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Mag Reilly Preferred to Watt Until Prig

The Swelled Head Juniors held a ball recently in Pythagoras hall. All the elite of Orchard and contiguous streets were

FORMS THE ONLY LINE

The Through Trains of this Line between Chi
T

The style, manner and address of the youth staggered Mag for a moment. She looked him all over, from the three inch collar to the shining boots, and then ex-claimed in tones of withering contempt: "What! You dance wid me! Naw!"

Just then there was a commotion at the door and Prig Kelly entered. He wore a red flannel shirt and no vest. His "pants" were supported with one gallus. His trousers were rolled up above his ankles and his hat sat far back on his head. He crossed the room quickly, throwing the dancers aside, and saluted Mag in a deep baritone, saturated with whisky and plug

"Hello, Mag, me jim dandy crow; what're ye doin here lallygaggin agin de wall? W'y don't ye spiel?"

While these words still lingered in the perfumed air Prig deftly drew from his hip pocket a hook such as is used by dry goods men to drag boxes. Hitching this instrument into Mag's bustle he gave her Dolly (inc a jerk which landed her in the middle of the room. The exquisite strains of "The Kiss Waltz" floated down from the accordion at the upper end of the hall, and as Mag's head dropped upon Prig's shoulder, and his strong red arm encircled her buxom waist, she whispered in his large ear, "Oh, Prig, this is heavingly!"-Ernest Jarrold in New York Morning Jour-

A Skillful Flatterer. Bob Van Slyck called on a Madison avenue family, in which there were two old maiden sisters of about fifty years of age. Van Slyck is an old friend of the family, and

one of them being in a bantering mood

Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe R. R think is the oldest?" to hurt the feelings of either. He looked

from one to the other and asked: "You want me to say which of you two girls is the oldest?"

"Neither of you looks older than the other. Each one of you girls looks younger than the other."—Texas Siftings.

Not to Blame.



But, waiter, this omelette is not fresh. "That's not my fault, sir. You gave your order from that last week's bill of fare lying there."-Fliegende Blatter.

"Yes," said Tommy, "I should admire to be a soldier, to carr a gun and sword and lead my men through fastnesses in the mountains where the enemy lie concealed two to our one, and we would die like he-

roes with our boots on."
"Tommy," said his mother, "go into the woodshed and bring me an armful of "Will you hold the light, mamma?"
"What do you want of a light?" inquired

his mother. "I'm a-a-f-r-a-i-d."-Detroit Free Press.

Parting Pange. "Goodby, my dear friend, I am going to

leave you. I am going to Canada and will probably never come back," said a New York youth so Gilhooly. "Shall I never see you again?" "Never."

"I say, do me one last favor. Lend me twenty-five dollars." "Oh, no; don't let us do anything to increase the pangs of our parting."-Texas Siftings.

Her Saub.

"I hurt my leg." said little Ethel.
"Don't say leg—it isn't elegant. Don't you remember I told you the other day?' said her teacher.

"Oh, yes. I should say my bough." New York Truth.

A Close Observance. Little Girl-Tomorrow will be Sunday, Lady-Yes. How do you expect to spend

your time? Little Girl-Wishin it was Monday .-Good News.

A Lover's Tryst. Come into the garden, Mau i! I am waiting here alone, And my heart grows warm for your presence

Though my feet are cold as a stone: For the dews are chill tonight, And the breezes sharp and bleak:

Oh, come, with the clasp of your warm, soft hand, And the touch of your glowing cheek!

She is coming! My heart beats high As I hasten my love to greet.

She is coming. My subsectort and thrill

At the sound of her fairy feet. She has stepped on the graveled walk,

And I hear the gate ajar! Fly, fly to your lover's arms, my own-Jerusalem! 'tis her pa! -Stuart A. Weiss in Detroit Free Press. The Light of Hope.

There's a nice clerk in a certain Detroit music store, who is not only a dreamer, but of late he has become very religiously inclined. The other day a pretty girl from

the country came into the store.
"Good morning," he said politely.
"Good morning," she responded. "Have
you 'White Wings?"

"I beg your pardon," he stammered.
"Have you 'White Wings?" she re-

peated.
"Not yet," he answered meekly. Then
hopefully, "but I expect to have some day. The girl looked at him for a second and hurriedly got out.—Detroit Free Press.



