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This space is occupied with engraved portraits of either HARRISON, CLEVELAND, BLAINE, HILL, CRISP, WANAMAKER, MCKINLEY, GORMAN, RUSK, BOIES, WHICHEVER YOU MAY SELECT.

**JANUARY**

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as fine as any steel engraving, and in no way an advertisement. They will be an ornament to any parlor, or office, wall, or desk, and

If you are a Cleveland man you will want a Cleveland Calendar; if a Blaine man order a Blaine Calendar; if a Hill man order a Hill Calendar; if a McKinley man order a McKinley Calendar, and so on.

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The FARM JOURNAL is well known everywhere in the United States as one of the very best Farm papers—a perfect gem of a Family paper. It is cream, not skim-milk; it is the boiled-down paper; chuck-full of common sense; hits the nail on the head every time. Every one who has a horse, or cow, or pig, or chicken, or has a farm—big or little, or a garden patch, ought to take the FARM JOURNAL. The fact that it has a round million readers speaks its wonderful popularity. It is the one paper that guarantees its advertisers to be honest, and protects its readers against fraud.

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A certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Old Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Itch, Prairie Scratches, Sore Nipples and Piles. It is cooling and soothing. Hundreds of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed. It is put up in 25 and 50 cent boxes.

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By a new scientific method. Write for book of proofs FREE.

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Promotes a luxuriant growth. Restores Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures Itch, Dandruff, and all scalp ailments. Price, 25c. and 50c. per bottle.

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# WIT AND HUMOR.

The champion light-weight—a short ton of coal.—Texas Siftings.  
The Anarchist is a man who cannot stand other men's prosperity.—Indianapolis Journal.

A fanatic is a man who takes a burning interest in something we don't like.—Ran's Horn.  
Almost any man can be made to talk if a corkscrew is used to draw him out.—Buffalo Express.

The book that makes the greatest stir in society is the well-filled pocket-book.—Texas Siftings.  
"You say your present boss treats you better than Mr. Smith did?" "Yes, sir, and oftener."—Epoch.

A good many men are more interested in having work than poverty abolished.—Texas Siftings.  
It's bad enough to bite off more than you can chew, but it's worse to try to chew it.—Detroit Free Press.

Five things are essential to success in life. One is a good wife; the four others are money.—Richmond Recorder.  
"That young De Vere is a very promising fellow." "Ah! How much did you lend him?"—Baltimore American.

It doesn't always prove an official is burning with public zeal when he fires a lot of subordinates.—Philadelphia Times.  
Teacher—"Now, children, what well-known product is raised in Ireland?" "Bright Boy—"American citizens."—Life.

It is hard to draw the line between good and evil; but how does the other political party manage to get all the bad men?—Puck.  
"Do you know, I don't think much of Mawson?" "You don't have to. You can size Mawson up in two seconds."—Brooklyn Life.

There is never any difficulty in finding people to play the first fiddle, but O how hard it is to get the rest of the orchestra.—Ran's Horn.  
Yabsley—"Does your wife ever choose your clothes for you?" Wickwire—"No; she merely picks the pockets."—Indianapolis Journal.

Ethel—"George said last night that there wasn't a girl in town with a complexion like mine." Maud—"The mean thing."—Brooklyn Life.  
The banana has a great variety of uses. It is said that flour is now made from it. It is no secret that the skin makes low slippers.—Lowell Courier.

Women would do better work against the devil if they got down on their knees for the men and stood up more for the women.—Acheson Globe.  
Old Soak—"Self-preservation is the first law of nature." Young Croak—"I suppose that is why you keep yourself in alcohol all the time."—St. Joseph News.

Foley—"Have you nice neighbors?" Patterson—"Elegant. Why, they spend the fall and winter in Florida and the spring and summer in Newport."—Epoch.  
Primus—"Young Dr. Neale tells me that in his specialty he has never made a mistake in diagnosis." Secundus—"What's his specialty—autopsies?"—Judge.

"I am wedded to art," said Parley. "Well," said Criticus, gazing at Parley's picture, "I'd give a divorce if I were you. She has deserted you."—Brooklyn Life.  
Every man in the world is telling what he would do if he were a woman, and every woman tells of things she would not do if she were a man.—Acheson Globe.

Sunday-school Teacher (sadly)—"I'm afraid, Johnny, that I will never meet you in heaven." Johnny—"Why? What have you been doing now?"—Harper's Bazar.  
"Why do you Boston girls keep a fellow at such a distance?" sighed Fayer. "It's the way of the Hub," Miss McBean responded, and then blushed at her pun.—N. Y. Herald.

No, my son, it is not always polite to tell a man what you think of him. It is safer to tell it to somebody else, and is just as effective in most instances.—Boston Transcript.  
"I wish I hadn't eaten that apple," said Fatty ruefully. "Why, was it a bad one?" "Well, I believe it was spoiling for a fight, and his face took on a look of pain."—St. Joseph News.

