

AMONG THE BEANS AND WAGS.

The Wild and Woeful Walk of Oondiments at a Bazaar.

FERGUSON'S BOY, FREDDIE.

Grover's Comments on Boston's French-How the Night Key Works-A Varied Assortment of Poated Paragraphs.

A Bazaar Commotion.

An order set on a cracker by a handkerchief from his eyes: "Why do you weep my briny friend?" Said the cracker in mid-surrender.

And he walked a wild and woolf walk, And reeled himself to and fro, And the ladies were a grand bazaar, They'd be after me, I know.

A chicken heard the terrible news, As he slept in his celery bed, With his toes turned up to the man in the moon, And a parrot over his head.

"Wide hand my water-proof, double quick! I haven't a minute to lose; They will have my beautiful head chopped off Before I can put on my shoes."

And a cucumber pricked up his scolded ears, And out of the garden he fled, And the onion cried till he couldn't speak, And the mustard gave a yell, The green pepper climbed a telephone pole, And the cabbage stood on his head.

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And a teapot sat on a coffee mill, And fanned with a Japanese fan, While a gallon of cream turned blue with fright, And was drowned in a kerosene can.

Ferguson's Boy, Freddie.

F. A. Stearns, in Tid-Bits: I dined with Ferguson the other day. Ferguson has a boy about nine years of age, and is considered very "bright." He is, he is positively brilliant. But he is my boy, think I could polish him still more. At all events I should try.

Freddie came into the parlor soon after my arrival, his face shining from a recent vigorous application of soap and water, and his yellow hair plastered down to his head so that every bump was plainly visible.

"You don't remember Mr. Johnson, do you?" said his father, taking the young cub in his knee.

"Yes," was the reply.

"What's that?" said Ferguson reprovingly.

"Yes," repeated the boy, with a surprised look.

"Haven't I told you to always say yes, sir?"

"That's better. So you remember Mr. Johnson, eh? It's nearly three years since Freddie saw you last, added Ferguson, turning to me."

"It's astonishing what a memory that boy has. What do you remember about Mr. Johnson, Freddie?" he inquired.

"I remember," replied Freddie, indignantly, "that his hair was white at the roots and blue at the ends, and that he said she guessed he hadn't dyed it this week."

This remark produced a feeling of constraint, so to speak, and Freddie was flushed from the parlor. I did not see him again until I went to dinner.

Ferguson asked a blessing. As soon as he had finished Freddie burst out with: "Par, what's the reason you never do that except when we have company?"

Ferguson made some facetious remark, but I saw a light in his eye which told me that there was trouble ahead for Freddie, and I withdrew to my room.

"Mar," said Freddie presently, "don't you wish Aunt Maria was here?"

"Why, Freddie?" said his mother, with a fond smile.

"'Cause you said the other day that you wished she 'd be such a good catch for her, 'n' it 'd be about her last chance, n' all."

"Frederick!" shouted Ferguson.

"Why, Freddie Ferguson?" exclaimed his mother.

The subject was quickly changed. I felt that it would be wise to send Freddie away from the table, but Ferguson dared fate, and permitted him to remain.

"Gimme another piece of cake," said Freddie, presently.

"You have had three already," said his mother, gently.

"I know I have, n' I want another."

"I want another piece of cake?"

"What can you possibly want of more cake?"

"Wanter eat it, of course. What'd yer s'pose I wanted ter do with it--put wheels on it 'n' use it for a wagon?"

It struck me that this would be a good time to remove Freddie and inflict corporal punishment upon him, but Mrs. Ferguson thought differently. She regarded Freddie's remarks as laughable.

"It's astonishing what a fund of humor that boy has got," said she, as she gave him the biggest piece of cake on the plate.

"He's always making quaint remarks like that. Par and I think he'll become a great humorist."

"Mr. Johnson," said Freddie, as he rose from the table, "can I feel of your 'dinner pin'?"

"What a singular request," said Mrs. Ferguson. "But please let him do it if you don't mind," said Mrs. Johnson. He's got some funny idea in his head and we shall see what it is."

We did. After rubbing the diamond several times with his forefinger (incidentally coloring my immaculate shirt front with currant jelly), he said wonderingly: "Why, it ain't sticky at all."

"No, it's not, of course not," said Ferguson smilingly.

"Why should it be sticky? Diamonds are not sticky."

"No, I s'pose not," said Freddie, "but I can't say that she thought it wasn't a d'm all at all, but only paste, 'n' I know that paste."

At this point Freddie was hustled out of the room by his father, and in a few moments my heart was gladdened by the sound of dismal yells in the distance. I saw no more of Freddie that evening. I do not intend to dine at Ferguson's again at present.

Oh! the Thrill.

I kissed her hand, and O the thrill I felt when I saw her smiling, And she stirred the sources of my blood That seemed to quench my heart's sad drought.

And woke up her hands in a flood, I kissed her hand, she slapped my mouth, And I was left to my own thoughts.

Afraid to Go to Omaha.

Chicago Herald: "I was in New York one day last week," said a railroad agent who looks after the immigration business for a trans-Atlantic line, "and while at Garden saw a very ludicrous incident. Hanging on the wall was a map of the United States containing on the margin the advertisement of a firm of land and immigration agents. Printed on the map over the location of several western cities, was a red flag, designated to draw attention to the various points at which the firm's branch offices were located. Kansas City, Omaha, St. Paul and Denver. While I was standing there an Englishman came up, looked at the map and immediately exclaimed: 'I wish I could make my escape. Oh, I tell you local option is doing wonders for Crosby county.'"

THOUGHTS ON MARRIAGE.

Wedded Life Not Quite as Rosy as it Seems to Be.

THE STORY OF A STAY-AT-HOME.

The Plaintiff of a Wife of Ten Years--A Bride's Divide of Hubby's Bootle--A Literary Wife and a Turkish Wedding, Etc., Etc.

A Young Wife's Talk.

"I think my husband ought to do exactly as I want him. Especially where it concerns the money that for me earns. If he and I are to do as if we were, and must be two? For if our interests combine, I hate to ask him every day. For little sums, and have him say, 'My dear, where has that dollar come from? You only gave me five cents. This strange inbred how in his eyes. A sum will swell and swell in size. When once persuaded to resign from his pocketbook, I will be glad to see him. He lets me run up heavy bills. At two big stores, and thus fulfills. He thinks, his duties unto me. I will like to go from store to store (As he has the fragrant linen explore). And take from each whatever suits in bonnet, mantle, gloves or boots. I think 'a common drawer' would prove. A means to strengthen faith and love; (The better still, could he be brought to bring his money all to me. And save. Then, too, he might learn To ask a little in his turn, And have a chance to see How very generous I could be.

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"People can very easily be mistaken," observed the plaintiff's lawyer.

"I don't care---I know he was there," she replied.

"What did you talk about?"

"Love," she promptly answered.

"What time did the old folks go to bed?"

"I give 'em the wink about ten."

"Sure he was there at midnight, are you not, sir?"

"Why are you sure?"

"She blushed, looked over at her lover and laughed, and getting a nod to go ahead."

"Well, sir, as the clock struck twelve the old man jumped out of bed upstairs and hollered down: 'Yer mar wants some of that catnip tea.' And we got such a dose, that we broke the back of the rocking-chair kerplump!"

"Then the jury must understand that you were seated on Samuel's knees?"

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