This One-Do you know, Miss Honeydew -er-Dolly-you are the first girl I have Dolly (incredulously)—Oh, that's just what they all say.—Life.

He Made a Hit.

I saw a good natured and innocent looking man give one of the city hall park loungers a quarter the other day, and after he had gone away I sat down beside the recipient and asked: "How did you appeal to his sympa-

Told him I had lost my all." "All but your cheek, of course. I heard you saying something about the Missis

sippi river."
"Yes, I told him that I was going down the Mississippi in a flatboat and that we were carried over Niagara falls and the whole family drowned but me." "Great Scot, man! but you didn't locate Niagara falls on the Mississippi!"

"Yes, I did. Ain't they there?"
"Why, no! They are up here near
Buffalo." "Is that a fact? I saw him give a little

but I fixed it all right." 'How could you?' "Why, I remembered something about Buffalo, and so I located it down below Vicksburg and hit him all right. Do boats run over the falls?"

He went to the female fortune teller to have his horoscope cast. She cast horoscopes with a dirty pack of cards, which she spread on the table.

ump when I put the falls 'way down there,

"Is that so? Well, no harm done. I can just as well sink my craft five miles above as to have her go over. The only object is to drown the family and lose my all, you know. Couldn't put ten cents with this and help me reach my mother's bedside in Paterson before she dies, could you?"—M. Quad in New York Evening World.

A Study in Natural History. He was poor and not noticeably industrious, but he managed somehow to be quite a butterfly of fashion and a favorite in so-

Then he married a girl in no way his sufeed his following. A friend met him the other day on Jef. | colonel, as he passed out just in time to erson avenue walking along very thought-

"Hello," he said, "why so solemn?" "Oh, I was just thinking," he replied

vaguely.
"That doesn't cost anything, at least," suggested the friend: "but what were you

"Well, mostly about how things go by contraries. When I was in school I was taught that the grub came first and then the butterfly." "Yes?" prompted the friend questioning

ly, as the other paused a moment.
"Now I discover," he went on, "that the butterfly is after the grub, and it is pretty rough on the butterfly too."-Detroit Free

Disposing of a Rival.

The way in which a small boy of our acquaintance met the crisis which, in the language of the nurses, was "to put his nose out of joint," showed at least a readiness to dispose of a troublesome impediment with a word. The little fellow was taken into his

mother's chamber to see for the first time a baby brother. The three-year-old looked the infant over with a calmly critical regard, and then, turning to the maid who accompanied him, he said very decidedly: "Jane, you keep that in the kitchen."-Youth's Companion.

From the Heart. "I wish I had saved up money enough to

pay my debts," said an impecunious Austin man sadly. "Why do you feel so badly about it?" inquired an acquaintance. "It is your creditors who feel badly, not you. Why do you wish you had saved up money enough to

pay your debts?"
"Well, if I only had, I would be the richest man in this town."—Texas Siftings.

Neck or Nothing.

"I might not be able to cover as much ground as you," said the camel to the elehant, "but if it came to a race I could hump myself."

"And I," boastfully chimed in the giraffe, "could beat both of you by a neck."-Baltimore American. A Useful Adjunct.

Hard Lines.

prima donna in comic opera. Foster-Why so? Trotter-Because all the chorus girls ave to be just so much homelier.—Harris burg Telegraph.

Taking Food Out of Their Mouths. "There aint a goin to be good livin in trampin this season," said Raggles.
"I'm afraid not," said Tatters. "These here cookin schools is teaching gals how to use up the cold wittles." - New York

It Suited the Bepatite. "Oh, what a precious little money bank," exclaimed a visitor at the Fangles, as she

examined Freddy's birthday gift. "Yes," said Freddy, "and there's preclous little money in it too "-Detroit Free Press. THE WRONG BOX.

Ee Turned Out to Be Some Other Girl's

The following is the experience of a boy who had sense enough to keep his mouth shut at the proper time:
"I war waitin on Johnny Greene's step,"

he said, "jess acrost the street from my house, fur Johnny. Up comes a nice look-ing fellow in his best clothes. "'How's your sister today?' says he, an says she was very well, for I thort at 3rst

that he did mean my sister.

"Jess then the door was opened and he says to me, 'Come in, Johnny, and talk to me while I am waitin for my card to go up.'

