

he? This is only his way of getting down

Stuck on Nero.

The special officer at the Third street depot was called upon the other day to separate a couple of men who were threatening to come to blows. One of them was an old man, and after he had been made to resume his coat, vest, comforter, cap and mittens, all of which he had doffed for the encounter, he explained: "Darnedest set of people around here I ever saw! I got to thinking about Nero as I walted for the train, and it struck me that I had forgotten his age. I asked about twenty people, but no one could tell. When I asked that old stub nose over there he said he'd knock my head off if I didn't canter." "Well, why didn't you go away?"

"I was going to, but he acted so mighty cranky I made up my mind to drub him. A man who can't answer a civil question ought to be drubbed."

"Well, don't raise any further fuss." "I won't if I can help it, but I'm going to

find out how old Nero was when he died, and if anybody sasses me I shall be right on deck I'm 65 years old, but I'll swan to goshen if take sass!"-Detroit Free Press.

The Court's Sentiments Prevail.

A remarkable trial has just occurred at Brownsville before Justice Sparks, in which Daniel Hess was charged with stealing water from a ditch. The trial consumed six days, and was enlivened by a constant exchange of personalities on both sides. Justice Sparks said in presenting the instructions of the defense to the jury:

"Gentlemen, them's my sentiments, and I want you to bring in a verdict accordingly, as they are the law."

Tossing the district attorney's instructions to the jury the justice contemptuously remarked:

"Them's not my sentiments; they're no good; but you can take them for what they are worth."

The jury, after a few moments' deliberation, returned a verdict of guilty. The justice stood aghast. "What!" he shouted, "you dare to go agin my sentiments The verdict is set aside and the prisoner dis-

charged!" This ends the case for the present, but fur-ther proceedings are expected.-Sacramento

Record Union.

Reform That Succeeded.

Among the officials who will probably be going out of office by and by is a large genial gentleman from the west, who makes a hand-some figure on horseback on the avenue of a pleasant afternoon. When he was appointed he was taken about his division by the gentleman he was succeeding. After they had made the rounds the outgoing official asked him how he was pleased.

"Everything appears well," was the reply. "Who is that lady over there?" "She is one of our best clerks,"

"Is she married f" "No.

"Well, there is a reform I will institute at once. I'll marry her myself." And he did within three weeks .-- Washing-

ton Post. Taking a Base Advantage. a FISH AND OYSTERS OBSTER P E -Life



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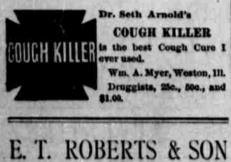
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'I-I hadn't it, you see."

"And I-I haven't it, you see. Good day, sir! Life is full of strange things-very strange."-Detroit Free Press

Had Plenty of Them on Hand.

"General," shouted a courier, rushing in wildly, "prepare yourself for bad news! We have just had an engagement with some of started. He started with a sort of hop, skip

cinal draught from a flask. "Have we lost many of my brave boys!"

"Only two or three private soldiers, sir, but nine of your generals were suprised and taken prisoners, and a bombshell fell in the general's tent and exploded, killing thirteen

The Horse and the Fly.

back yard fertilizers .- Detroit Free Press.

ion.

Press.

Why He Wanted Twins.

One Way to Look at It.

girl \$10 a month while you do all the work Wife-Well, if we didn't have a girl the

use of payin

in't have a girl the it I had to do all the

town, isn't it?" "He's running away !" shouted Mr. Bowser, "Is that all!" exclaimed Gen. Legitime, reas his hat blew off and a great clod of snow covering himself and frowning wrathfully at the excited courier. "Young man, if you whizzed by his ear.

"But you ain't afraid of any horse living, come to me with any more needless alarms Fil have you drummed out of camp." (To adjutant) "Send two or three dozen more you know? It's probably some freak on the part of Clandius. What a delightful pace!" Whatever else could be said against the generals to the front."-Chicago Tribune.

horse, he was a runner. He had a contract to draw us at the rate of a mile every three minutes, and he didn't stop to count the cost. How we managed to dodge street cars, sleighs A Horse, having kicked vigorously at a Fly cutters and trucks, and to turn three or four and raised a great row over his presence, the corners in safety I can't explain, but it was

Insect tauntingly remarked: "Well, this makes me Tired! The idea of perhaps, because I had the lines and Mr. Bowser was looking for a soft place to fall a great Animal like you allowing yourself to out on. The brute stopped after a two mile be stirred up by a small Insect like me!" "Your size is the great trouble," replied the dash, and when I brought him up to the curb Horse. "If you were only half my bulk the stone a policeman had to lift Mr. Bowser out Public would forgive me for striking back, and give him a swallow of cordial to brace

him up. "I had him almost stopped when a cramp or if you were as big as an Elephant, I could win Praise by Licking you. As it is you Annoy me and I must Suffer in silence." caught me," explained Mr. Bowser to the Moral-It is this situation which prevents crowd.

