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OMAHA.

A VERSATILE BEGGAR.

He was standing, bowed and broken, in the walling wind an I rain,
White his hair, his face was withered, furrowed, too, by years and pain,
With his stricken east unned upward to the
skies they could not see.
"He," I muttered, "is a symbol or all human

misery. There is naught for him but darkness; all his world's a world behind." On his bosom was the legend-

Later in the week I saw him in another distant town.

He was looking with mute pathos from his gentle eyes of brown:

He could see as well as I could, but affliction's

Had tied up his vocal organs with a worse than iron band; And I piaced a silver quarter in his pallid hand and numb. Having read the sign he carried—

Help me! I Am Deaf and Dumb.

When again I caw the beggar weary days and weeks nad flown; He was sitting, crushed and lonely, on a piece

of curbing stone;

He could see and hear and gabble, and I said,
"I have been sold,"

And I grabbed that baid imposter with a William Muldoon hold;

And when I mauled him over till the natives

were surprised, Truthful words composed the placard— Help! I Have Been Paralyzed!

-Walt Mason in Fremont (Neb.) Tribune.

Speeding a Bore.

Patent medicine is for the most part worthless stuff. Now and then, however, bottle of it may be of real service in the hands of some man who knows how to

In 1864 President Lincoln was greatly bothered by the well meant but ill advised efforts of certain good northern men to bring about a termination of the war. old gentleman, very bland and entirely bald, was especially persistent and trouble-

Again and again he appeared before the president, and was got rid of by one and another ingenious expedient. One day when this angel of mercy had been boring Mr. Lincoln for half an hour, to the interruption of important business, the president suddenly arose, went to a closet and took out of it a large bottle.

"Did you ever try this remedy for bald-ness?" he asked, holding up the bottle before his astonished visitor.

No; the man was obliged to confess that he never had tried it.

Mr. Lincoln called a servant, had the bottle wrapped up, and handed it to the bald philanthropist. "There," said he, "go and rub some of that on your head. Persevere. They say

it will make the hair grow. Come back in about three months and report." And almost before he knew it, the good man was outside of the door with the package under his arm.-Youth's Com-

The Fatal Elopement.



-Lustige Blatter.

An Emotional Nature. Mrs. Harlem River was busy cutting her husband's hair. Their little son Johnny picked up some of the hair that was scat-tered over the floor.

"Please, ma. mayn't I have a lock of papa's hair? I want it so bad."

"Yes, my child. Just see there, George, what an affectionate little fellow he is! That child has more heart than any child of his age I ever saw. He wants to keep a lock of your hair as a keepsake. He is the best boy in Harlem." "What do you want the hair for, John-

nat do you want the hair for. Johnny!" asked Mrs. Harlem River.
"I want it for the tall of my hobby
horse. His tall is too thin," replied the
affectionate little creature.—Texas Siftings.

The Truthful Landlord. Enraged Guest-How's this, sir! how's Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe R. R this? You advertised running water in every room in the house, and all the water you've got on the premises is what you catch in a dirty tub under the eaves.

Serene Host-Say, looka here, young man, when I advertise a thing I have it. Guest-Then where's your running wa

ter in every room?

Host—Well, you jest wait till the next time it rains and you'll see,—Boston Courier.

Wanted a Small One. Little Boy (enviously)-1 wish I had a

Bible like that. Good Minister (with pocket edition)-Do you, my sou, and why?
"I like that because it's such a tiny little

"And why do you want a little one?"
"'Cause it won't take so long to read, of sourse."—Good News.

Seaside Joys. He-Many engagements here this sum-

She—Not so many new ones, but there are lots of renewals of last year,—Life. The Confession. They swung upon the garden gate;
"Twas near the close of day;
He blushed and whispered lcw to her—
"There's something I would say."

There's something I would say, my He gently took her haud:
"I feel that I must speak. I hope
That you will understand."

She looked into his manly face, Her gaze was strong and clear— You need not be afraid," she said, "I'll understand you, dear."

"Then I'll speak out," he gently said;
"I hope you will not mind.
But I—ahem! The fact is, dear.
Your necktie's up behind."
—Clothier and Furnisher

SHE WEARIED HIM.

And These Was Another Little Boy Out of a Job. The grocer's new boy threw his delivery basket down in the corner with an injured air and remarked that the woman who had

just moved into 37, around the corner, was a regular crank. "How do you mean?" asked the grocer. "First thing she asked my" said the boy, "was whether we had any nice fresh eggs. They must be very very fresh, she said, because she wanted 'em to put in

"I told her eggs was doubtful this bot weather, but we had some very, very fresh eggplants, and how would they do?

