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SHE WAS FROM BOSTON.

Why the Professor left the Ballroom to Look for Refreshments.
The dry as to marrow, the leathery as to heart, but verdant as to brain, the professor found himself in the ballroom, and, like the fly in amber, wondering how the deuce he got there.
In a lower corner sat the rosiest of rosiest in a garden of exquisitely engorged girls.
"I make it a rule of three, professor," says the rosiest. "I dance three dances only of a night, one in every hour. The first a square dance, to bring my voluntary muscles, with their fasciculi, into gentle play; the second a polka, to work the voluntary muscles into perfect action, and the third a waltz, for absolute enjoyment."
"Bless my soul!" exclaims the professor. "I employ the interim by following some train of thought. To-night I am seeking types. I want to find my Cleopatra, my Aspasia and my Phryne."
"Bless my soul!" exclaims the professor. "Did Cleopatra spend the winter of 40 B. C. with Antony in Alexandria, or was it 41? Did she bare her bosom or only her arm to the asp?"
"Bless my soul!" exclaims the professor. "Was Aspasia fast or only a flirt? Was Socrates her lover? Was the divorce of Pericles as perfect as a Chicago divorce? Why does Aristophanes describe the Spartan and Peloponnesian wars to her simply because she lost her lady's maid? Do you think Plutarch's defense exculpates her? Was her second husband, Lycicles, a pork packer or merely a cattle dealer?"
"Bless my soul!" exclaims the professor. "Was Phryne's mother a laundress, and is it true that she got her living at one time by gathering capers? Were those capers for sauce or boiled legs of mutton? Was her offer to rebuild the walls of Thebes if her name were inscribed on them bona fide? Did she profane the Elysian mysteries, or was it a put up job to bring her to Hellas, in order to let the council see her beautiful anatomy? I incline to this, for Apollo painted her as the Venus Anaclyonone, and Praxiteles sculpted her as the Cnidian Venus. Was Apollo her lover, as well as Praxiteles?"
"Bless my soul!" exclaims the professor. "You see, professor, I am from Boston."
"Ah!" and the venerable professor bounded like one of his crack pupils in the direction of the refreshment room.—Once a Week.



The Contents Displayed.
Freshington—Going out of town, old fell Whistler—Just for the night, don't you know! The Hasbills give a bit of a dance at Falmham, and I've bundled in a claw hammer and— Holy grail! there's my train! Ta-ta!



BLAWZ THAT STEP, AWYAW! —Time.

Fair Warning.

Johnnie, aged 6, had been banished to the bedroom for using bad words to his younger brother, Sam, and told that he must remain there until he was sorry for his misconduct. After a few minutes of kicking and screaming, and then of quiet, he called Sam to the door to receive the following communication: "Sam, if I'm ever sorry for calling you names—and I'll have to stay here an awful while before I am—the first thing I'll do when I get out will be to lick you for telling on me." Another long pause and he continued: "You'd better be getting ready, Sam; I'm beginning to feel pretty sorry."—Philadelphia Press.

Of Course.

It was a little Fifth ward boy who was walking on the street with his mother, when his attention was attracted by a dog which wagged a stub that showed he once possessed a tail.
"Isn't it too bad," said the mother, "that the doggy has lost his tail?"
"Yes," replied the little fellow, sadly, and then brightening up asked, "But, mamma, why don't they take him to the tailor's shop?"—Elmira Advertiser.

Spring.

In the spring when the green gits back in the trees.
And the sun comes out and stays.
And yer boots pull on with a good, tight squeeze.
And you think of yer tarsoot days;
When you ort to wade and you want to wot.
And you and yer wife agrees
It's time to spade up the garden lot—
When the green gits back in the trees—
Well, work is the least of my woes.
When the green, you know, gits back in the trees.

When the green gits back in the trees, and boss is a-buzzin' aroun' agin,
In that kind of a lazy "go-as-you-please"
Old gate they hum round in;
When the ground's all bald where the boy tick stood.
And the crick's riz, and the breeze
Coaxes the bloom in the old dogwood,
And the green gits back in the trees—
I like, as I say, in such scenes as these,
The time when the green gits back in the trees.

When the whole tall feathers of winter time
Is all pulled out and gone,
And the sap it thaws and begins to climb,
And the sweet it starts out on
A feller's furred, a gittin' down
At the old spring on his knees—
I kind of like, just a leafy' round;
When the green gits back in the trees—
Jes' a-potterin' round as I—durn—please—
When the green, you know, gits back in the trees.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

As a Matter of Form.