"Rats!" called half a dozen voices. "Say lots of one horse men from being used as old man, you aren't fit to drive no such beast as that!

"Nobody but a fool would have bought such a brute!"

A small 7-year-old was one day informed "Come off, old man, and buy you a hobby of the advent of a new brother, the seventh horse! Much to his mother's dismay the next Mr. Bowser and I went home on the car.

night a supplement to his evening prayer We didn't say much until we reached the was: "Oh, Lord, please send us twins next time. You know it takes nine to play base-ball and wo've only got seven."-Philadelphia house. I wasn't going to say much then, but Mr. Bowser turned on me with:

'Now, then, explain your conduct!"

"What!"

"In snatching those lines out of my hand and trying to make a heroine of yourself! Mrs. Bowser, there is a limit to all things. You have reached that limit! I may not be home again this week!" But he was. Indeed, he has been very

humble ever since. He got rid of the horse next day, gave me money for a spring bon-net, and it is mutually understood that we don't refer to the past.—Detroit Free Press.

Unmasked.

There used to live a learned man, As wise as wise could be; You'd find it very hard to find A wiser man than he.

He'd studied all the ologies, And knew them all by heart; No man was better versed than he In science or in art.

His neighbors all revered him, and Deferred to him with awe: They thought he was the wiscet man This old world ever saw

But even this wise man proved no Exception to the rule; For finally he fell in love And acted like a fool.

How He Could Make Them Scream. There is extant an anecdote illustrative of

the actor Compton's opinion of the average amateur player. Once an egotistical young amateur persistently tried to engage him in discussion on acting.

now," said the young man, "for I always get splendid notices, and all my friends think I should make a great hit."

parts, but I don't succeed in making my audience laugh heartily. I want to make them scream, as you do.

"Ah," dryly responded Compton, "you should change your line of characters. Try Hamlet and let me know how you succeed."-Detroit Free Press.

"I never could understand Browning," said the member of the Dante club, "but there's nothing difficult about Dante when you once get the hang of him."

Concise. Many years ago old Henry Merton sent his wo sons to New Orleans with a boat load of orn. On arriving they found the corn mar-

"DEAR DAD: Bizniss dull, corn's mighty

low and Bill's dead. Yours, JOHN."-Phila delphia Press.

that Jones owned the front half of the cow. is suing Jones for damages.-St. Louis Republic.

Ignorance Exposed. "What ye readin' in the newspaper, Uncle Pokef"

de ceilin'." "Turn the paper 'round an' let me see't Why, you've got it upside down!"-Harper's

On Draught.

A Decided Impression

me a glass of milk, waiter.

IRA P. HIGBY, Clerk.

"I am anxious to become a professional

"What line?" inquired Compton.

"Well," was the reply, "I play all the funny

Nothing Really Hard About Either.

"Same way with Browning," said the mem-ber of the Browning club. "When I tackled him first I didn't seem to catch on, but he's

just pudding for menow."-Chicago Tribune.

ket dull, and to add to that misfortune one of the boys died. The surviving brother wrote home thus:

The Meanest Man in the World.

The meanest man in the world is named Brown and he lives at Moberly. He sold his neighbor Jones a half interest in a cow and then refused to divide the milk, maintaining The cow recently hooked Brown and now he



Weekly.

Information of all kinds pertain-Gentleman (in Yorkville restaurant)-Give ing to Railroad or Ocean Steam-Waiter-Yes, sir (going to the back door) Jimmie, ketch de goat.-New York Sun.

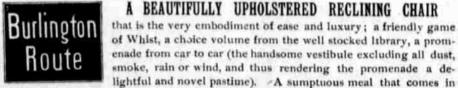
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