

Slightly Mixed.
Woman to drug store clerk—Have you an article called a two cent postage stamp on sale?
Drug Clerk (mechanically)—We sometimes keep it, but I think we are out of it just now. There is very little demand for it. Quite inferior, I assure you. Now, we make an article of our own—that's it, it was a postage stamp you want! Certainly; here is one. Have it charged?—*Texas Sittings.*



Unconsciously Sarcastic.
Mr. Gooley (with strong musical fervor)—Perhaps you'd like to have me give you a rendering of my last ballad? It's called "No sleep comes to my fevered brain."
His New Landlady—Mr. Gooley, if you are aware that that is a piano instead of a typewriter you are very unkind to make fun of it.—*Judge.*

He Was Quite Hungry.
 A lot of men were playing poker at Delmonico's the other night. The party got a little hungry and ordered some sandwiches. They came, a small but appetizing plate; also the bill, \$14. Shortly afterward a quiet gentleman asked the waiter to pass him another sandwich. "All gone, sir," was the reply. The quiet gentleman beckoned to the waiter and said in a confidential way:
 "All gone?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "Go down stairs and order some more."
 "How many, sir?"
 "Well," said the gentleman, thoughtfully glancing at the bill and the empty plate, "as I'm quite hungry I should say about \$2,000 worth."—*Blakely Hall in Brooklyn Eagle.*

Products of the Imagination.
Stranger (at restaurant reading from bill of fare)—Give me some chicken croquettes.
Waiter—Very sorry, sir, but there ain't none.
Stranger—Then give me some oyster patties.
Waiter—Extremely sorry, sir, but we have only roast beef, corned beef and stewed beef today.
Stranger—But where are all these things that I see on the bill of fare?
Waiter—They're on the bill of fare, sir.—*Brooklyn Life.*

Poetry vs. Reality.
Chappie—You know we invited Col. Plunkett, who used to be a blacksmith, to hear our class give the "Anvil Chorus" the other night. The fellows were got up in red shirts and the stage was turned into a real forge.
His Friend—You don't say! Moved the old colonel to tears, I suppose?
Chappie—Not exactly. He simply said "rats."—*American Grocer.*

Would Be Enough.
Mrs. Yeast (who always makes her own bread)—I declare, John, it is too bad; you have come home without that strychnine for the rats!
Mr. Yeast—How were you going to use it, dear?
 "Put it on bread."
 "Well, why not try the bread alone, dear?"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Rooted Habit.
Parrott (wrathfully)—I can't see why Gabby takes so much time in coming to the point. He keeps saying the same thing over and over.
Wiggins—He can't help it, poor fellow. He has had a telephone in his office for the past four years.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

A Matter of Humor.
 "Where are you off to?"
 "To apply for the hand of one of the banker's daughters."
 "Which one?"
 "That depends. If he looks pleasant I'll take the youngest; but if he's cross, the oldest."—*Humoristische Blaetter.*

A Sensitive Soul.
"Open your eyes, George. What's the matter with you?" said the occupant of a corner seat in a crowded car.
"Mind your business. I'm going to keep 'em shut. I hate to see women stand in horse cars," replied George, settling down in his own seat.—*Puck.*

Time for Prayer.
First Italian Brigand—Is our victim in sight?
Second Brigand—Yes; but he is still a long way off.
First Italian Brigand—Then we have time to say our prayers at this wayside grotto.—*Light.*

It Was Consolative.
Mrs. Lively (of Chicago)—Yes, young Mr. Laker wanted to marry our Susie, but I put my foot right down on it.
Mrs. North River (with a glance at Mrs. Lively's feet)—Well, that covered the ground.—*West Shore.*

The Derby Fever.
Irritable Major—Look here, my girls, I'm certain I'm right about that. I'll bet my ears on it.
Sharp Daughter—Oh, papa, you shouldn't carry betting to such extreme lengths.—*Pick-Me-Up.*

She Had a Good Time.
Belle—Did you enjoy yourself at the butchers' ball, last night, Bess?
Bess—Yes, indeed. Had a lovely time. I danced till I was so tired I couldn't stand.—*Yankee Blade.*

