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IN THE FUNNY MAN'S DOMAIN

A Joke's Confession—A Lawyer's Advice to His Cashier Client.

THE CARAMEL COURTSHIP.

Base Ball 1887—On a Pullman Car—Lime Kiln Philosophy—The Lawyer's Responsibility.

A Joke's Confession.

St. Paul Globe.

I'm a joke.
A weary joke.
I'm a gag.
A spavined gag.
I've traveled through this giddy world,
O'er and o'er again;
I'm worn out, knock-kneed, ring-boned, blind,
But in the ring remain.
I'm a special friend of the journalist,
Who wins his bread by the wag of his wrist,
I'm laughed at, cried o'er, groaned and scorned,
I'm mourned,
I'm adorned,
I'm reformed,
Once a week,
As I sneak
'Round the world on my mission of fun.
I've got a corner on laughter.
I've also filed a claim on brevity.
I'm a dandy,
I'm awful sandy,
I'm very handy
When the paragrapher's stock of wit is low.
I'm great on filling space.
And always, as a rule,
Tell things I know about
The inoffensive mule,

Legal Advice.

New York Herald: Time—Year of our boodle aldermen trials, 1887; a summer's day, after dark. Place—Floor of Straight Laced & Cheatemwell's building; "one flight to the right; please ring the bell."

Cashier—What will I do? I'm ruined! I'll be sent to state prison!

Lawyer—What's the matter with you, anyhow? Have you killed someone?

Cashier—No, no, no; but I'm short $1,000,000 in my accounts.

Lawyer—Oh! is that all? Well, you oughtn't worry yourself about a little thing like that.

Cashier—But I came here for legal advice.

Lawyer—Oh! I see. How much do you say you got away with?

Cashier—One million dollars.

Lawyer—Has the bank got anything left?

Cashier—Yes; $2,000,000.

Lawyer—Well, go back to-morrow and steal that.

Cashier: But that'll break the bank.

Lawyer: Exactly; then, don't you see, I know some one who will have plenty to live on like a prince while you are negotiating for a compromise—say by paying 60 per cent.

Cashier: I'll do it. But who will take care of the $2,000,000 you bid me, as my legal adviser, to steal?

Lawyer: I will, of course.

Cashier: And how much will you be kind enough to let me keep?

Lawyer: Oh! ah! yes. I forgot all about that. Well, d'ye see, as I take all the risks—and in a matter like this must look out for my fee—I'll keep it all and pay you a regular salary out of it for the rest of your life. Good night. Oh, by the bye, if you want to see me to-night, drop in on me at the Bar association. I'm going to read a paper there on "The Lawyer, Equally with the Judge, Should be Above Suspicion."

Base Ball, 1887.

St. Paul Globe.

Thank heaven, it's over, the season is past,
And our eyes and our minds get a surcease at last;
For the chill incident to a northern fall
Has brought to a stop the great game of base ball.

No more will we rise in the morning and feast
Our eyes on two columns of matter at least,
Nor yet in the evening we'll hear the rude call,
"Dispatch! All about the great game of base ball."

No more will the doleful, sad taps of the drum
Attract our attention as onward they come,
With an old spavined horse that a small boy doth maul,
Advertising the news—there's a game of base ball.

No more will a voice in the pool rooms declare,
"Ten dollars on Oshkosh." "How much for Eau Claire?"
No more will the suckers rush in with their all
And stake their last cent on game of base ball.

No more will the feeling grow strongly intense
Because "Cleveland lined the ball over the fence."
No more will the small boy cry "Hire a hall!"
To the umpire who's running the game of base ball.

No more will the fiend, exulting exclaim,
While trudging along, coming home from the game,
"Well, the umpire I'm sure, had a surplus of gall,
But we won, just the same, in the game of base ball."

On a Pullman Car.

Passenger: Porter, your insolence and inattention to your duties are insufferable. Perhaps you don't know me—

Porter: Oh, yes, I knows yo', sah; yo's de president ob de road. An' now let me d'rect yo'r 'tention to de fact dat I's a prominent member ob de syndicate w'at's negoshatin' wif a view to takin a mo'gage on de road; an' i's not pleased wid de tone yo' sees fit to 'sume me—'deed I isn't.

Passenger: I beg your pardon, my dear sir. Have a cigar.

