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A TIME SAVER.

Just Gave Them What They Wanted and Made Them Happy.

I was in the office of a Chicago real estate and loan agent the other day, and had scarcely got seated when a woman was admitted and asked him for a subscription to some charity.

"With the greatest of pleasure, ma'am," he replied, and producing a check book he filled out a check for \$10. She thanked him very sweetly as she withdrew, and it was only five minutes later when a man entered and a keel for a contribution to some poor children's fund.

"Certainly—only too glad," replied the agent, and he wrote another check for \$10. After we had been interrupted four times, and he had cheerfully written four checks, I said to him:

"You certainly deserve the title of a philanthropist."

"Well, perhaps."

"But I notice that you ask no questions and take everything for granted. Have you no fear of being swindled?"

"None whatever."

"Well, the people of Chicago must be an honest crowd."

"Oh, it isn't that, my dear sir. Let me—"

Here a lady entered and asked for a contribution to assist in giving a free excursion to a Sunday school, and he wrote her a check for \$15 and waved her out, and continued:

"Let me explain. All those checks are worthless, as they are drawn on a bank where I have no funds. I do it to save time. All these callers come prepared to argue and explain and contend, and each one of them would sit for half an hour. By giving these checks I secure a great reputation around the block as a philanthropist and a well-heeled man, and it costs me nothing. When—"

Here he paused to fill out a check for \$20 for the establishment of a sailors' berth, and then finished:

"When the checks are presented they are found to be worthless, and those holding them either get mad or see the joke. In either case they never return, nor do they give me away. Try it, my boy. Saves time, money and gab, and it won't be a month before you'll be satisfied that you are doing charity a better service than if you were handing out the cold cash."—New York Sun.

Fun and Philosophy.

When a man tells you that he is perfectly contented he means, in nine cases out of ten, that after thinking the matter all over he does not see how he can get anything more.—Somerville Journal.

You can always distinguish your friends from your enemies by observing that the former agree with you when you say harsh things about yourself.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

This "In Darkest" business is having a great run, and we expect to see an article in The Arizona Howler one of these days entitled "In Darkest Deal Man's Gulch."—New York Tribune.

The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that wields the slipper a few years later.—Life.

Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some become hotel clerks.—Life.

Mrs. Blotter of a literary turn—And, John, send up a gallon of midnight oil. All our best writers, I'm told, burn it.—Boston Transcript.

Often Occurs in Conversation.

There is a certain railroad engineer running into St. Joseph, who is not just the pink of politeness. His train was waiting for orders at Francis street station one day lately when his engineer was approached by a stranger who asked, "When does this train leave?"

"I don't know; ask the conductor," was the somewhat brusque answer.

"Well, well, don't get huffy," said the traveler; "you might just as well be civil about it as not."

"H'm," said the engineer, turning away, "I'm no civil engineer."—St. Joseph News.

The American Abroad.

Brown (to Robinson, who has been abroad)—And so you have returned from your long-looked-forward-to journey to the famous scenes of the Old World, to the tombs of statesmen, martyrs and philosophers, to the sublime Alps, great London and gay Paris. Tell me, old man, what have you done?

Robinson (proudly)—I have raised a beard.—Puck.

A Long Head.

She—That's a curious match Charlie Pigott is about to make. They say the girl is a regular tomboy—climbs trees and all that sort of thing.

He—Humph! That's why he likes her. His rooms are on the fifth floor—no elevator.—Harper's Bazar.

Society.

"What is it, Algie, my boy?" inquired old Cluister of the young man sitting pensively before the fire.

"Nothing, governor; only thinking."

"Thinking Algie? Thinking? And you a popular society man!"—Washington Post.

Unsettled by It.

"I am thinking of going into the goose feather business," remarked Snodgrass.

"You'll never succeed in it," predicted his wife.

"Why?"

"Because it requires pluck."—Epoch.

A Common Case.

Wickwire—There never were so many chances as now to get a good income out of a small fortune.

Yatesley—What I'd like is to get a good fortune out of a small income.—Indianapolis Journal.

Extravagant Indeed.

Miss Packinhouse—Papa, won't you give me some money to buy a few more pictures to hang in my room?

Mr. Packinhouse—What! Over that beautiful gilt wall paper?—Puck.

Not Encouraging.

Alphonse (captiously)—Ah, Gertrude, I see you are alone.

Gertrude—Well, yes, I was.—Boston Courier.



AWKWARD LAWS.—Munsey's Weekly.

Not His Trade.

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Rev. Plink-Plink on Envy.

"Don't let envy get possession of your hearts, dear brethren; of ya see a man wearin' a stovepipe hat an' a cape overcoat, an' ya feel de green-eyed monster wrigglin' aroun' yer heartstrings, jes remember dat de man may be shiverin' wif de cold under his stylish outside on account o' de absence ob an undershirt."—New York Herald.



"Oh, papa, you are too good! This diamond belt is a poem!"

"Belt? Why, my dear girl, I bought that for a necklace!"

"You dear old soul! How did you ever expect me to get that little thing around my neck?"—Life.

AMERICAN FABLES.

The Tramp and the Sage.

A Tramp who was taking in New Jersey heard of a Sage near Red Bank, and when he Arrived in that Locality he called upon the Wise Man and said:

"Oh, Sage, wouldst Thou Advise me a bit?"

"I wouldst. Go to Lie Aw, Thou Slug-gard. Next!"

The Tramp went on, sought the Shelter of the Sage's Barn, and while looking for the Aw set the Building on Fire with his Pipe. Loss, \$800; no Insurance.

Moral—The above Proves that a Sage who can't locate the Aw in his Neighbor's Barn is no Sage at all.

The Lawyer and the Thief.