"I've got an idea for a play," said Spivvins. "Well, I'll tell you what to do with it if you want your play to succeed," replied Spavvins. "What?" "Leave the idea out."—Washington Star.  
Women are more faithful to a memory than men. All of them cling as tenaciously and as long to their youth as they can, and yet with many of them it is a mere memory.—Philadelphia Times.

A Hindoo baby is named when it is 12 days old, and usually by the mother. The names the father calls it then, especially nights, wouldn't usually look well on a visiting card.—Somerville Journal.  
Beggars—"Please, sir, will you lend me a dime to get something to eat?" "Gentlemen—"You've got a quarter in your hand now. What's that for?" Beggars—"That's ter tip the waiter."—N. Y. Weekly.

"Your kisses do not seem to have the same spirit about them they had once," complained Mrs. Fitts. "Of course not," said Mr. Fitts. "You could not expect them to since I have sworn off."—Indianapolis Journal.  
Guest—"And you are the proprietor of this popular hotel, are you?" "Why, I was here last summer, and I don't think you owned it then, did you?" Mr. Heavytipp—"O, no; I was one of the waiters, though."—Comic.

Deacon Jones—"But surely you believe in the existence of a personal devil?" Mrs. Nifty—"I believe there's a devil, but I don't see any need of being personal in one's remarks in regard to him."—Boston Transcript.  
"Of course," said the critic. "I have taken the worse side in criticising your poems. But they have, nevertheless,

# A VERSATILIST.

How He Succeeded in Extracting a Quarter from a Busy Lawyer.  
He was a snappy-looking young fellow of perhaps 25, curly-haired, handsome, dark-eyed, and dressed in the latest style. "Walking into an office in the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette building, he carefully closed the door behind him, removed his gloves, and remarked: "I was in town and thought I would drop in to see you."  
"Yes?" interrogatively remarked the attorney.  
"Yes. I dropped in to see you—and now I should like to do something for you." "Oh, you would? What can you do for me?" coldly returned the barrister.

The young man made a graceful bow and produced his card: "McDonald Everett—Versatilist-artist and specialist. Painting—Young ladies, lessons one hour, free of charge; old maids, \$2 and upward, depending upon first impressions. Musician and vocalist—One night stands, \$16; prices to vary according to size of hall, also size of audience. Correspondent (traveling or stationary)—Sensational (10 cents per line. Divorce cases written in flowing style, and eloquence utilized in case lady is in her teens or not too far gone beyond. Society scandal, \$10 per column. Actor—Shakespeare's productions \$30 per night; \$10 if egged. Other drama \$15 for single engagement. Fainting spells with ladies neatly executed, and real blood used in every scene of tragedies. Ventriloquism and elocution on demand at lowest rates. Kalsomining, plumbing, carpentry and joinery, paper-hanging, song and dance (Greco-Roman) wrestling, tight-wire, cleaning and repairing clothes; private tutoring for Yale Princeton, Harvard, and University of Michigan. Special attention given to picnic parties and church fairs. Send stamp for circular, with interesting particulars worth twice the money."  
"No," gruffly growled the lawyer. "I don't want anything in your line."  
"Um-m-m. Sorry. Don't you want your office scrubbed?" "No."  
"Coal carried?" "No."  
"Shoes shined?" "No."  
"Spitton washed out neat?" "No, sir. I don't want anything done at all."  
"Oh, indeed? Sorry! What will it be worth if I tell something you want done that I can do for you, and no one else?"

"I told you once I did not want anything done in your line. But I'll give you a quarter if you can tell me something of that sort," and the attorney grinned sarcastically. "Well, you want me to get out of here! See?"  
As he pocketed the quarter daintily and softly reopened the door, he said: "Any time you want something else done drop me a card. I'm in this business to make a living, and something's got to come."  
**DETERMINED TO WIN.**  
The Woman Pawned Her Goat to Get Money for Her Lawsuit.

"My first case," said a well-known Harlem lawyer to a Commercial Advertiser man, "was an unique one. An Irish family of the name of Murphy, living up on the rocks in one of the fast-disappearing remnants of Shantytown, were fraudulently evicted from their tumble-down cabin by a rascally landlord. The practical head of the household was the wife, and she determined to fight the matter out.  
"For three weeks the Murphys, children, furniture and all, lived in the back yard of their former home with nothing between them and heaven but a flimsy tent made of old sheets, while Mrs. Murphy tramped around town looking for a lawyer who would take their case for nothing.  
"One day she charged into my office and told me her story with the stereotyped exactness that comes from frequent repetition. The case seemed to be a worthy one, and as I wasn't overburdened with work I agreed to take it free of charge and reinstate the Murphys in their dilapidated homestead.  
"She wanted to get out a free summons against the landlord and waive several other small but necessary expenses, but I told her it would be more politic to pay these, as the total would not amount to \$5.  
"Folks dollars," she cried, "devil a cent have the Murphys seen since me husband losht his job man month ago, and the lasht blessed thing thim pawn-brokers 'll take they've got already."  
"When I offered to loan her the money she went into such a rage that I apologized abjectly.  
"Be the powers," she exclaimed after pacing the floor for about ten minutes, "I forgot wan thing! Wait, mister, an 'll be back in an hour."  
"She kept her word, and just as I was closing up shop for the day she reappeared with her hands full of silver, which she poured upon my desk.  
"Mrs. Murphy, I queried, "where did you get this? I thought your last valuable had been pawned?"  
"Yes," she replied with a gleam of triumph in her gray eyes, "everything except the goat. I tuk awd Nanny, whose milk me childer has lived upon, over to the Kenneys, and they lint me four dollars and ninety-sivin cents on her. There's the money, young man, and now, be the luv of livin, go in and bate McCarty!"  
"I take pleasure in stating that McCarty was 'baten.'"  
**Cruel Man.**