Longfellow Revised.

Tell us not in mournful numbers
That the fight for Truth is lost;
That the people of this city
Are forever to be bossed.
For the boodlers are not masters
While "the People" still exist,
And the rule of officeholders
Is a thing we must resist.
Lives of great men all remind us
(To adopt a famous rhyme),
That 'tis easy to be brilliant,
But 'tis hard to be sublime.
What we want is honest servants,
Men whose characters are strong,
Men who hate the sight of bribers,
Men who'll war against the wrong.

A Caramel Courtship.

The beau sat on the sofa by the loveliest of belles; "Miss Jones," he blushed and stammered, "I have brought some caramels." "Oh, thanks, most awfully!" she gushed, "like you they're just too sweet;" and then at once her tongue was hushed, for she began to eat.

Now caramels are sticky things, and when too quickly chewed they form a sticky paste that clings until the jaws are glued. The lover watched his hungry dove, who chewed without a stop, and thought, "If I'm to win her love now is my time to pop!"

So down he tumbled on his knees and to his angel said: "Miss Jones! Oh, will you—won't you please say 'yes.' I want to wed." Her heart against her corset knocked, "Yes, yes!" she tried to say, but couldn't—for her jaws were locked—and turned her head away.

"Oh, speak to me!" the lover cried, "do not my love discard." But not a word the maid replied, although she struggled hard. "Oh, heavens! tell me 'yes' or 'no'—don't kill me with suspense; if you won't talk," he screamed, "I'll go and ask a girl with sense."

Her perspiration came in drops; her eyes stuck out with pain; she tried to tear apart her lips, but couldn't stand the strain. Then he with dignity arose and glared at poor Miss Jones, and laughed a bitter laugh that froze the marrow in her bones.

"Adieu!" he groaned "I've got the sack," and started for the door; she grabbed his coat tails, pulled him back, then fainted on the floor. "My stars!" he gasped, "I've killed her dead!" and water on her threw, while she, a-nodding with her head, came very slowly to.

But when her tongue, at last untied, burst with a thunder sound, it's "Yes! yes! yes! I'll be your bride!" was heard for miles around. It's two years since the marriage bells; now nothing can or will, nor even tons of caramels, keep that dear woman still.

Lime Kiln Philosophy.

Detroit Free Press: "Remember dat a lawyer will work harder to clar a murderer dan he will to convict a thief.

"Remember dat a naybur who offers you de loan of his hoe am fishin' 'round to secure de loan of your wheelbarrer.

"Remember dat you can't judge of de home happiness of a man an' wife by seein' 'em at a Sunday skule picnic.

"Remember, dat while de aiverage man will return de k'rect change in a business transackshun, he'll water his milk an' mix beans wid his coffee.

"Remember, dat all de negatives of de best photographs am retuched, an' de wrinkles and freckles worked out.

"Remember, dat society am made up of good clothes, hungry stomachs, deception, heart-aches and mixed grammar.

"Remember dat people will neber stop to queshun the truf of any rumor or any scandal affectin' your character, but it takes years to satisfy 'em dat your great-grandmdder de leadin' gal in a 15-cent ballet.

"In disparsin' to your varus homes," said the president as the triangle sounded its notes of warning, "remember dat civility am de grease which keeps de wheels of society from stickin' fast to de axeltrees. An oblegin' disposition may keep your washtub an' flatirons floatin' aroun' de nayborhood 'leben months in de y'ar, but de same reason will bring in chicken broth an' kind words in case you have a run of bilious fever. Somebody wake up Elder Toots an' let us go keerfully down stairs."

The Lawyer's Responsibility.

Texas Siftings: "Have you got any family?" asked Mac Anderson, a San Antonio lawyer, of a colored man whom he was appointed by the court to defend, the latter being charged with having stolen a horse.

"I'se got no family yit. I looks to you for dat."

"Look to me to supply you with a family?" exclaimed the astonished advocate.

"I looks to you an' de jury, boss, I does for a fac."

"What kind of stuff is that you are talking?"

"Hits just what I says. Miss Matildy Snowball says ef I only gets one yeah in de penopotentiary she'll wait fur me, but ef I gets moah, den she is gwine ter marry de very first niggah what comes along. So yer sees, boss, what a 'sponsibility dar 'm restin' on yer."

