

TWO OF A KIND.

Lizette M. Hoyle. "I'll tell you something," says little Belle, "if you're certain, sure you'll never tell."

A RACE FOR A BRIDE.

When Johnny Dupquesne died of typhoid fever at his home in the Fair Lake Stream settlement, New York, three years ago, says the Sun, the people around mourned the loss of a man who was the hero of one of the wildest races for love and liberty this part of the Adirondack region ever saw.

Because of his love of a good time and lack of thrift Farmer James John Roberts scowled whenever he saw him, for Elizabeth, his daughter, was very plainly in love with the reckless North Woods man.

Matters went on this way for a year or so when one day Elizabeth left home to go to Remsen, her father concluded he must go over to Forestport to see Black Dun, a noted character there, about some spurs he had to sell.

"Honest to yer partners," "Sides," "First four right and left," "Ladies change." Balance four—where was Johnny and Elizabeth came flying across that room, almost took the old man's breath.

own, by the way that Johnny was fitting. Farmer Roberts concluded they were bound to Remsen, and the way he got into his clothes was a caution to tailors to make strong garments.

Here, however, he made a mistake. After crossing the bridge over the river there are two roads. The best one, over to Prospect, goes straight up the hill, with a creek on the left and a stone wall on the right.

Meantime Johnny and Elizabeth were joggling along with considerable comfort for Elizabeth, who had her eyes closed, and both were tired after the dancing of the night before.

"Drive to Prospect like the devil and John Davis," he yelled, and Johnny without a question took the reins and said "get up."

"Get up, Bess," and he plied the whip until the gray began to gallop and gallop he went over the bridge, and a clatter that startled the sleeping-going people on all sides.

LET THE TOAST PASS.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Here's to the maiden of cheerful fifteen; Here's to the girl who's a beauty divine; Here's to the flouting extravagant queen, And here's to the housewife that's mean.

Without a word Johnny turned to the gray. The road lay fair before him and was hard and smooth. The whip switched as it came down on the horse; they were in the home stretch now, and they would reach the person if they killed the horse.

"The gentleman who tells a big fish story," Uncle Dave began, "is not a suspicious man, in isolated cases, has been proved just. But not often can one tell one like this that the Chicago crochets are made by the day."

"The best of it was that Mr. Walker's story was literally true, as Mrs. Walker later in the evening testified. It was in the morning season, just above the spot where the remarkable sight was witnessed was a narrow rapids. The salmon went up the stream in such numbers that many were packed for the water, and as they were seen literally the aspect told by Mr. Walker.

Chicago Tribune: "Poor man!" exclaimed the impulsive, warm-hearted lady. "You look as if you had known some sorrow."

YARAS HEN UNRAVEL.

Major Osmán, who was secretary of state for Michigan for two terms, tells a San Francisco Call man that M. Quat, the funny man of the New York World, is one of the most eccentric individuals in the world and always filled with odd notions.

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A RECKLESS MATE.

Brooklyn Life: "Wal," began the Missouri man, "that liar mule."

Chicago Globe: Proud Father (showing off his boy before company)—My son, which would you rather be, Shakespeare or Edison?

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THE RULING PASSION.

Detroit Free Press: "They say that Belton, the alliance candidate, is dead. He blew out the gas."

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A SUMMER SONG.

Frank Holman. In a quiet nook of the Polar Sea I dreamed a dream, I saw a sailor's coat that reached my knee, And fainting with my hat;

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