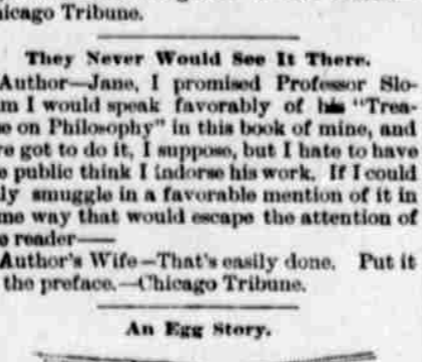
"Mr. Kajones," said young Springhyla, clearing his throat, "I have called to ask permission to pay my addresses to your daughter."
"Which one, Julius?" inquired Mr. Kajones.
"Miss Maria, sir."
The father looked fixedly at the young man.
"What are your prospects in life, Julius?" he said.
"To tell you the truth, sir," acknowledged young Springhyla, "I have no prospects worth mentioning. I am in moderate circumstances and have no resources except a knowledge of my business, good health, and steady habits."
"Just so, Julius," mused the father. "Your income, I dare say, is—"
"About \$1,300 a year."
"And on this, my young friend, you would expect to support yourself and a young woman who has lived in a home where she has never been used to anything like privation or even judicious economy?"
"It does seem presumptuous for me to think of it," faltered the youth, "and as I see it does not meet with your approval I will say no more about it and ask your pardon for—"
"Stay, Julius," exclaimed Mr. Kajones, somewhat hastily. "I only asked you those questions as a matter of form. If you want Maria, my boy, you can have her!" And he shook the young man warmly by the hand.
Mr. Kajones, it may be proper to state, has eight unmarried daughters besides Maria.—Chicago Tribune.

They Never Would See It There.

Author—Jane, I promised Professor Slocum I would speak favorably of his "Treatise on Philosophy" in this book of mine, and I've got to do it, I suppose, but I hate to have the public think I endorse his work. If I could only smuggle in a favorable mention of it in some way that would escape the attention of the reader—
Author's Wife—That's easily done. Put it in the preface.—Chicago Tribune.

An Egg Story.

MAN OF LAKE VIEW BUYS A CASE OF EGGS.



THE EGGS ARRIVE HOME SAFELY. —Chicago Herald.

Didn't Like Their Company.

Little Johnny was paying his first visit to a Friends' church. He soon became disgusted with the quaint old hats and bonnets, and the "thees" and "thys" of the preacher, and was just about to leave when the preacher exclaimed:
"I want all those who wish to enjoy the eternal life of the beautiful home above to rise to their feet."
The congregation rose in a body, but Johnny remained seated. The preacher noticed the little sinner and exclaimed: "What, my son, doesn't thee wish to go to heaven?"
"No, siree," said Johnny, with emphasis; "not if this crowd goes."—Philadelphia Press.

A Candid Criticism.

"Miss Doddleton," said a young man, "did you read the poem that I sent you?"
"Yes," replied the young lady, rather languidly.
"How did you like it?"
"What was that?"
"It was a little bit too long—there were just about two verses too many."
And the youth sat down in the corner and sadly remembered that there were only two verses to the composition.—Merchant Traveler.

Supply and Demand.

Miss Highup—Marie, has The Hightoned Monthly come yet?
Marie—Yes, mum.
"What's in it?"
"War articles an' travels in foreign countries, an' astronomy er arithmetic, or something I can't make out."
"Oh, dear! Put it on the library table where folks can see it, and then I wish you'd go around to the newstand and get me a copy of The Love Story Weekly. Be sure and say it's for yourself."—Philadelphia Record.

A Sense of Safety.

I asked my own class of boys and girls if they always said their prayers night and morning. Most replied that they did, but one small child said she only said her prayers in the morning. "Indeed, and how is that?" I inquired. "I should think you would need God's care more at night than in the day time. Why don't you say your prayers at night?"
"Cause I always sleep in the middle," was the quick reply.—Pittsburg Press.

His Father's Castle.

A lot of Irishmen were working together, when one that was always complaining of his work said: "I wish I was home in me father's foine old castle."
A companion retorted: "Your father's foine old castle, it is! It was a foine old castle yer father had. Ye could stand on the roof of yer father's castle, put yer arm down the chimney and open the front door of yer father's foine old castle."—Philadelphia Press.

Self Evident.

Agricultural Editor—Well, what you been doing today?
Literary Editor (wearily)—Oh, grinding out some jokes to fill up.
Agricultural Editor—Ah, yes; probably need to be ground to get a point to them.—Detroit Free Press.

ODDS AND ENDS.

There are more than 800 Indian dialects in North America alone.
Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but rising every time we fall.—Confucius.
The weight of the heart is from eight to twelve ounces. It beats 100,000 times a day.
A London milliner has invented a cork bonnet. It weighs wholly of the bark of the cork tree and is very light.
If all the telephone wires in this country were stretched in a continuous line they would go seven times around the globe.
Friede, like the magnet, constantly points to one object, self; but, unlike the magnet, it has no attractive pole, but at all points repels.—Colton.