EDUCATIONAL.

There are about eighteen thousand female students in the different colleges in the United States.

There are 181 medical colleges in the United States, with an aggregate attendance of 15,000 students.

There are in India 42,000,000 children qualified by age to attend school. Of the number only some 3,500,000 are being educated.

Hon. James W. Bradbury of Augusta, Me., the father of the normal school system in New England, is eighty-four years old, but still hale and hearty.

A memorial to Helen Hunt Jackson will be the Ramona Indian girls' school at Santa Fe. The building will cost $30,000, and will accommodate 150 pupils.

Miss Charlotte Morril, secretary of a Brooklyn educational institution, may succeed Miss Freeman as president of the Wellesley college. The latter is to be married next month.

Miss Rose Cleveland's salary as teacher in the high-class school for young ladies in New York is said to be higher than that paid to any American woman, except the stars on the stage.

Miss Hulda Lundin, the inspectress of needlework in the Stockton, Cal., primary schools, has carried out a rule by which the boys in the lower classes share the girls' teaching in needlework, so that they can hereafter make small repairs for themselves.

According to Fraulein Sohr, Italy is waking up in her turn among the nations to the necessity for higher female education. A quarter of a century ago she enjoyed the bad pre-eminence of a larger percentage of the untaught than any other European country.

Two young ladies are running for school commissioner in New York on oppostion tickets. The canvass has so far been a very exciting one, but the democratic candidate, who is exceedingly beautiful, knocked out her opponent, so to speak, by distributing several thousand of her photographs among the voters.

The trade school in New York for the training of carriage draughtsmen and mechanics has passed beyond the experimental stage and is now considered well established and measurably meeting the design of the originators. The school is intended to supply as far as possible the place of the old-fashioned apprenticeship.

Vassar is about to add all the facilities for physical training to its advantages for mental culture. Ground has been broken for a new gymnasium there, and very soon the excuse of the Harvard oarsmen, who exblained that the women stood first in the classes because they had nolhing else to think about, will be removed and there will be the same temptation to abandon classics for athletics surrounding the collegiate young woman that tempts her brother from the path of learning.

An ancient law on the statute books at Yale makes it "the duty of the senior class to inspect the manners of the lower classes and especially those of the Freshman class." "That," says the Boston Post, "seems to be abundant legal excuse for hazing." This is jumping at a most unwarranted conclusion. Hazing, as practiced today, is carried on, not by the seniors, but by the Sophomores. Then, again, it does not improve the manners of a Freshman to fill his lungs full of tobacco smoke, make him crawl under a table on all fours, dash cold water down his back or stand him on his head against the wall. No, there is no excuse for hazing, either in college law, common law or the laws of humanity. Hazing is barbarity.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Marie Van Zandt is to appear in "Lakme" at Nice this winter.

Ninety-two people were brought over for Irving's "Faust," with 53½ tons of scenery, costumes, etc.

Mrs. Scott-Siddons arrived in New York from London last week, and has already begun her tour.

Mmes. Scalchi and Ilma di Murska and Signori Galassi, Nannetti and Baldini have arrived from Europe.

Kate Rammelsberg, of Cincinnati, is known in England as Mlle. Rolla, prima donna of the Mapleson opera company.

Miss Helen Dauvray is said to contemplate "doubling-up" with Mr. Sothern and starring next season as the Dauvray-Sothern combination.

Theodore Bjorksten, who was the tenor of the Nilsson company in 1882, has come to New York City to take up a permanent residence as teacher.

The most noteworthy dramatic event of the week in New York has been the joint appearance of Mr. Joseph Jefferson and Mrs. John Drew in "The Rivals."

Kate Thayer, daughter of Judge Thayer of New York city, has created a sensation in Parisian musical circles by the compass and beauty of her voice.

The famous Meiningen company of actors will probably come to the United States in the autumn of 1888. It is said that the contracts to this effect have been signed.

Mary Anderson will not go to Australia next summer, but will tour Germany instead, and will follow at the Star theater next November under Henry E. Abbey's management.

Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. James Brown-Potter will compete with each other for the popular appreciation in Philadelphia, both being booked for that city at the same time next January.

M. Coquelin began his season at the Royal theatre, London, on Monday night, when he appeared in the leading character of "Un-Parisien," supported by a first-class French company.

