

A Future Convenience.

Diggles had been working hard for a long time with a refractory heating apparatus. He came out of the basement with blue fingers and a red nose, and an expression of repressed emotion on his face.

"Maria," he said, "there's one comfort about it."

"What is it?"
"We needn't worry about ice next summer. I think I have struck a plan that's entirely reliable. If we want to get anything good and cold we'll take it down and put it into that heating apparatus. Only we must be careful not to leave it too long, or it'll freeze."
—Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.

Perhaps He Had Been Eating Onions

He—You refuse to accept my love? Let me tell you I have turned the head of many a handsome woman in my day.

She—I believe it, since I have turned my head away whenever you look at me.

Time Brings Changes.

Husband (whose wife has been reproving him for smoking in her presence)—You often used to say before we were married, "Oh, George, I do so love the odor of a good cigar."

Wife—Yes, that sort of thing is part of a young lady's capital.

Missionary—Did you notice which way my colleague went?

Cannibal—He just passed down five minutes ago.

Folly am I;

This is my day,
The old, the young,
The grave, the gay,
Abide awhile with me to cheer
The world's dull, humdrum way.

The richest man,

The proudest girl;
The polished wit,
The heavy churl
Are caught off guard and jostled much
In folly's merry whirl.

No harm is meant;

All's but for fun;
And when the day
Its course has run,
Whoever's done the mischief gay
Have all themselves been "done."

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An Obedient Boy.

A friend of mine has a little boy called Robbie, and Robbie is not at all an angel child. He is, in fact, the terror of the neighborhood. Not long ago his father bought him a bicycle, and Robbie was more an object of dread to the neighborhood than ever. One day he was detected in some particularly outrageous act, and his father, to punish him, forbade him to ride the bicycle for a whole week. Robbie promised, but as his father neared the home next day he saw his son whirling along on the wheel.

"Robbie," said he, more in sorrow than in anger, "didn't I tell you you were not to ride your wheel for a week?"

"Yes, sir," said Robbie, cheerfully, "and I'm not going to disobey you. This isn't my wheel. It's one I borrowed."—Washington Post.

Francis brothers, proprietors of the Capital Cafe, have purchased a new coffee urn and are now prepared to dispense a delicious cup at any time of night or day.

"This infernal dust nuisance must damage you a great deal," he said to the grocer as he dodged into the door to let a great cloud roll by.

"Oh, no, sir. Anything added to maple sugar, prunes, evaporated apples etc., is paid for by the public at so much per pound. I am not doing any kicking."—Texas Sittings.

A Boy's Effort to Explain Things.

"Mamma, do you like to kiss Mrs. Jewhillaker?"

"No, dear."

"Do you think Mrs. Jewhillaker likes to kiss you?"

"I don't think she does."

"Then why do you and she always kiss when you meet?"

"I don't know, dear."

"Don't you think Mrs. Jewhillaker would rather you didn't kiss her?"

"I have no doubt of it."

"Wouldn't you rather Mrs. Jewhillaker didn't kiss you?"

"Oh, very much!"

"Then that must be why."—Chicago Tribune.

Harder to Get At.

"I suppose that it would take a great deal of observation and experience to enable a man to pick the fastest horse entered for a race," she remarked.

"Yes," replied the man of mournful experience; "but that isn't what you are trying to do. What you want is to pick the horse that is going to win."—Washington Star.

Remember that Francis Bros. have reopened the Capital Cafe, 121 North Eleventh street. Short order meals are their specialty.

Float in Laughter.

Wiggles—I have just one cigar here. You haven't any objections, have you? Waggles—Not if I smoke it.—Somerville Journal.

"Now, Charles let us make a list of your debts." "One moment, dear uncle, till I have filled up your inkstand."—Pfelegende Blaetter.

He—I'd just as lief be hung for a sheep as a lamb. She—Well, you'll be hung for neither; you'll be hung for a calf or nothing.—Yonkers Statesman.

Jimmy—Timmy Grogan is talkin' of gittin' him a bicycle. Mickey—Him? He ain't got the price for de wind wot goes in de lifes.—Indianapolis Journal.

Johnny—Mamma, I can count all the way up to twelve. Mamma—And what comes after twelve, Johnny? Johnny—Recess.—Harper's Round Table.

Attorney—You say, when you asked him for the money, he used blasphemous language? Riley—I did not, sor. I said he swore at me like a trooper.—Harper's Bazar.

Simpson—How do you know that your rival and her father will fall out and fight? Impson (gleefully)—They've both joined the same church choir.—Tammany Times.

Jones—I hear that you have a good organ at your lodgings. Do you know how many stops it has? She—Only about three a day, and those are not long ones.—Boston Globe.

Mr. Busy Body—If you hang those turkeys by the feet you will keep them longer. Mr. Butcher Business—That ain't what I'm trying to do. I want to sell 'em.—Harlem Life.

Mr. Droppin—Is Mr Baite in to-day?

Mr Baite's Partner—No, sir; he's down at the Rangleys. Mr Droppin—Ah! Catching fish? Mr. B's P.—No, sir; fishing.—Boston Courier.

"I will work night and day to make you happy," he said. "No," she answered thoughtfully, "don't do that. Just work during the day and stay home at night."—Washington Star.

Guest—I would like a nice round steak, rare done, and some fresh fried potatoes. Waiter (in stentorian voice)—Carnage in the skillet! Fried Pingrees on the side!—Chicago Tribune.

"There doesn't seem to be anything selfish about that man Pingree," said Uncle Allen Sparks. "In that potato-patch scheme of his he has let everybody in on the ground floor."—Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Poorman—This money question seems to be getting very bitter. How do you feel about it, dear? Mr. Poorman—Bad enough. Really, I'm all broke up.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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A Fervent Hope.

A man meeting on the street Henry W. Paine, the distinguished member of the Boston bar, addressed him as Mr. D—, a man of very different reputation.

"I am not Mr. D—" was the answer, "but Mr. Henry W. Paine."

"I beg your pardon," said the man, "for making the mistake."

"I will excuse you," replied Mr. Paine, "but I sincerely hope the devil will not make the same mistake."—Ex.

If you get up too late for breakfast Sunday morning, come down to Francis Bros.' restaurant, 127 no. 11th and get a plate of cakes and coffee. Special offer to students for ten days. A \$1.10 ticket for 80 cents.

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