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STORIES BY JUDGE HOWLAND.

They Will Be Found to Be "Equalled by Few and Surpassed by None."

EX-Judge Henry E. Howland, of New York, is a famous story teller. In abundance and variety his collection is "equalled by few and surpassed by none."

Here are some samples of his stories: THE DIGNITARY AND THE BULL. Once there was a very important state official of California who thought everybody knew him or ought to know him.

A Great Success.

Speaking of a temperance lecture: "It would have been a great success," said one of the principal workers, "if our chairman hadn't been so absentminded."

Old Time Precocity.

French children of the last century had no kindergarten schools. Perhaps if they had had them they would have declined to attend them.

The Lord and the Daisy.

A Sunday school teacher was trying to impress upon his pupils the care of the Duty for all living things, great or small.

The Sagacious Boy.

You never can catch a Yankee boy. You never can corner him. A gentleman traveling in the country at Stoddard, N. H.

And He Understood.

Mr. Longstep (making an evening call)—By the way, Miss Quickstep, did you get anything nice for a Christmas gift with the Miss Quickstep—indeed I did.

Where It Came From.

The Big Sister—Tommy, what do you mean by sniffing at Mr. Sloppy's overcoat? The Little Brother—I'm tryin' to smell thim.

He Wanted Some Experience.

"Why did you arrest this man?" asked the judge sternly. "For practicing law without a license," returned the policeman.

A Poet's Fancy.

Wife of His Bosom—I'm a touching description of conjugal bliss you have given in that last novel of yours, George, dear!

Her Only Chance.

A.—Why does Miss Elderly go on the ice every time there is skating? B.—Because that's her only chance to see a man at her feet.—Texas Siftings.

Worse Still.

To censorious critics we reply in the language of the old verger of St. Mary's, Oxford, who on being congratulated by his rector on his constant attention to duty.

THE MAN AND THE TOMATO CAN.

A certain man's wife heard him in the adjoining pantry making explosive remarks. "What are you doing, my dear?" she asked.

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shows some cannon at Woolwich arsenal, the sergeant in charge remarking, "You know we took them from you at Bunker Hill."

Speaking of a temperance lecture: "It would have been a great success," said one of the principal workers, "if our chairman hadn't been so absentminded."

A small boy's beautiful sister saw him standing on his head on the lawn. "I wouldn't do that if I were you, Jimmy," said she; "I wouldn't."

A Great Success.



"I hear you took the west by storm." "Well, I should say so. Why, the first time I got on a cable car half the men offered their seats, the other half tried to pay my fare, the conductor gave me a pass, and the motorman came in and proposed to me."

Old Time Precocity.

French children of the last century had no kindergarten schools. Perhaps if they had had them they would have declined to attend them.

A daring teacher who would have recommended blocks, pink and blue kindergarten papers and the like to the notice of Mlle. Necker, even in her early infancy.

The aristocratic little French girls of the period began writing their memoirs at a tender age because that was the fashion of the time.

One may conclude that Mlle. Rambouillet led the ranks of brilliant children, since her remark to an unappreciative elder became famous.

"Oh, no matter about that, grandma. Let us talk politics. I am seven years old now."—Youth's Companion.

A Few Bulls.

A Chicago paper tells of a young man who had just returned from Europe and was showing his friends some photographs.

Mr. O'F.—Can I have my husband put in jail for slapping me in the mouth? Magistrate—Certainly. That is assault and battery.

"Well, I'll come around in about a month and make the charge." "Why not have him arrested at once?"

"Well, you see, when he slapped me I hit him in the head with a rollin pin and he's now in the hospital, and the doctors say he won't be able to get out for a month yet."—Life's Calendar.

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She—You will have to work hard if you win her. The Post—I'll have to work harder if I don't.—Life.

HOW IT CAME THERE.

What Her Musical Collection Amounted to After All.

"Your musical taste, Miss Quickstep," observed the young professor, looking over the piles of sheet music that lay on the piano, "is highly creditable to you."

"I am sure of it," he rejoined positively. "It is only the trained musician, whose taste has been carefully cultivated, and whose ear is attuned to the diviner harmonies breathed forth from the souls of no unerring a selection of purely classical music as this."

"Um—yes, in many things he is indeed admirable. Here, I see, are some rare selections from Handel's 'Rinaldo,' from Haydn's 'Die Jahreszeiten,' 'Gems from Graun,' 'Beauties of Judas Maccabaeus'—everything classical—purely classical! And yet I must not linger too long in mere anticipation. You will favor me, I am sure, Miss Quickstep, with something from?"

"Oh, professor!" "I shall not presume to dictate your choice. Your own exquisite taste, I am persuaded, will guide you far better in the selection of?"

"Professor, I—I don't play." "You do not play? Do I understand you aright, Miss Quickstep?"

"Indeed you do. I can't play a note. This is a lot of music I got at the recommendation of a friend."

"You astound me! Then this—this remarkable collection is—pardon me—is—merely a bluff?"

"You are right, professor," said Miss Quickstep, drumming carefully on the table with her fingers, "it's merely a bluff."—Chicago Tribune.

The Fat Foods and the Bloodhound.

Real Cause of His Grief. "Yes, I dabbled in futures once," said the man in the mackintosh reflectively.

"What?" inquired the man who had his feet on the table. "No. And it wasn't corn or oats or barley or mess pork or potatoes or chips or whetstones. It was broom corn. I thought there was money in broom corn."

"Put much money in it?" asked the man in the shaggy ulster. "More money than judgment," sighed the man in the mackintosh gloomily.

"How much did you lose?" "I lost \$50,000 I had hoped to make out of the deal!"

"Was that all?" "All? No. I lost \$18,000 I had borrowed from friends!"

"Have they got it yet?" "And that wasn't all!" groaned the man in the mackintosh, unheeding the interruption and wiping his eye furiously with the corner of his handkerchief; "I lost \$87.65 of my own money!"—Chicago Tribune.

"And what answer do you make to my appeal?" he asked as he knelt at her feet. "James, I will be frank with you," she murmured.

"Oh, speak," he implored, "and relieve me from this agony of suspense." "Then let me tell you it cannot be."

"Why so? Oh, why not?" "Because, James, I do not feel able to support a husband!"—Texas Siftings.

All Settled. Little Johnnie—I guess sis has accepted Mr. Newcomer. Little Sister—Why? Little Johnnie—He hasn't given me any candy for a week, and yesterday he kicked the dog.—Good News.

Just the Thing. Clara—Don't you think this clock is too long? Maude—Oh, no. You want it to cover up your feet, don't you.—Look In View.

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J. C. Irvine, Director. After ten years of active work with the Musical Union Orchestra, of Omaha, as Director, during which time the above Orchestra furnished music for all the prominent events, socially, theatrically, etc., I have located in Lincoln to engage personally in Orchestra business, feeling confident that I can furnish the best of music at any and all times. For terms and information, call at office of CAPITAL CITY COURIER, 1134 O street, or call up telephone 263.

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