Arthur Sullivan is making an attempt at grand opera. "Mary Stuart" it will be called. The title part has been written for Mme. Albani, who will sing at the beginning of the London season.

Max Strakosch's new opera company includes Marie S. Greenwood, Signor Tagliapietra, T. H. Perse, W. H. Hatch, Catherine McNeil, Signor Mania, Profs. Gori and Volditi, Elsie Potter, Mme. Dialini and Signor Dialini.

Miss May Robson, of the Madison Square, New York, stock company, is a daughter of Stuart Robson, now at the Union Square. She is the idol of her parents, and goes on the stage only because she is devoted to the dramatic art.

Henry E. Abbey's complete Gerster company comprises the Hungarian prima dona, Mme. Hastreiter, Signor de Arma, Signor Carbona, Mme. Sacconi, Nettie Carpenter, Violinist Signor Ferrart and Adolf Neuendorff, conductor.

The rehearsal of Sardou's new drama, "La Tosca," take place every day at the Porte St. Martin theatre, where the first performance is to be given on November 15. The plot is laid in Rome, and begins the day after the battle of Marengo.

The inter-state commerce business is doing away with ordinary scenery. Flat wings and flies can be carried in a trunk nowadays, for the scene is painted on thin cloth with dyes, and can be tacked to the frames of ordinary scenes in theaters that are visited.

Among the most interesting revivals of the forthcoming London musical season will be that by the Bach choir on March 1 of Purcell's "Dido and Æneas." The work was issued in 1677 to a libretto by Tate, and in 1840 it was published by the Musical Antiquarian society.

John Banvard, now living in Watertown, Dakota, was the first theatrical manager to give matinee performances. They were given in Barnum's museum, at Ann street and Broadway, when Banvard managed that institution for the Scudder estate. Mr. Barnum bought the museum for $8,000, paying for it in installments.

Bietz, the composer of "Carmen," is winning fresh laurels through his posthumous opera "Les Pecheurs de Peerles." It was performed last spring by the Mapleson company in London under the title "Lela," and came very near being a fiasco at the time. It has just now been produced in Hamburg with a brilliant cast, under Von Burlow's direction, and has achieved a great success.

Four piratical opera companies are doing "Erminie" on the road under different names; the Robert Grau Fifth Avenue Opera combany, under the title of "The Two Thieves;" the Templeton Opera company, under the name of "The Two Vagabond;" the Wilbur Opera company, under the title of "Caddy and Ravvy," and the Bennett and Moulton company, under the name of "Robert Macaire."

A ballet representling animated pool is pleasing the English public. Fifteen girls clad in bright red appear on the stage in the form of a pool pyramid. The stage represents a billiard table, and six girls stand at the side each holding a net representing the pockets. The leading dancer, who is costumed in white, scatters the pyramid of fifteen "reds" and pirquettes among them, sending one and another into the pockets.

Jules Barbier, author of the librettos of some of the most famous operas of modern times—Meyerbeer's "Dinorah," Gounod's "Faust," "Romeo and Juliet," "Queen of Sheba," Masse's "Noces de Jeannette," Thomas' "Mignon," Bizet's "Carmen," and many others—has just been appointed director of the Paris Opera comique in place of M. Carvalho, who was the manager at the time of the fatal fire last May.

Mme. Patti will, after a banquet tendered to her by the Brazilian minister at London in December, start via Paris, where she will sing once; to Lisbon, where she will give eight representations, and thence to Madrid, whence she will sail to reach South America at Easter. She holds a guarantee of £1,200 a performance in the southern hemisphere, besides a share of the receipts over a certain sum. She hopes to return to Craig-y-nos at the end of next year.

Tom Keene and his audience billed for Macon and failing to get their trunks kept faith with the Macon audience in their business suits. It was "Julius Cæsar." Keene borrowed a case-knife and a wig and said let the play go on. It did. Marc Antony's pepper and salt pants, Brutus' glittering watch chain, Cæsar's striped suit, Decius' old gold yachting shirt, and Flavius' picnic garb were slightly anachronistic, but otherwise the tragedy moved smoothly, Calphurnia's bustle staying in place and Cæsar dying hard. All of which proves that not Parisian toilets, but the plain, ungarnished drama is what the public want and will have.

RELIGIOUS.

