

AMONG THE WITS AND WAGS.

Stray Gags and Giggles Gathered Here and There.

THE YESNESS OF THE NO.

An Ingenious Domestic Fire Escape Demolisher of Wifely Wrath—Caustic Paragraphs and Raw Jokes.

Love and Philosophy. W. J. Hooker in Park.

'Twas at the Concord sages' school, We met one summer's day; I guessed and he guessed the rule— I guessed what she would say.

I told her that it must be so, At least it seemed so there; For there was much I did not know Of the Whattness of the Where.

She smiled, and said perhaps 'twas well Those pretty themes to touch; And asked me if the rule I'd tell Of the Whattness of the Where.

She blushed and looked down on the ground, And said: "It can't be so;" And then the whole earth turned around, For my heart was fixed to my foe.

His Ingenious Explanation. St. Paul, Minn. "The look suspicious!" exclaimed Mrs. Suspicion, directing attention to a long, golden hair which she had discovered on the shoulder of her husband's coat.

Two Good Workers. Estelle (D. T.) Bell: "Oh, there's no use of talking to me," said a Dakota man to a political friend from another place.

Badly Hurt, but Still Had His Senses. Texas Siftings: During an affray in a Texas town a man was shot and very badly hurt. Sympathizing friends raised up the fainting man.

A Quiet Game. New York Sun: Gentleman (outside the polo grounds)—Society, is there a game going on inside?

An Octave Higher. Texas Siftings: She was a crank on the subject of music. A gentleman knocked at her door and asked: "Does Mr. Smith like an octave higher in the next flat, or an octave lower in the next sharp?"

A Love for Truth. New York Times: "Just throw me half a dozen of the biggest of those trout," said a man to the dealer. "How many?" queried the dealer. "Yes, and then I'll go home and tell my wife that I caught 'em. I may be a poor fisherman, but I'm no liar."

A Confederate Clergyman's Dilemma. San Francisco Chronicle: While General Sherman was chatting with our reporter the other day the conversation turned upon the religious element of the south during the war.

Better Than a Stove. Kentucky State Journal: "And how do you like your coal oil stove, Mrs. Jones?"

Water Girl to Commercial Traveler—There's roast beef and roast duck. Commercial traveler—Canvas-back duck?

Water girl—Yes. Commercial traveler (facetiously)—Is it shirred down the front with lace cuffs turned back over the sleeves, Mary?

Water girl—The same. Commercial traveler—I will try some of it, I guess. Water girl—Very well, sir. Will you have it with or without?

Water girl—Buttons. A Theatrical Ditty. He went out to star On a gay Pullman car, But when he came back He walked on the track.

Buried Under Able Management. San Francisco Post: J. M. Hill, the manager, who built up the fame of Margaret Mather, has never forgotten to announce that she was under the management of J. M. Hill.

What Experience Teaches. The Judge: "Can any of you tell me," said the teacher, "what system of book-keeping is in operation in our banks?"

All for the Best. Charlestown Enterprise: They were engaged digging up the pavement on Chelsea street when one, wiping the perspiration from his brow, observed:

The Grand Bourgeois. Charlestown Enterprise: "What is the occupation of your bean?" one Boston girl asked of another.

STRANGE DISAPPEARANCES.

The Remarkable Case of Edward Myers, of Wisconsin.

HIS SEVEN YEARS' WANDERINGS

Mrs. Morgan's Insane Freak—Queer Things Done While Laboring Under Temporary Insanity.

New York Sun. The case of Mr. Conant, editor of Harper's Weekly, who left home, friends and business long months ago and has not been found to this day, is a parallel to every week in the year. One of the many strange cases was that of a citizen of Wisconsin named Edward Myers.

It was a case to puzzle everybody. Here was a man doing a good business, forty-five years old, and in good health, having a house and a family, and a man a dollar, with no enemies, who disappeared as completely as if a cyclone had blown him out to sea.

There was one son twenty-one years of age, another past eighteen. The older took up the management of the business, while the younger, a student in a detective, set out to search the whole world, if need be, to find the father, living or dead.

Are the United States Becoming an Earthquake Center? New York Mercury: The Sunday Mercury was not wrong when it predicted that seismic convulsions of the earth in New Zealand.

Mrs. Morgan's Insane Freak. A still more curious case perhaps was that of a Canadian woman named Mrs. Henry Morgan, living in or near Toronto.

When the search had been extended for a week, the general verdict was that the woman had drowned herself. The argument against this was that nobody had seen her after she left home.

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THE LOCK OUT

Of the clothing cutters by the Eastern Clothiers Protective Association, has advanced prices in clothing on account of its scarcity, but the NEBRASKA CLOTHING COMPANY, who were fortunate in having their clothing all shipped before the lockout, will continue disposing of their immense stock of clothing and furnishing goods at their LOWEST ESTABLISHED PRICES.

THE NEBRASKA CLOTHING COMPANY

Cor. Douglas and 14th sts., Omaha.

A TRAGEDY OF EVIDENCE. A Story Told by Willie Collins in the Youth's Companion. At that memorable period in the early history of the United States when American citizens resented the tyranny of George the third and his parliament by destroying a cargo of taxed tea, a Bristol having one passenger on board. This person was a young English woman, named Esther Calvert, daughter of a shopkeeper at Cheltenham and niece of the captain of the ship.

Some years before her departure from England Esther had suffered from the affliction associated with a deplorable public event—which had shaken her attachment to her native land. Free, at a later period, to choose for herself, she resolved on leaving England as soon as employment could be found for her in another country.

Esther had been well practised in domestic duties during the long illness of her mother. Intelligent, modest and favorite with her young family, the children found but one fault with the new housekeeper; she dressed invariably in a simple black, and it was impossible to prevail upon her to give up the cause. It was known that she was an orphan, and she had acknowledged that no relations of hers had recently died—and yet she persisted in wearing mourning.

On the day before he sailed on his homeward voyage the sea-captain called to take leave of his niece—and then asked if he could also pay his respects to Mrs. Anderkin. He was informed that the lady of the house had gone out, but that the governess would be happy to receive him.

But he insisted on one condition. "If we had been in England," he said, "I should have kept the matter secret, but that was not the case here. In America, Esther is a stranger—here she will stay—and no slur will be cast on the family name at home. But mind one thing! I trust to your honor to take no one into your confidence—excepting only the mistress of the house."

More than one hundred years have passed since these words were spoken. Esther's sad story may be harmlessly told. In the year 1792 a young man named John Jennings, employed as a waiter at a Yorkshire inn, astonished his master by announcing that he was engaged to be married, and that he purposed retiring from service on next quarterday.

Further inquiry showed that the young woman's name was Esther Calvert, and that Jennings was greatly her inferior in social rank. Her father's consent to the marriage depended on her lover's success in rising in the world.

On the evening, when the last days of Jennings' service were drawing to an end, a gentleman on horseback stopped at the inn. In a state of great agitation he informed the landlady that he was on his way to Hull, but that he had been so frightened as to make it impossible for him to continue his journey.

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