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TRAGEDY ON THE GREAT RIVER.

A Thrilling Episode of Travel on the Mississippi. Moonlight on the raging Mississippi! The magnificent sidewheel steamer Lone Pelican, bound for New Orleans, sped swiftly down the Father of Waters, whose turbid waves, as if angry at the intrusion, lashed the crumbling shores with a fierce

Silence reigned in the Lone Pelican. Naught but the monotonous chug-chug of the engines and the tremulous beating of paddle wheels disturbed the reposeful stillness that brooded over all.

Had she struck a snag? Was the steamer on fire? The captain had not yet retired. With drawn revolver he approached the stateroom from which the terrible uproar seemed to come.



Ivy—Jennie, what do you think? I met Mr. Lovelace and he gave me this box of candy. Jennie—Didn't he tell you to give it to me?

More Than Was to Be Expected. Grandpa—Lam surprised that it did not rain last night, as my corns ached like mischief.

No Money to Lend. "Hello, old chappy! Been makin' money lately?" "I should smile, got m' pockets full."

Good Reason. Tramp—Please, sir, give me a quarter. Lawyer Howe—A quarter? Why do you ask me for a quarter?

No Mail. Returned Tourist—Your uncle is not here, I see. Nephew—No. Tourist—Heard from him lately? Nephew—Not since he died.—Good News.

Old Ocean's Pangs. Grimley—What is it occasions that pitiful moan along the coast this morning? Pennyman—It's very likely caused by the ocean stubbing its undertow against the rocks.—Boston Courier.

His Calling. "No, sir," said the shoe manufacturer, "I can't sell the goods at that price. I'm a shoemaker, not a freebooter."—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

At Last. He had wooed, but never had asked consent of this maid to be his wife. And she had begun to think he meant to court her all his life.

They went to a restaurant one night. As when opening soda there, through his awkwardness, the cork took flight. Nearly hitting the maiden fair.

But she did not shrink as the missile near to her ivory forehead passed. With a ripping laugh, she cried, "Oh, dear, Has something popped at last?"

AT THE GATE.

A Realistic Report of a Conversation Under the Moon. "Purty night, ain't it, Tilly?" "Yes, purty enough; good night, Hank."

"What's yer rush? We ain't been stand'ng here but a few minutes." "O-o-h, Hank Sparks, what a big story teller you are. We've been here over an hour."

"Well, what if we have?" "Well, that's long enough, that's what. We'd ought to be 'shamed of ourselves anyhow."

"What for?" "For bein' so silly." "I reckon we ain't the only silly folks in the world, then."

"That don't make no difference. Good night." "No, wait a minute, Tilly." "What for? You s'pose I'm going to stand here all night?"

"Nobody wants you to stay here all night, but I don't see why you should snatch yourself away like this."

"Pa'll be calling me first thing I know." "Let him call, it won't hurt him."

"It might hurt you if he took a notion to come out to set old Booz loose." "Pshaw! Who's afraid?"

"You'd better be. Good night." "What for, you big gump, you?" "Oh, because."

"I shall not stay out here another minute." "Yes, you will." "I shan't. Let go my hands."

"You mean thing, you! I—if you dare kiss me again, Hank Sparks!" "Oh, I dare'n't, eh? There!"

"There's another." "I've a notion to call for pa. I will if you kiss me again, sir!"

"Oh, you will! There! Now call him." "You're the worst case I ever saw. Shame on you!"

"Pshaw! I pity a feller who ain't grit enough to kiss his girl when he can." "I'd be ashamed if I was you, sir. Good night."

"Good night, Tilly." "Good night."—Munsey's Weekly.

A Logical Refusal. Many years ago a rich, wicked and parsimonious Dutchman lived in one of the towns in the Mohawk valley.

"Whose house is dot, you say?" queried Myneer. "It is the church—the Lord's house."

"Well, if der Lord wants to dunder down his own house, he can shoot dunder it up again! Igifsnodding!"—Kate Field's Washington.

A Remedy Suggested. "Do you know who that fearfully hemeled woman is over by the door?" "Yes, that is my wife, and I would remind you that beauty is only skin deep."

One of the Two. Dolan (holding hand to nose)—Murder! Murder! But phat's allin the cloimant? Is it mortifoin' of wond'ther?

For Future Reference. He—Is your father wealthy? She—Yes. He—Is he old? She—Very.

No Cruelty in Speed. Lady (at horse race)—Don't you think it is cruel to race horses that way this hot weather?

Drew the Line. Miss Smilax—I like to waltz with you, Mr. Wooden; but why don't you ever reverse? Wooden—Well, I have reverses enough in my business without bringing them into my pleasures.—Boston Courier.

A Complicated Case. Caller—Has your mistress gone out? New Servant—No; but she ain't at home.—Chicago News.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

The Story of a Servant Girl Who Always Kept Her Word. "Is she a good faithful girl?" asked the woman.