Childish Innocence.
Maggie (to her stepfather, who is very popular with the children)—Oh, I wish you had been here when our papa was alive. You would have liked each other so much.—*Moonshine.*

A Change of Opinion.
Will—Don't you think Miss Plain home-ly?
Bill—I used to think so before I learned she was an heiress.—*Yankee Blade.*

An Attached Condition.
Billings—Are you going to take a vacation this summer?
Smedley—If my health permits.—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

Lost Opportunities.
"Yes," he said, as he sat in the Russell house office, "it is so with a great many men—foolish fellows! They wait and wait, expecting something to happen, and then, when the very thing they have been waiting for does happen, they fail to act. They miss their opportunity, and then they go on waiting as before. Well, I must go and pay my bill—but say!" he added, looking at his watch, "I haven't time to catch that train—why—how—"
 "Which way were you going?" asked his companion.
 "Michigan Central—1:30."
 "Why, the bus for that train left some time ago. The porter called it out while you were talking."
 "That's great, too," said the other, holding his watch in his hand and gazing sadly through it into space.
 And then he went on waiting as before.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Her Last Chance.
 An irate woman entered a shop the other day and accosted one of the assistants:
 "I've come to find out what you mean by charging me a dollar on Saturday night for that table cloth, and selling Mrs. Ferguson one just like it on Monday for seventy-five cents. Didn't you say it was my last chance to get one so cheap?"
 "You mistook me, madame," responded the ready clerk; "I said it was your last chance to get one for a dollar. And it was, for we put them down to seventy-five cents on Monday morning."—*Americanized from "Moonshine."*

Different Ways.
 "When a woman gets frightened at night she just pulls the bedclothes over her head, says she is terrified out of her wits and goes to sleep," says one who knows; "but with a man it is different. He says he is not afraid, pushes the clothes down, and lies tremblingly awake for two or three hours, straining his ears at every sound."—*Hamburgnachrichten.*

A Cautious Inquirer.
 A—Ah! So you have lived in Gelbenberg; then you must have known my father, Schmiedelcke, the carpenter?
 B—I have not been there for the last ten years, but I knew Schmiedelcke, the carpenter. He has two sons; one became a gamekeeper and the other went to the bad. You are not the gamekeeper?—*Humoristische Blaetter.*



A Doubt Settled.
Mr. Puddy (who is rather deaf)—I wonder if that stone is loose; it has that appearance surely.



VERY LOOSE INDEED.
 —*Scribner's Magazine.*

There's Much in a Name.
Van de Milk—What are you going to call your new steam yacht?
Van de Water—I was going to name her the Wave, but as I was looking over my books last night a more appropriate name occurred to me. I think I'll call her the Breaker.—*Detroit Free Press.*

No Discount.
Simpson—I saw a great bargain in a buggy down town.
Simmons—Why didn't you invest in it? How was it?
Simpson—Splendidly lovely, young and worth half a million.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Matter of Location.
"I feel sick at heart," said the rejected lover, as he leaned upon the railing of the Margate boat.
 "I'm with you," remarked a fellow passenger, "only mine is further down."—*London (Eng.) Pink-un.*

Great Expectations.
Dashaway—I think I shall go up in the 3:30 onacks this summer.
Cleverton—What do you expect to get there?
Dashaway—In debt, mostly.—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

Love—Figuratively Told.
 True love is 1 dertfully nice,
 Off us 2 lovers sworn,
 The earth 3 smiles paradise,
 And sometimes it's 4 torn.
 Some lovers can't sur 5 alone,
 And love 6 symptoms show;
 Some think it's 7 with their own,
 And some are 8 their woe.

Some, when their sweethearts look be 9,
 Feel such a 10 der thrill;
 Some, when they don't, for 0 will pine,
 And seek a grave 4 fill.
 A weighty maid fell down at length;
 Her beau rushed 2 assist her;
 She was 38-4 his strength,
 So 10 derly he kissed her.