The present membership of the Universalist denomination in the United States is 36,297.

The richest clergyman in the Unitarian church is said to be Rev. Dr. C. A. Bartol, of Boston, Mass.

The bishop of Leon, Mexico, has ordered the clergy to wear citizens' and not ecclesiastical dress.

The Protestant Episcopal clergymen of New York have organized themselves into an association to benefit workingmen.

Mr. D. L. Moody is expected to hold a series of meetings in Pittsburg, Pa., beginning about the 7th of November.

There is no trouble in finding feet to fit Henry Ward Beecher's shoes. But when it comes to finding a head to fit his hat the difficulty begins.

November 13-19 is to be observed as a week of prayer for young men. Pastors are requested to preach a sermon Sunday morning, November 13, suitable for young men.

Bishop H. B. Whipple, of Minnesota, has long locks like Buffalo Bill, and knows a great deal about the Indians in his section. He speaks several of their dialects and has a great influence over them.

A union between the Presbyterian and Congregational churches in Japan has been proposed, and gone as far as a formal agreement set forth by a committee for the consideration of the churches.

A general summary of the English Wesleyan Methodist conference gives the total membership of the community as 537,000, with nearly 47,000 on trial. The ministers number 2,867, including probationers and supernumeraries.

Those who love church, order and decency says an English paper, were somewhat startled a few months ago upon reading of the innovation of a surpliced female choir, reported from Melbourne. This odd freak has reached England, and was introduced at a recent harvest festival in Yorkshire.

His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. has determined February, 1888, as the time at which the corner-stone of the new basilica of St. Patrick's in Rome will be solemnly blessed and placed. Prominent ecclesiastics from all over the world are expected to be present at this imporrtnt event, and among the orators on this occasion will be the celebrated Archbishop Croke of Cashel, Archbishops Carr of Melbourne and Ryan of Philadelphia.

Parisians are about to have a museum of religion. The founder of this remarkable and interesting institution is M. Guimet. The building is in the Graeco-Roman style of architecture, and with its pillared porticoes, its rotonda, its columns, and its caryatides, looks like an ancient temple. It is situated near the Trocadero, at a corner of the Avenue d'Jena. The edifice has been constructed after designs which were taken from the last mosaics discovered at Pompeii. The religions of Greece and Rome are most strongly represented, and in the northern gallery is an atrium which is to contain the altar of a Pagan divinity copied from an original model. In the latteral galleries will be exhibited objects appertaining to the religions of Egypt, India and China. In a garden attached to the building there is to be placed a large conservatory and a pond containing plants consecrated to religious uses.

VARIOUS KINDS OF FAKIRS.

One of the Craft Gives Some Interesting Information.

AN EVANGELIST'S SOFT FAKE

The Faith Cure—The Auction—The Street Representative—Some of the Ways of the Wicked Ones.

"Yes, I am a fakir," said one of the most successful men of that craft to a BEE representative this morning, "and did you ever stop to think under how many different names the 'fakir' plies his vocation? Didn't, eh? Well let me give you a few tips that may cause you to go to figuring. Perhaps the most successful man in our time is the 'evangelist fakir,' of which Sam Jones is the most prominent representative. Now, I am a great admirer of Sam. He can stow away more good solid cash than any man in his line. He and his pard, Sam Small, took $1,400 per week out of Chicago, and their weekly sales of immortality delivered in rough packages and tied up with strings of slang, net them from $800 to $1,000 on an average. Pretty good easy money, isn't it?"

"Then there is the 'temperance fakir.' His methods are similar to those of the evangelist, but he don't rake in the gleaming shekels quite as fast. But they will average at from $25 to $50 per night. I am a great admirer of these boys, too, as they get something for nothing, and blow in the profits."

"The 'faith cure fakir' is a queer sort of a cuss. You see they have to dress like a preacher and wear a solemn expression all the while. That fake is dying out rapidly I am afraid, as it didn't go every time. Still some of the boys are doing pretty well with it yet.

"The 'auction fakir' represents a different class, inasmuch as it is necessary for them to have confederates, in order to successfully play their game. They must have the pigeon-stool bidders in order to catch the "suckers." They get some poor devil into the house and put up a fine-looking watch. Then some capper says $5. The auctioneer commences to call, 'Five I am bid, five I am bid, five I am bid.' but if the sucker should make an offer he would change his yell to 'Six I am offered, six I am offered," etc., and this change of one word gives the tip to the cappers. Still there is lots of money in the business, and a good auctioneer commands a good salary.

