

BY THE OMAHA COURIER.

BY MARK TWAIN.

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TIME would come when we must go from Aix to Geneva...

I brought the party from Aix to Geneva for myself—four people.

This was a blunder, though it did not seem so at the time.

I took a cab this time, but on my way up stairs at the hotel I remembered that I was out of cigars.

"I can't leave you sleeping here all day!" I said to the man who was waiting for me.

"Well, you are entitled to some credit, after all, for thinking of that, and I don't wish to be too hard on you."

"Never mind what the banker said. You must have had a reason of your own."

"I had a long hot walk to collect those people, and when I got them I had heavy satchels and must have a cab."

"Next I found the bank and asked for some money, but I found the letter of credit lying on the table where I wrote my telegram."

"I was puzzled in a galling alkalin. The expedition sat stiff and forbidding on four chairs in a row, with shawls and things...

all on, satchels and guide-books in lap. They had been sitting like that for four hours...

"Nothing could be deeper or sillier than the absence of applause which followed. But I kept on: there seemed no other way."

"I tried to touch the other hearts there and after the bitter resentment in those faces by throwing off bright and airy fun."

"I saw by the manner of this, that the idea was to get down to cold business now. So I began to travel, but was cut short again."

"Well, I don't remember now, but I think the new cab was to have the hotel pay the old cab, and send it away."

"What good would it do? It would stop the expense, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, that's all right, that's all right, but I think we gave the telegram to the hotel people, and that they—"

"Yes, certainly. Why didn't you do that?"

"Well, you see, with so many things to do and think of, I—very particular there, and after I had written the telegram—"

"I don't know, but I think you were a little bit out of your mind, and that's all right."

The climate was unsuitable. Spending three or four hours in jail did not seem to me the expedition was discharged.

"I had to explain the whole thing, and of course it came out then that we couldn't take the early train because that would leave no letter of credit in book still."

"Of course there was music in the morning when it was found that we couldn't leave by the early train."

"I seemed a good time to look into the trunk business, and rectify it if needed it, and I had a suspicion that it did."

"Not necessary in Switzerland. You may find your trunks and send them where you wish."

"How much did you pay on them?"

"A hundred and forty francs."

"Twenty-eight dollars. There's something wrong about that trunk business sure."

"I met the porter. He said: 'You have not slept well, is it not? You have the worn look. If you would like a courier, a good one has arrived last night, and I can send you to him by the name of Lait. We recommend him!'"

"I declined with coolness. My spirit was not broken yet. And I did not like leaving my condition upon the hands of a man who was at the county jail by 9 o'clock."

"The mayor came at last, and then he covered the supreme court, which they always do, and I was—"

way back I thought it all out and concluded to resign, because otherwise I should be near as well as discharged.

"I'm not waiting here so long at all. I'm waiting fifteen minutes till they forget a glove and a boot and go back and get them."

"He was very obliging and began to shout inquiries to the tiers of heads and shoulders projecting from the windows above us."

"When I arrived in the third story of the hotel I found my quarters vacant. I was not surprised. The moment a courier takes his eye off his tribe they go shopping."

"I had no more to say to the courier, and I went to bed. The next morning I was up at 12 noon sharp. It was ten minutes after twelve."

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Teacher—Correct. And if cut again? Boy—Thirty-sixths.

Teacher—Correct. Now suppose we should cut each of the thirty-two pieces again, what would result?

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Little Boy (looking up chimney)—I suppose if God sends the snow the devil sends the blacks.

Papa—So you have begun geography, Ethel; well, tell me what is the appearance of an island. Ethel—It looks like a duck in the water.

Little girl (aged eight) on being told if she is so naughty her soul will become black, replied: "I suppose it goes into mourning."

Johnny (who has overheard his parents' arguments over the Christmas bills)—Mamma, are coals very dear? Mamma—Yes, dear, very, I am sorry to say. Johnny (hopefully, remembering past offences)—Then, mamma, I don't see how the devil can possibly afford to keep up hell!

A Modern Heroine. Gwendolyn Everleigh laid her throbbing brow against the pane of an Indianapolis window, says the Journal.

She was a believer in homoeopathy. Pains in pain. See?

The support of an invalid mother, a medically paralyzed father, the aged grandparents and six little brothers ranging in age from 12 to 38, she had labored bravely with the world until within a week before the time our story opens, when she had been hurried out of employment for having permitted the steak to burn to a crisp while reading the opening chapter of Laura Jane Libbey's latest.

And for four days the only sustenance of the family had been—hope. And mightily little of that. What was Xmas to her? A miserable, mocking memory.

Suddenly she drew her little form erect, her violet eyes filled with a new light. "Why did I not think of it three days ago?" said she, as she fled toward her boudoir.

She appeared no more for three hours. Then she hastened out into the busy street and was swallowed up in the swirling vortex of happy humanity.

Deep gloom had settled upon the Everleigh household; a dark and dismal gloom, broken only by the gleam of the teeth of the wolf grinning in the door.