So I went in with him. "'You're a nice little chap,' says he, 'an I've got a pocketknife which I'll give you if you promise not to lose it,' an so I promised not to lose it an he gave it to me, as I felt of the blades an saw it was a beauty. "'I like boys,' says he, smilin at me

"'An I like you,' says L. 'You seem like a nice fellar, an this knife is a dandy.' "'I'm glad you like it,' says he, 'an per-haps you would like some candy, an wouldn't you take this quarter an get

some pretty soon!"
"An then I grinned, for I knew what
that pretty soon meant—jess as soon as my that pretty soon meant—jess as soon as my sister should come down. Only you see it wasn't my sister at all. That's why I grinned, and I says, 'Thank you. I'll go pretty soon.' An he smiled again an tried to pat me on the head, but I didn't like to be patted on the head.

"Pretty soon Johnny Greene's sister comes in an she spoke to me nice, 'cause she likes me, an I showed her my knife, an he smiled at me till I wanted to laff right out, but I didn't say anything about the quarter, 'cause I knew she wouldn't

"He says to her, 'You have a fine little brother, haven't you?' An she looked pleased but kind o' surprised, an says that Johnny was a little bit mischievous but

meant well. I jest grinned again.
"In about a minute Johnny came down stairs, an when I heard him in the hall I said I guessed I'd go now, but she called Johnny in, 'cause the man seemed to like

him.
"'Johnny,' says she, 'come and speak to
Mr. Doolittle,' an Mr. Doolittle jess looked sick 'cause I was snappin the big blade in my knife.
"'Er-an this ain't your brother?' says

he, looking sour at me. "'Oh, no,' says she, 'this is Johnny's chum, who lives across the street.'
"'Come on, Johnny,' says I, for I thort
it was time to go. 'Come on down to the
Italian fruit stand an get some fruit.'

"Johnny was mad when I told him about the knife. 'But never mind,' says I. 'Don't you see he's got to give you one now?' "-New York Tribune.

Casting His Horoscope.

Colonel Sumpter McBride, of Austin, while in New York on a visit, read the advertisement of a clairvoyant in a morning paper.

"You will marry an unnenally wealthy lady and be very happy. Everything in your past, present and future is an open book to me."

"I suppose you know everything about my future?" said the colonel. "Not only about your future, but about your past and present.

"It's wonderful, incomprehensible. Good morning, madam. "Hold on, there. A dollar if you please," said the female wizard, holding out her

"Well, that is strange. You know every thing about the past, present and future, and you didn't know I left all my money perior in energy or finances, and for the past five years he has been barely able to out to have my fortune told. It's wonderful, incomprehensible," remarked the avoid intercepting a cuspidor with the

back of his bead.-Texas Siftings. Not Ladylike.

She (at the races)—Oh, I'm getting awfully interested! I want to bet on the next

race. Here're five dollars. He-Certainly. Which horse? "Which one is going to wir!"
"I don't know."

"How stupid! Ask somebody." "No one knows." "No one at all?" "Not a soul." "Um-well, I guess I won't bet myself. It isn't very ladylike anyhow. You bet

for me."-New York Weekly.

A Slumper. An eccentric old gentleman placed in a field on his estate a board with the following generous offer painted thereon:

"I will give this field to any man who is contented. It was not long before he had an appli-

"Well, my man, you are a contented fel-"Yes, sir: very." "Then why do you want my field?"

The applicant did not wait to reply .-Exchange A Chip Off the Old Block.

"How old are you, sonny?" "Twelve years old, sir." "You are very small for your age. What

is your name?' Johnny Smith. My father is a baker on Manhattan avenue.' "So your father is a baker! I might have guessed it by your size. You remind me of one of his loaves."—Texas Siftings.

A Blot on the Escutcheon. She-I like your friend very much, but he has such bad taste in dress. He-You should overlook that fact and remember that he is laboring under great

disadvantages. He - His grandfather came from St. Louis.-Clothier and Furnisher.

Guest (to the host)-Count, how is it you have your old servant, Jacob, still wait at Trotter-It's hard luck to have a homely the table? Why, he has the palsy terribly. Count-Oh, you see I only use him for

Fliegende Blatter.



Fresh Air Boy-Mister, do you have to buy chewing gum for all those cows!-Life.

Removal Sale

As we intend to remove to our New Furniture Block on 13th street, between O and P, about September 1st, we have concluded to offer our large stock of

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at nearly cost price until that time. As we intend to make genuine heavy cuts, these sales at reduced prices will be strictly cash. Call and investigate.

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