"What kind of a fakir am I? Oh, I am what you call one of the street fakirs. I get up on the corner and sell the suckers something, no matter what it is, they will buy if you give them the right talk. I manage to get enough to eat, drink and wear, and always have a few hundred in my pocket, and that's all any man could wish for. Fakirs are not the worst people in the world. They are as a class sharp and a little lacking, just a little, mind, in their respect for the principles of morality. To be a first class man in our business one must possess nerve, wit, a ready tongue, have a profound knowledge of human nature and be the least bit unscrupulous. A man possessing these accomplishments can make more money annually than the biggest lawyer in Omaha. By the way, what's your fake?' 'Newspaper man.' 'The devil! Why didn't you say so?'"

HOME DECORATIONS.

An exceedingly artistic portiere can be made of an ordinary parti-colored grass hammock.

Twisted iron is considered the proper thing for gas brackets in a good many handsome rooms.

One of the accessories of a fashionable writing table is a small penknife encased in hammered gold.

Old thread-lace collars are used to trim the silk lamp shades that tone down the bright porcelain globes of parlor lamps.

Sandal wood is exceedingly fashionable again. All sorts of ornaments are carved out of it, and its perfume pervades the fashionable boudoir.

Most interiors nowadays run to "trash." Everybody embroiders and everybody "decorates" china, and a place must be found for the result of their labors.

Keep your crockery where it belongs, plates and jugs do not belong on parlor walls or over parlor doors unless they are really works of art, which precious few of them are.

Sash curtains of rich but thin materials suspended from a slight end at the top of the window frame answer all the purposes of the ordinary roller shade, and are much prettier to look at either from within or without.

Some new wall papers are so handsome, and look so much like old tapestries and silk brocades that they furnish the walls of a room by themselves. So, after you have them up don't conceal them with cheap pictures in expensive frames.

The handsomest, one might say the only admissible fire screen, is a thick bevel-edged sheet of plate glass. Anything that hides the glow of the fire from the sight is a palpable blunder, for in these days of furnaces and steam heaters, the open fire is used, as a rule, only for decorative purposes.

The present taste in bric-a-brac favors low and broad objects, such as shallow bowls of brass and handsome porcelain, for cabinet and over mantel, rather than the tall, slender and much more graceful vases. Form is little considered in these matters nowadays, they are simply "bits of color."

When a woman with artistic instincts, but an untrained eye and hand, "goes in" for home decoration, she should always reserve both spare money and energy enough to utterly undo her own work. Give a woman, a house, paint pots and brushes, hammer and nails, a collection of "art stuffs" and "art pottery," and the results are apt to be rather frightful.

A popular, though utterly false decorative idea is that if an article of ordinary use, such as a clock or thermometer, can be made to look like something else it at once becomes an object of art. So we have battle-axes, antique keys and Place Vendome columns with incongruous thermometers stuck on them, and yachts, trip-hammers, helmets, embossed shields and plaques with clock faces staring from them. All these things are in the vilest taste. Ornamentation in such objects, no matter how elaborate, should rather emphasize their use an nature—in a word be congruous.

BRIGHT LITTLE FOLKS.

"Oh, mamma," sighed little Ethel, "I have such a headache in my sash."

Teacher—Suppose you were a king, Tommy, what would you do? Tommy—I'd never have to wash my face any more.

"Rufus, thar wuz five pears on this tree, an' now I only count four. How's that?" "I don't know, granny, 'nless you counted one twice."

Little Johnnie's mother does not answer one of his many questions. Johnnie grows impatient and asks: "Mamma, haven't you got any talk in your mouth."

"It must take a long time to get to heaven," remarked a little Pittsburg boy as he watched a funeral procession go past. "Why, William?" asked his mamma. "Because the carriages go so slow."

A little Burlington girl who dislikes arithmetic was asked to give the sum of nine cows and seven cows. "Fifteen," she replied. When informed that this was wrong, she petulantly exclaimed: "It doesn't make any difference if we only get the milk."