A man who had been Arrested for Stealing a Horse Employed a Lawyer who managed his Case so well that the Jury returned a Verdict of Acquittal. The Lawyer was filled with Rejoicing, but the Thief was Cast down, and said:

"Alas! but you did not seem to Grasp the Opportunity!"

"Why, my dear Man, you are Saved from State Prison."

"Yes, I Know, but while you were Satisfying them of my Innocence you ought Also to have made them Believe I owned the Horse which I was Found leading Away."

Moral—He probably Stole another that same Week, however.—Detroit Free Press.

His Father Got the Wrong End.

There was a big buzz saw boxed up and ready to go on shipboard at one of the South street wharves the other day, when a colored man was noticed walking around it, and eyeing it with the greatest interest.

"It isn't running," finally remarked a shipping clerk.

"I kin see dat much," was the ready reply.

"Then what are you afraid of?"

"I isn't 'fraid of nuffin, Ize simply sorter anxious."

"Ever see one of those things before?"

"Can't say as I hev."

"Then what are you anxious about?" persisted the man.

"See yere, boss," said the other, as he retreated a step or two. "I lost my fadder when I was only a baby."

"Well—"

"I lost him kase he walked up to de wrong end of a bar, an' I don't reckon to git catched in de same way. When I see anything wid teeth to it I either shy off or dodge behind."—New York Sun.

"Our Dog."

"Sissy" called the boy as he ran up to a little girl standing at the gate in front of a house on High street, "run in and tell your mother that your brother Johnny is having a dog fight in the barn!"

"Is he?"

"Is our dog in?"

"Yes."

"Which is whipping?"

"Your dog."

"Goodly good! Hurry around and tell Johnny to sic 'em, and to kick the other dog, and I'll stand in the back yard and tell ma if she comes that it's only the cats!"—Detroit Free Press.

His Proud Soul Revolted.

"Yes, I have plenty of cold victuals," said the lady, "but I will give you a nice hot breakfast if you will fill this coal box and sweep the snow off the sidewalks."

"I can't accept it on those terms, mum," replied the tourist as he turned away, a hot flush of insulted pride mounting to his dirty cheek. "I have Indian blood in my veins."—Chicago Tribune.

Literal.

Here is a genuine German "goke," translated literally from Fliegende Blätter.

Photographer—Your son, the student, this picture ordered.

Father—Him that is like. Has he for it paid?

Photographer—Yet not.

Father—Still more like him is that.—Binghamton Republican.

Her Candid Opinion.

Scientific Guest—What do you think of Professor Koch's great discovery for the cure of consumption?

Hostess (who is not much of a newspaper reader)—Well, I tell ye th' truth, I hain't much faith in any of these ere patent medicines.—Street & Smith's Good News.

At Home.

Mrs. Westend—Good morning, Mr. Northend. I want to run in and see your wife. Is she at home?

Mr. Northend—Yes; she'll be at home all day. When I left she was trying to make up her mind to go out and have a tooth pulled.—New York Weekly.

His Pace.

Wood—If I had my choice I would spend my summers in Newport and my winters in Florida.

Ryde—What would you do in spring and autumn?

Wood—Oh I would be falling in New York.—Puck.

On Time.

Tillinghast—Look here, Bloombumper, you promised to come at a quarter of 12, and here it is 12 o'clock.

Bloombumper—Well, isn't it a quarter of 12?—New York Sun.

CORN FLOWER.

WALTZ.

By C. COOTE, Jr.

S. CORNET SOLO.

express

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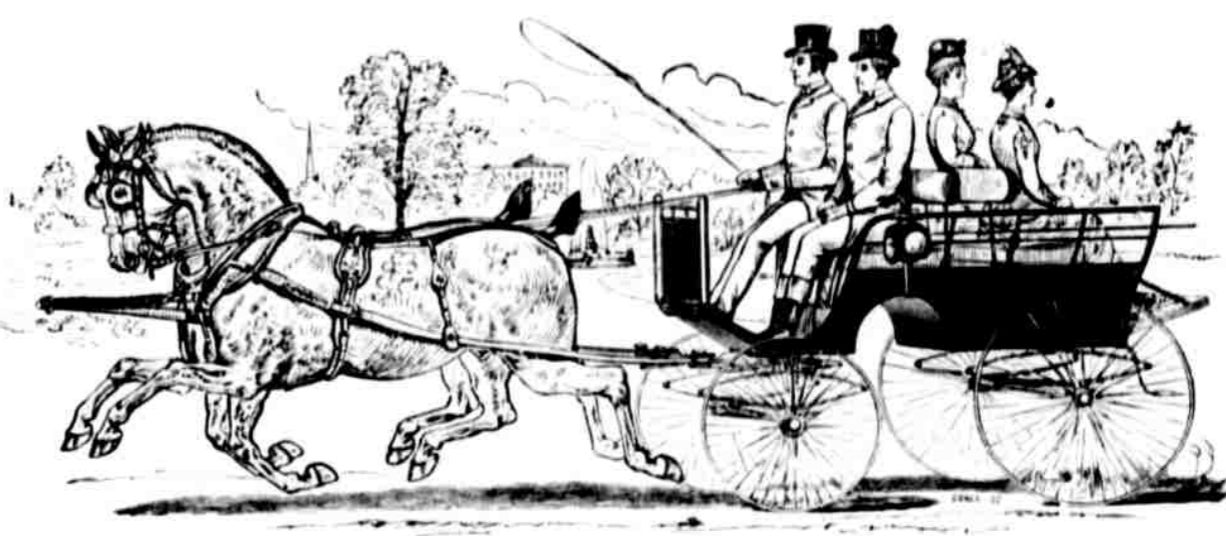
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