She candy 8 be 4 her beau,
 And had a toothache 4 11;
 When her 230 cried, although
 With 40 tude she bare it.
 "40 I've wanted lang," cried Will,
 "Now halve me, I would wed thee."
 "You've have 2-4 me until
 You've a 4 tunc," said she.
 —*H. C. Dodge in Detroit Free Press.*

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From Beaver Canon to Yellowstone National Park, the trip will occupy three days going, three days returning, and eight days will be spent in the Park. Excellent tents and good equipment for camping out will be furnished by the Union Pacific, enroute from Beaver Canon to the Park, and while in the Park the tourists will be quartered at the various hotels.

The very low rate of \$25.00 per passenger has been made from Omaha. This rate includes Railroad, Pullman and Stage fare, Meals and Hotel bills from the time of leaving Omaha until the return of the excursion, in all 30 days.

Only thirty passengers can be accommodated, and as accommodations are limited early application for same should be made, no one being accepted after July 20th. Unless 20 tickets are sold by July 20th, the excursion will be abandoned, and purchase money refunded immediately.

In ordering tickets send money for same by express, to Harry P. Deuel, City Ticket Agt., C. P. Ry., 1322 Farnam street, Omaha, Nebraska.

While children will be allowed on this trip, still it is advisable not to take them. For further information relative to this excursion and itinerary, apply to
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SHE BROUGHT HIM AROUND.

A Thrilling Story of Man's Rashness and Woman's Tact.
 Softly shone the subdued light of the solitary gas jet in the parlor of the Biederback mansion on the avenue, and soft was the voice of the abashed young Erasmus Shackelford, who sat on the edge of his chair, mopped his heated face and smiled with a kind of papier-mache smile at the entrancing young woman, in the dazzling aureole of whose auburn hair he had fluttered in agonizing captivity for months and months.
 "Miss Viola," he said, clearing his throat and speaking with every inflection of a man about to say something, "you will not be surprised, I presume, if I—I express the—the feeling, the—the opinion, as it were, that—that it's pretty hot this evening!"

Erasmus gave his face another frenzied swipe with his handkerchief and subsided into palpitating silence.
 "No," replied Miss Viola, with a smile that brought a large and ecstatic lump of something or other up into his throat, "I am not surprised, Mr. Shackelford. You made the same observation earlier in the evening."
 "Y-yes," he gasped. "I believe I did. It—it was not an entirely new remark. In fact it was a kind of a—a of a chestnut, I suppose."

The agitated youth made another effort to crush down the lump in his throat.
 "And I—I feel, Miss Viola—as if I were a—a kind of—of observation myself that has getting tiresome. Haven't I been—been observed here a little too often? Did I seem to be a—a chestnut"—and as he moved his handkerchief over his glowing face in tremulous jabs his voice took on a despairing sound—"a sort of—of roasted chestnut?"
 "No, Erasmus," slowly answered the maiden. "When a chestnut is roasted it pops."

The conscientious historian is bound to record the fact that at this point Erasmus immediately popped.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Clear Monopoly.
 The other forenoon a messenger boy who was going up Woodward avenue stopped for a moment in the shade of one of the Circus park maples. He was sopping up the sweat on his hands and face when an ice wagon came along.
 "Gimme me a hunk!" called the boy.
 The driver shook his head.
 "May prevent sunstroke," continued the boy.
 "For ten cents," replied the driver.
 "Then lemme ride."
 The driver shook his head.
 "It may save my life."
 "For five cents," grimly replied the driver.
 "That's a clear monopoly, and here goes to down it!" said the boy, and he hit the driver in the back with a stone and escaped.—*Detroit Free Press.*

How to Find Out.
 Leisurely Stranger—I suppose, now, you don't sell such fine young spring chickens as these to boarding house keepers?
 Proprietor of Meat Market—Not often. Mrs. Irons, though, who keeps a boarding house in the next block, buys a half dozen of them every morning.
 Stranger (with alacrity)—Thank you, (disappears in the direction of Mrs. Irons' boarding house.)—*Chicago Tribune.*

Severe Punishment.
Captain—Sergeant, note down Private Grassgrun—three days on bread and water for slovenly turn out on parade.
 Sergeant—Beg pardon, captain, that won't make the slightest difference to him—he's a vegetarian.
 Captain—What? Then put him for three days on meat and soup!—*Chatter.*

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