"Why don't you come to Sunday school?" said a superintendent to a boy. "'Cause pa owes my teacher for a pair of boots, and the teacher got to sending notes home by me, and pa said I needn't go any more till he paid for the boots, and I don't think I'll go any more."

"Yes, Tommy," said the teacher of the infant class, "that is right; vegetables come from the ground; and now can Willie Waffles tell us where meat comes from?" "Yessum," responded Willie, with the air of one familiar with the subject; "meat comes from the butchers."

"And what would you do, Henry," asked a lady of her little nephew, who had been assuring her of his unbounded affection for her, "if your good aunt were to die and your uncle were to marry again?" "Why," replied Henry, without the slightest hesitation, "I should go to the wedding, of course."

"Who was the most patient man?" asked a teacher in one of Pittsburg's Sunday schools yesterday. None of the small scholars seemed to know until a little chap, who had been in a brown study for a few minutes, held up his hand. "Who was it, Johnny?" "It was the man who had the awful poor turkey."

A Quincy teacher recently in giving primary language lessons wrote upon the blackboard the words "Ingrain," "Brussels," "Wilton," and requested her pupils to write each a sentence containing one of these words. One boy displayed his ingenuity as follows: "A hedgehog has Brussels on his back."

The pastor of one of our churches told a good story from his own family. One of his little ones was very much interested in the story of Elisha, the bad small boys and the bear, as read by his mother. After a moment's thought, he said: "I wouldn't have said so to Elisha, would I, mamma? I would have said: 'Please go up, thou baldhead.'"

ACTRESSES' HUSBANDS.

Emma Nevada married Dr. Palmer about three years ago.

Bernhardt married an actor named Damala, but was divorced.

Rose Coghlau is married to a New England business man named Edgerly, who acts as her business manager.

Annie Louise Carey is a devoted wife, as she has made her husband the all absorbing object of her life, when not behind the footlights.

Modjeska's first husband was a Polish actor named Modjeska. Mr. Bozenta was a young nobleman who fell in love with her across the footlights when she was a girl widow.

Clara Morris married off the stage a Mr. Harriot, a society man, but her marriage does not prevent her from following her profession. It was a match of affection. Her husband is as devoted to her as she is to her art.

Among quite recent alliance of wealth and the stage are the marriage of Harry Weber, son of the millionaire piano maker to Irene Perry, a burlesque actress of Henry Dixey's company, and Miss Agnes Ethel to Francis W. Tracy, a millionaire of Buffalo. Tracy, who after a great rivalry, secured her hand, died recently, leaving her a million or two. The will is now being contested by the daughters of his first wife.

The marriage of Nilsson to August Rouzaud, a nephew of Admiral Bosse, was performed in Westminster abbey. The nuptials were witnessed by a number of distinguished individuals, including many of the aristocracy, artists, journalists, Russian, American, Swedish and French ministers. Count de Steenbock, secretary of the Swedish legation, gave the bride away. The marriage service was performed by Dean Stanley.

PEPPERMINT DROPS.

To be struck for money is a very painful blow.

The frost strikes out the whole base ball fraternity.

A Minneapolis paper advertises "leggings for children with or without feet."

The fashionable tones in kids this winter will be bowling green and blind man's buff.

You cannot always judge people by appearances; but you can often judge bank cashiers by their disappearances.

The bee is very industrious and never loses any time. You have possibly noticed how quickly it brings you to the point.

No base-ball trust will be formed until a written guarantee can be furnished that each and every club will win the pennant.

Counsel—Had the accused any distinguishing features by which you recognized him? Witness—Yes, sir; he was bowlegged in both eyes.

"Business men should look out for a new counterfeit dollar piece," says an exchange. Better look out for a genuine one; it will do him more good.

At the garden gate—"Don't you think it's getting pretty late, George." "Yes, dearti, is a little late for one to be out, but not so very late for two."

A plant has been discovered in India which is said to destroy the power of tasting sugar. It promises to be just the thing for grocers to mix with their sand.

Talk about pugilists knocking out their rivals. We have known a whole sidewalk full of people to be cleared by a painter's ladder with ten rounds.

Magnetist—Yes, waiter, I am a magnetist. Would you like to see me tip the table? Waiter—No, sah; but if it's all de same to you sah, yer might tip de waiter, sah.