"Say," answered the man, "you just wait till I call my wife. This business is sort of in her department more'n in mine. I'll call her down, and you and she can talk the matter over."

"Then the man stepped out into the hall and shouted, 'Maria! Maria!'" "What's the matter now?" answered back a woman's voice.

"Say, Maria, you just come down and tell this lady what you know about Julia. She wants to know if Julia is faithful."

"All right," said Maria, apparently very much pleased. "I'll tell you the whole business. It's a cat story. I'm a cat hater, I am. I didn't use to be, but of late years we've had so many of 'em out in our backyard that I've been forced to hate 'em and to make war on 'em. I reckon I've killed a hundred cats inside of a year, haven't I, Aaron?"

"Well, yes, I should think so, Maria, all of that," answered the man. "You're some on cat killing, Maria, they's no use sayin' that you ain't."

"I've a method of my own," continued Maria. "I put the cat in a box and chloroform him to death, and then I throw his carcass into the ash barrel. I sent out all of a half barrel of cats one morning. It scared the ash man so that he almost fainted."

"Well, here the other day I caught a big yellow fellow that had been howling and yawning about in my back yard for over a year. He was a monster cat, and he had a voice on him like a steam cat's. The minute I caught him I yelled for Julia to come out and help me put him into the box. We had to work it till, but finally we did it. Then I put the big soapstone on top of the box that I generally use to hold it down. But, Lordy mercy! the stone didn't amount to anything. I never saw a cat thrash around so in all my life."

"Look here, Julia," said I, "you'll have to sit on the box till I can give him a little chloroform to quiet him."

"All right, ma'am," said Julia, and down she sat. "I ran into the house for the chloroform and do you know I couldn't find a drop? It was all gone. So I stepped to the window and called out: 'Julia, you'll have to sit there awhile till I can go to the drug-gist's and get some chloroform.'"

"All right, ma'am," said Julia. "I promise me, Julia," said I, "that you won't get off the box till I come back."

"You know very well," Julia answered, in a sort of grievous way, "that I won't get off the box till you come back. When I say I'll not do a thing, I generally doesn't do it."

"I didn't stop to say any more, but put on my bonnet and shawl and started for the drug-gist's. I hadn't gone four feet from the house when I met Miss Bartlett, an old friend of mine, and perhaps you won't believe it, but it's a fact, just the same, I forgot what I was out on the street for, entirely forgot it. I always was an absentminded creature, wasn't I, Aaron?"

"Yes, Maria, you always were a little given that way." "Miss Bartlett, told me," resumed Maria, "that she was going up town shopping, and asked me to go along with her, and I went. Then I asked her to take lunch with me in a restaurant, and she accepted the situation. We had a real lunch—jickan soup, lobster salad, ice cream and jfee."

"Won't you have something more?" I asked Mrs. Bartlett. "Oh, no," she said, "I couldn't."

"So I called for the check, and when the man gave it to me I put my hand into my pocket for my purse. The first thing I touched was the chloroform bottle. Then I thought of Julia at home sitting on the cat box. I knew that she hadn't stirred, for she had promised that she would stick till I should get back. And I had actually been gone four hours!"

"Of course I hurried home. When I got there I was forced to ring the door bell, for I had left my key in the house. But, though I rang a dozen times, nobody came. All at once it occurred to me that Julia couldn't sit on the cat box and answer the bell call too, and then I decided to go into a neighbor's yard and climb the fence between his yard and our back yard, and I did it. I tore my petticoat awfully, though, before I got through with the operation."

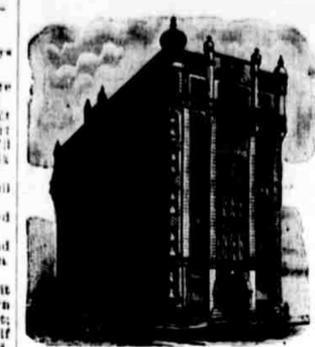
"I had to turn a corner of the house before I could reach the place where I had left Julia, but that was quickly done, and then I stood in her presence. She gave me a look that made me turn cold all over, but she said nothing until the cat had been killed and deposited in the ash barrel. Then she told me that she should leave me in the morning, and she did leave me, and I think she did just for her, I shall certainly do it."

"Faithful!" continued Maria, after a brief pause, "there's nobody any faithfuler than Julia. Just think of holding a yawning, yellow cat down for five mortal hours, without a mouthful to eat or drink, and without even as much as a book to read. If that ain't faithfulness, I'd like to know what's lacking!"—New York Times.

A Sensible Selection. "Who is that little fellow coming up the walk?" "My husband."

"Well, you were wise to get as little of mankind as possible."—Once a Week.

Never-r! She (a summer girl)—Well, say at least that you will forgive and forget. He (moodily)—I may forget, but I never forgive!—Dramatic Mirror.



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