

NOT IN ORIGINAL PACKAGES.

Emiles Escorted From the Funny Columns of The Bee's Exchanges.

WHAT IS REQUIRED IN BOSTON.

A Sure Sign of Blue Blood at the Hub  
Chollie the Lamb—The Groom  
Wanted to Change—An  
Ill-Mannered Canine.

Puck: Interpreter—Chief Wanbo wants no more heads and brass wires; he says you cannot cross his country unless you agree to pay his price.

Interpreter:—Two-thirds of the royalties on your next book.

An Ill-Mannered Canine.

A boy jumped into a horse car and before long discovered that his bull terrier was trotting behind. "Go back sir!" he cried; "go back!" But the dog kept on revealing at once his fondness for his master's society and his poor training. "Well," said the boy finally, "I'll go, you can go if you want to, but you ain't fit to be seen—all dirt, and no collar on."

For the Night was Waning.

Whitese Herald: George—I don't know what ails me this spring—I seem to have such a sort of a gone feeling—Clara (yawning)—I would never have believed it.

Couldn't Phase Him.

Whitese Herald: First citizen—Hello, there goes the editor of the Night Cap full again. I declare it's a mystery to me now that man that it is to drink now, should think it would kill him. Second citizen—Oh no you can't kill him with drink—he uses "patent in-icides."

Necessary to a Choice.

The Bostonian: He (tenderly)—Tomorrow, darling, I shall ask your father consent to our marriage.

She—Very well, dear; but be sure to wear your highest collar and your cuffs, Papa, you know, is a stickler for blue blood.

Couldn't Humbug Her.

Washington Star: "Room for one more," called out a conductor on the Seventh street line last evening, with his eyes on a large fat lady.

She glared at him.

"Show up a little please," he continued. "There's room for one more."

"No, there ain't neither," she exclaimed indignantly. "There ain't room for no more. The fare is five cents for one person, fat or lean, and you shan't get any extra out of me. I can tell you, even if I do take up room for two. So there!" and with a puffed and a wheeze she glared at the conductor again, and he retired in confusion.

Practice Makes Perfect.

Texas Siftings: Simpson—What are you going about for grinning like a country poorhouse idiot? Have you been taking laughing gas?

De Smith—No; but I promised a position as a hotel clerk at a seaside resort and I'm getting the bland smile well in hand.

His Aunt was Visiting Them.

Florida: Teacher—Why weren't you at school yesterday, Johnny?

Johnny—We've got a new baby at our house.

Teacher—Ah! brother or sister?

Johnny—Neither.

Teacher—W-h-a-t?

Johnny—No, Cousin.

An Abilition to Be Horne Cheerfully.

Washington Post: "Herbert," she said, with a melting mellifluousness in her voice that sounded like the ripple of an orange ice as it thaws, "Herbert."

"What is it?" asked Herbert.

And the cold firmness of his tones showed that he meant every word of it.

"You could you love me just as well if I knew that I am very near sighted."

"Why, why," he stammered, of course I would; but are you?"

"Yes, I am afraid so. Just as a test—I can't read a word of that sign across the street. Can you?"

"Yes," he replied, "I can. It says, 'Ice cream.'"

An Ignorant Oculist Optician.

Jewelry Weekly: Dr. Oculist—My dear sir, the strabismus of your daughter's right eye is of no consequence and glasses are not needed for its correction, since the left is irreparably opaque and the optic nerve is disintegrated.

Mr. Gribble, looking up at the doctor, the turned fool don't know your right eye is crossed and the left one blind as a bat!

A Sure Cure.

West Shore: Customer—Have you anything that will cure a corn?

Druggist—Yes, sir. Here is a preparation that I put up myself. It's a sure and quick cure. Why, I've got a corn that I've been putting it on for nearly two years, and it wouldn't think of using any other remedy.

The Rescue of Emin Pasha.

Life: Owing to a delay in the mails on the Ungum & M'awa Northern railroad, the following from Life's African correspondent has just come to hand. It is, however, the first authentic report of the meeting of Emin and Stanley.

Mr. Stanley approached Emin's headquarters about 3 o'clock on the afternoon softly whistling "Little Annie Rooney." He rapped at the door of Emin's tent, and Emin himself answered the summons.