She came in daintily, and laid a manuscript tied with a blue ribbon on the editor's desk, says the Detroit Free Press. He looked up at her questioningly. She was quite pretty and he continued to look. "I write poetry sometimes," she said tremulously, but with a hope grown upon his kindly look. "I beg your pardon," he said, canting his head over to one side, as if his ear were out of repair. "I write poetry sometimes, sir," she repeated softly and insinuatingly, as she pushed the blue ribbon a little nearer his hand. She was just as pretty and as sweet as ever, but his face grew hard. "You do?" he said coldly. "Yes, sir," and she trembled again. "Well, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Good morning!" And the cold brutality of everyday life was on top again.

A ghost has driven the workmen out of the 700-foot level of the Anaconda copper-mine at Butte, Montana. It is said to sit on the rafters and give orders, and resembles a former fireman of the mine who was killed there.  
**An Aged Calf.**  
A certain clergyman of Halifax, N. S., while addressing his congregation on the subject of the prodigal son, is said to have affected his hearers even more than he anticipated when, with tears in his eyes and pathos in his voice, he pictured the aged father overjoyed at the return of his long-lost boy, commanding them to bring forth and kill the little calf which had been fattening for years, and years, and years.—Harper's Bazar.

Did't Spit on the Fuse.  
A good story has been told of a lispng officer having been victimized by a brother officer—who was noted for his cool deliberation and strong nerves—and of his "getting square" with him in the following manner: The cool joker—Capt. Blakeney—was always quizzing the lispng officer—a lieutenant—for his nervousness, and said one day at mess, "Why, nervousness is all nonsense; I tell you no brave man is ever nervous."  
"Well," inquired his lispng friend, "how would you act thopting a thell with an inth futhee thould drop itth in a walled angle, in which you had taken shelter from a company of tharptoothert and were it wath thertain if you put out your nothe you' get peppered?"  
"How?" said the captain, with a look at his brother-officers. "Why, take it coolly and spit on the fusee."  
The party broke up and all retired. The next morning a number of soldiers were assembled on parade, when along came the lispng lieutenant. Lazily opening his eyes he remarked to a cluster of officers: "I want to try an ekthperiment thith morning and thee how ektheedingly cool Tom Blakeney can be."  
Saying this, he walked deliberately into the captain's quarters, where a fire was burning on the hearth, and placed in its hottest part a powder canister and instantly retreated. There was but one door of egress from the quarters and that opened on the parade ground. The occupant gave one look at the canister, comprehended the situation, and in a moment made for the door, but it was fastened on the outside.  
"Charley, let me out if you love me!" shouted the captain.  
"Thpit on the canither!" shouted he in return.  
Not a moment was to be lost; the captain had at first snatched up a blanket to cover himself with; but soon dropping it, he raised the window, and out he bounded, sans everything but a very short undergarment, and thus, with hair almost on end, he dashed on to a full parade-ground. The shouts which hailed him brought out the whole of the occupants of the barracks to see what was the matter, and the dignified captain pulled a sergeant in front to stop a retreat, answered the captain.  
"All I've got to thay, then, th," said the lieutenant, "that you might thafely have done it, for I thware there wath'n a thingle grain of powder in it."  
**Youthful Finesse.**

"Papa," remarked a Third-street small boy at supper one evening recently, "I saw Johnny Baker with a whole silver dollar to-day." "Where did he get it?" inquired the father. "W'y, papa, he said his papa gave it to him. Don't you think that was a big lot of money for a little boy to have?" "Altogether too much," I think. "That's just what I told him, papa, but he said it suited him pretty well and he was going to get another next week." The boy waited a minute for a paternal response, but it didn't come. "I say, papa," he continued, "do you think 10 cents is too much for a boy to have?" "Why, no. That would be reasonable enough." "That's what I told Johnny, papa, and he asked me why I didn't have it, and I told him I'd ask you and see." The father responded this time by forking over a dime.—Detroit Free Press.

**Ghost in a Mine.**  
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