She said they wouldn't do at all, and then she asked me if we had any corn that was as green as I was and the ears as well developed as mine. "I said 'Yes'm.'

"'Well,' she says, 'I want some for din ner, so bring half a dozen as soon as you

'As soon as we can?' says I. 'Do you want it canned?' "She said she did not want it canned Then she began to ask about watermelous Did we have some that was ripe? I told

her 'Yes'm.

aiphons?

"Was they on ice? "No'm, they was on the sidewalk." Would we put half of one on ice and bring it around at 6 o'clock?

We would. "Would we have the seeds taken out? "With pleasure.
"All right. Did we keep vichy water in

'Yes'm. "Was that on ice?
"No. But I told her we'd put half a siphon on ice and bring it around at ( o'clock with the bubbles taken out if she'd say the word.

"Then she said she guessed everything we had around here was nice and fresh, but there was such a thing as being too fresh, and she believed she'd try the other store, so I needn't bother. Yes, sir, that

woman's a crank."
"Eddle," said the grocery man as be slowly rolled the white paper around a pound of cheese, "my nephew will be here next week from Germany and I am going to give him your job. Meanwhile I'll try to get along without any little boy."
"You'll have to," said Eddie, "'cause
I'm goin to wave."—Detroit Free Press.

A Difference in Price.

One morning an unusually fine disp'ay of furs in one of the windows of a promi-nent furrier down town attracted many an

admiring glance from passers by. Two stout colored women paused to admire the display.
"There," said the larger of the two, "am de very coat for me. I tell you dat's a beauty," and she pointed to a handsom-

wrap marked, "Just reduced to \$250," 'Let's go in an look at 'em. Her friend followed her into the store. The proprietor, Mr. L., was in the front part of the store and went forward with

his best smile.

"Ladies, what can I do for you this morning?" "We wants to see dem coats like what's in de winder," was the response,
"If you will walk back in the store l

will show you our entire line. What "'Bout de same as dat one is," pointin to the one in the window.

They walked back to the coat department and Mr. L. took down coat after coat

with untiring zeal. At length one wafound that just suited the would be pur I guess I'll take dis ef you's sure it an de style and will wear, 'cause de price cer tainly am reasonable,' she declared.

"Shall I send it for you," asked Mr. L. "No, I'll jes' pay you and take it along," she said as she drew from her pocket and leposited on the counter two one dollar bills, one quarter, two tens and a five. "Why," said Mr. L. in consternation, a

he looked at the money; "this is only \$2.56!" "Well, ain't dis coat de same price as daone in de winder?" "Yes, but that in the window is worth

"What! Two bundred and fifty dollafor one coat! I never heard of such a thing!" she indignantly exclaimed, tossing the precious bundle on the counter.
"He must 'a' thought I was a Vander

bilt," were her last words as she slammed the door behind her. Mr. L. rehung the \$250 coats,—New York Recorder.

An Extra T.

Major Johnston is very particular about the spelling of his name. He is a very proud man on general principles. Nothing xasperates him more than to be mixed up typographically or otherwise with the common herd of Johnsons without a "t." He was about leaving a hotel in Dallas. He had asked for his bill, and when it was handed him by the clerk he scowled flercely

"Is there any mistake in the bill?" aske i the clerk. "There is, sir. You have spelled my "Ah, I see," replied the clerk. "You should be charged with an extra tea. Fifty

cents more, if you please."-Texas Siftings A Minor Omission.

"Clara, I'm engaged to be married already, and I've only been here two days." "You sweet thing! Who is the happ,

'Dear me, how unfortunate! He forget to give me his card."—Chicago News Record. The Wings of Love.

Cass Avenue Lady-What is the matter Bridget? Why are you going to leave? Bridget-Sure, ma'am, our policeman



-Won't you let me have a kiss, now that I am going away for a day? She-If you can give any good reason why I should I might think about it-pos-He-I should like to establish a precedent. The Distance Traversed

There's a young man in Detroit who, whiof superior intelligence, is as awkward as cow, and though he loves to dance he never yet has learned how to do so gracefully and not walk over the girl's feet. At ball one evening during the ball season he was talking to a young woman after a

"Do you know," he said, "that a person raverses about three-quarters of a mile in the course of an average waltz?"

The girl wasn't in a very good humor.
"Well," she responded with some significance, not to say asperity, "I should have put it at a little more than that; say three-quarters of a mile and two feet."—Detroit Free Press.

A Very Well Posted Man.