We don't care how high coal is this winter. We don't care if it is Lehigh. But we hope it may be so high that the railroad companies will not be able to heat their cars with it.

"Water as a medicine," read a Kentucky politician in a sanitary journal. "Next some blame fool will be advocating water as a beverage," he added, in a tone of deep disgust.

"Will you give your daughter much of a wedding, Mrs. Overtheline?" "Oh, no, it will be a very quiet affair—a few kegs of beer, and possibly some skyrockets from the roof."

The book stores in Iowa are selling large numbers of a work entitled "Reveries of a Bachelor." The volume is so full of spirit—carefully packed in a flask between the covers—that every drinking man in the state wants it.

"I have just ordered an elevator," said the Boomer to the Rustler. "What for? Another seven story office building?" "No, for my front gate. You see they have been grading our street and I must provide some means of getting down to grade."

SINGULARITIES.

A cow in Washington county, Ohio, recently gave birth to three calves in one day.

Xenia, O., boasts of a two weeks old baby that is the proud possessor of a perfect tooth.

A young mulatto girl who barks furiously and constantly like a dog, is a curiosity of Starke, Fla.

It is reported that a being with a face that is half man and half dog lives near Oil City. He or it goes upon all fours.

An elk that weighed 800 pounds, dressed, was recently killed in Coos county, Oregon. It was 15½ hands high and 11 feet 6 inches long.

Floyd Tuft, a young giant of Westville, Vt., is eight years old and weighs 125 pounds. He is as strong as an ox, and can easily shoulder two bushels of corn.

There is an alligator over three feet long in Agnew's pond, at Ocala, Fla., that comes by calling, and eats three times a day out of the hands of his owner. He is being easily trained.

J. P. Johnson, of Chattooga county, Tenn., has a pig born with only three legs, there being no shoulder blade on the left side or other indications that a leg was intended to grow there.

The famous Hardee Grove in the Rockledge, Fla., hammock, has produced an orange that measures fifteen and a half inches in circumference and weighs two pounds and two ounces.

There is a grapevine growing in the hummocks of Sawhatchee measuring creek, near Blakely, Ga., measuring twelve inches in diameter and thirty-six inches in circumference. Those who have seen the vine say it is the largest known.

Miss Rhoda Burchett, a prominent young lady at Owensboro, has given birth to a child without ears, eyes or arms. It has a patch of hair on each cheek and also between the shoulders. The report says it is living and doing well.

A woman of Jersey City, N. J., recently brought home a strange egg as a souvenir of a trip, and placed it on the parlor table. One week after she was surprised to see a little turtle break the shell of the egg and slowly crawl out. The heat of the room had hatched it.

The Santa Cruz Surf tells of an immense sea turtle which was caught near Capitola the other day. It measured eight feet from the tip of its nose to the tip of its tail, and its weight is guessed by a local guesser to be about 1,000 pounds.

A Georgia man has an old hen that since she was hatched until recently, was decidedly white. Not long ago she began moulting, and every white feather that dropped out was replaced by a black one, and now biddy is clad in somber black from bill to tail.

A Belmont county, Ohio farmer rejoices in a heterogeneous collection of freaks, consisting of a pig whose feet are split so as to give it the appearance of having toes, another with three ears, a cat with one ear growing wrong side out and a boy with three thumbs.

A child was recently born on Staten Island, N. Y., whose mouth ran at right angles to the place where the mouth should be. The lips were perfectly formed, and the upper end of the mouth split the nose between the nostrils. A surgical operation was recently performed, the child is doing well, and it is believed that it will be but slightly disfigured.

A twelve-pound cannon shot was found imbedded seventeen inches deep in an oak tree in the suburbs of Franklin, Tenn. It was evidently fired from a federal cannon during the bloody battle twenty-three years ago, as it entered the tree on the side next to the town. The fibers of oak are still attached to the ball and are nearly as hard as the iron itself.

The other day as Mr. Stansfield Baldwin, of Jacksonvill, Ill., was hauling wood he found a blood-red owl about the size of a half-grown chicken. The day being bright he captured the bird and put it into his pocket, intending to bring it to Dr. King to be mounted, but unfortunately it escaped. Mr. Baldwin says it was the only owl of the kind he had ever saw, and he regarded it as a great curiosity.

Says the Astoria (Oregon) Transcript: "Mr. O. Pol