The greatest snuff taking country in the world is France, though it shows a decline in the habit. In 1869 the consumption was 13,000,000 pounds, or seven ounces per head. Now it is five ounces.
The Christian Inquirer thinks that one of the latest proofs of the "indefiniteness" of the term "Christian" is seen in Poonah. The natives say of the total abstaining soldiers: "They cannot be Christians; they are good."
A soldier belonging to a detachment of the Austrian army in Transylvania was recently killed by a bullet from a Manlicher rifle discharged during target practice at a distance of more than two and a half miles.
One of the finest opals in the country is worn on his cap by the Chinese minister at Washington. It is as large as a pigeon's egg, and is surrounded by diamonds. The value of the cap, with its ornament, is placed at \$5,000.

The "fur" on the inside of the tea kettle comes from the salts of lime in the water. They are held in solution by the carbonic acid gas present, but when this is driven off by boiling, they are precipitated on the sides of the kettle. Scale in steam boilers is due to the same cause.
Aged farmer James Martin, of Balliettsville, Pa., carried to his grave a fifty-year-old grudge against his daughter. He left an estate valued at \$45,000, but all the daughter received was a little package which contained an ancient comic valentine which had caused all the trouble.

The most eastern point of the United States is Quoddy Head, Me.; the most northern point is Point Barrow, Alaska; the most western is Alton Island, and the most southern Key West.
Working from these four points, many will be surprised when they locate the geographical center of the United States.
The most remarkable roof in Danbury, Conn., or that state, covers a greenhouse at the nursery of J. H. Ives. It is composed of negatives from the photograph galleries of E. R. Rittton. Mr. Rittton had at one time 30,000 of these negatives, the accumulation of the long years he has been in the business.

Robert Louis Stevenson was in Honolulu when he heard of the death of Matthew Arnold. His conception of the late poet's character was aptly shown in his comment. "Well, well, so Matthew's dead and gone at last!" he said with a sigh. "Poor fellow, he'll never get on with God."
The London Spectator pays this tribute to the United States: "Her people are becoming the greatest nation in the world. It is probable that nothing short of actual violence would now induce any nation to attack her, while she could, if she pleased, almost ruin the commerce of any nation on the globe." It predicts that there are children who may live to see the republic with a population of 200,000,000.

The quality of roof slates, says a German trade journal, may be easily tested by carefully weighing samples, then putting them for a quarter of an hour into boiling water that is fairly free from lime, saltwater and ammonia; and reweighing the slates, those that show the greatest increase in weight are the most capable of resisting deterioration.

"A funny case was tried in the justice's court in Jasper, Ga., for damage to a hog by reason of the loss of one of the hog's feet in a collision with a train. In three hours' legal fight the defendant's counsel contended that the rule of assessing damages was the loss in weight of the hog by reason of being run over, which in this case was one foot, weighing half a pound, which at ten cents a pound would be five cents damages. The plaintiff's counsel insisted that the rule for assessing damages was the value of the hog when hurt, with the cost of nursing and medical treatment, and with such damages as the enlightened minds of the jury thought proper for the mental pain and anguish of the hog. The jury gave the plaintiff \$5.

A Fellow Feeling.

Judge Hunt, of the San Francisco superior court, is an enthusiastic fisherman. It is said of him that he will at any time adjourn court to go a-fishing, but this has not been proved. The other day a case came up before him in which an important witness failed to respond when his name was called. "What's that?" said the judge, "a witness absent? Where is he?" "I think, your honor," replied the attorney whose witness he was, "I think, your honor, that he is in the country." "In the country?" said the judge, with a flush of anger. "I'll see whether the court can be trifled with in this manner. Let a bench warrant issue." "But, your honor," said the attorney, in his blandest tones, "he must have missed the train this morning. He went fishing on Saturday, and—" "Went fishing, eh?" said Judge Hunt, mollified, "ah, yes; well, he probably will be here tomorrow. Call the next witness." And the wheels of justice again revolved.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Pass in a Studio.

George C. Phelps' photograph of his cat Sneezer has attracted so much attention in the picture windows of Broadway and in his studio at New Haven as the ladies of the English nobility or the famous actresses. Sneezer stands with his fore paws on the back of the chair, facing the camera, and yet showing a part of his profile. He wears a noble air, and shows himself every inch a gentleman. Mr. Phelps trained Sneezer to interest babes and children while their photographs were being taken. The cat, on command, hops up on a chair and strikes an attitude as much as to say, "Now, you look at me for a moment." He accepts only the confidence of his master, and disdains to associate with other cats. He puts out his paw when asked to shake hands, mews when told to speak, and if requested to speak louder emits a screech that no one can mistake as a feline blast.—New York Star.

Paper Doors.

We always chronicle with special pleasure each gain in the way of social and domestic quiet comfort. The latest invention to do away with noise is the manufacture of paper doors, which slam noiselessly after Bridget and the northwest winds. They are formed of two thick paper boards molded into panels and glazed together with glue and potash, and put through a heavy rolling process. Covered with a waterproof coating, and then a fireproof coating, they are hung like wooden doors, and are both beautiful and serviceable. This is one step toward paper houses, which will soon follow.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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