The Orchestra Stopped.

The poetic looking man with long hair and the woman with pale blue eyes were especially interested in the love passages of the play. They sighed deeply and ex-changed soulful glances every time the heroine and her best fellow had any

Worldly people in the immediate vicinity were convinced that the man with long hair and the woman with pale blue eyes were recently married.

The curtain descended upon a thrilling scene wherein several pairs of devoted hearts, rudely held apart by dire and distressing necessity, were severally reunited.
"R-r-r-rum-tr-tat-tat."

The leader of the orchestra had waved his baton and the drum was responding with vigor. The man with the long hair and the woman with the pale blue eyes were conversing earnestly. With ineffable tenderness they gazed into each other's

Worldly people in the vicinity felt sur-the man and the woman were speaking in violent terms of endearment. "Root-ti-ti-toot-too-root.

The trombone had suddenly discovered clear sailing ahead and was snorting boisterously. "Tant-a-ra-rum."

The cornet had started late, but was making a notable spurt. The long haired man leaned closer to the blue eyed woman.

Worldly people in the vicinity were fully assured that he was talking very loud, and hoped in their hearts the orchestra would stop without warning.

"Root"-

The leader had thrown both arms frantically into the air. The drum, the trombone and the cornet knew what it meant. Clamor was instantly succeeded by silence. The worldly people held their breaths.

"I tell you cockroaches can't"-The nan with long hair paused, lowered his voice and proceeded with his conversa

Only the worldly people were disap Telephone 501.

pointed.—Detroit Tribune.

He Consoled the Widow. An aged colored woman named Amanda Sykes, who owned a house and some cash lost her husband, and the Rev. Whangdoodle Baxter went to the window in order

to console her. He said: "Hit's mighty tuff dat you loses yer husband, Mandy, but you must try and b'ar up under hit. You has sustained a heaby loss, but you must brace up wid de consolashuns of lidgeon. You knows dar am one who sticks closer dan a brudder He am a berry present help in time of trubble. He will never leab yer nor for

sake yer." "Dat's a fac', parson," replied Amanda drying her eyes. "He called ter see me las' night and staid eber so long, an he am gwinter take me out ridin in a buggy ter-

"What's yer talkin about, you fool nig-"I'se talkin 'bout Parson Aminidab Bled

so, de cullud pasture ob de new Temple ob Sion; he has been payin me 'tenshuns eber sence de obsquious.''—Texas Siftings. How He Saved Himself. "Talking about the battle of Gettys-burg," he said dreamily, "I had a narrow escape from being killed at that point."

"Tell us about it," suggested half a dozen voices. "Oh, there's nothing to tell," said the stranger modestly. "It was through no bravery of mine that I escaped. I have always been in the thick of the fight if any fight was going on where I was, and there is only one way of accounting for my

not being hurt upon that occasion."
"And that?" Everybody leaned for ward to hear his reply.
"I wasn't there."—Detroit Free Press.

According to a New Zealand paper the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, M. A., never fails to have these initials written after his name: but sometimes, in places where masters of arts are rare, the cabalistic letters fail to make their proper impression.

A deacon in an out-of-the-way township read to his congregation the written notice

of Mr. Hughes' impending visit thus:
"The pulpit of this church will be occu An Old School ina New Location. pied on Sunday next by the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes' ma." He added the gallant reflection, "And we

have no doubt the old lady will give us a

very telling discourse."

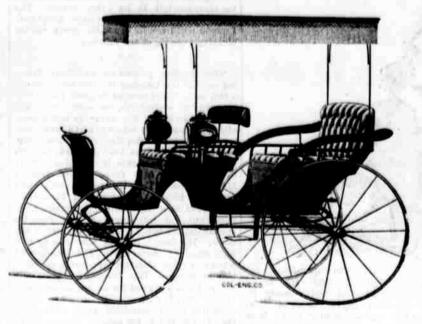
Two Points of View. Mr. Longcourt-Ah, that it might be ever summer! What a joy is such a night as this! How calm, how peaceful, how full of more than earthly bliss, how—— Miss Impaciente—Yes, pa likes it better

Mr. Longcourt—Has he then a mind at-tuned to the beauties of nature, the har Miss Impaciente-I don't know about that, but he says the gas bills are lots smaller.—Detroit Tribune.

Witherby-I got ahead of my wife the other day. She had some money saved up to buy me some underwear, but (puff) l headed her off and (puff) persuaded her to buy these (puff) cigars instead. Quite an Von Blumer—Yes. I can (puff) almost taste the wool in them.—Truth.

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