"How do you do, Emin?" said Stanley.

"I beg your pardon," said Emin.

"You have the advantage of me."

"I am Henry M. Stanley."

"I don't care. I don't want any subscription books, and I read 'The Dark Continent' a long time ago."

"But I have come to rescue you."

"Don't want to be rescued."

"Well, you've got to be rescued. Put on your coat and come along."

Ye Cannibal and Ye Missionaire.

Harvard Lampoon: A cannibal lived on a cannibal isle, and was thinner than tin could be; his legs were as lean as the tail of a rat, his head rattled in his skull, his eyes sat, and he left no mark on the sand where he sat. O, a woful sight was he!

A dismal sight was he.

Now, there came to this island from over the main.

A landable missionaire;

His weight was three hundred and forty three pounds;

His punch and his jaws and his tonsure were round;

And he left a mark when he sat on the ground just two and a half feet by three.

Just two and a half feet by three.

But the moral I'm trying to teach in my song, you soon will be able to see.

For the Christian proved docile and teachable quite;

He learned from the heathen the thing that was right.

And one Sunday morning, as soon as 'twas light,

He ate up the cannibales!

Yes, he did—

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That was Different.

New York Sun: There were twelve or

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Should long to hear your voice, so fond and true;

But could not lose you from my memory.

But, if in life you turned away from me,

Choosing a path that led you from my sight; If mocking coldness in your glance I'd see,

The sunshine would for me be lost in night. The flowers—fair panicles and forget-me-nots—

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The Fulmer was well officered, manned and found, and she left the Sand Heads in fine weather and under generally favorable auspices. But, when three days out of sight of land, the scourge of Asia, cholera, broke out in the crew, and before the end of the week the chief mate and five foremost hands had been consigned to the sharks that never swim steadily and persistently in the vessel's wake. This suddenly made short-handed, Captain Morris, recognized it unsafe to prosecute the voyage, and announced his intention of running into Mauritius to pick up new hands. But, on arriving at Port Louis, he found that there was an unusual dearth of seamen; and, after three days search, during which his patience was rapidly melting away, he was, in a manner, forced to ship a number of hands whose looks he did not like and concerning whose capacity he was more than a little dubious. It was necessary to obtain a chief mate, also, for the second mate was being made his first voyage in that position, and Captain Morris had not sufficient confidence in him to promote him so rapidly. Fortunately, as was thought at the time, a mate was found without trouble, and one who was immediately a thorough seaman. In this personal appearance was decidedly pleasing. His name was Foster; he was apparently thirty-five years old, tall, athletic, blonde, well-bronzed, with bold eyes and regular features. He soon proved a man of wide information and engaging manners, and, though somewhat of a martinet, the crew seemed satisfied with him.

From the first, he missed no opportunity of ingratiating himself with Florence. Baynes and her father, and many hours had not passed, after leaving the Mauritius on route for Capetown, when Mr. Baynes had exhibited his gems to the new chief mate, who displayed a quite remarkable knowledge of precious stones and the famous diamond mines of India. It was not until after dinner, however, that the fact of Foster's being so well acquainted with the mines of India, recalled to know all the recent additions to the crew, and that he was seen several times during the night-watches talking with one or another of them on the topgallant forecastle. Mr. Baynes failed to make much headway in his advances to Florence, who, from the first, had experienced an instinctive distrust of the mate despite his glib tongue and gentlemanly manners. Women have some sympathies, and more often than men they turn out to be justly. Florence, however, was quite alone in her suspicion, and knowing that she had no tangible ground for it, she kept it to herself. Her father was much taken with Foster, and Captain Morris like his ways and his close attention to duty, while the hands worked well and cheerfully under orders which, though sharply delivered, were ungarbled by the foul language too common with officers at sea. Foster was not long in realizing that Miss Baynes shrank from him, and the fact evidently annoyed and angered him. He drew off from her, however, as though in deference to her unspoken wish, and affected to be absorbed in his regular functions. The dinner had nearly reached the southern end of Madagascar when a catastrophe, like a bolt out of the blue, changed the peaceful situation to one of deadly peril.

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