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WHERE?

The Bragsters tell me that their boy
Is dangerously bright:
At school they have to hold him back,
They are afraid his head will crack
From intellectual might.

Now, though the Bragsters, both I've known
For years, with all the pains
I take their history to recall,
I cannot make it out at all
Where their son got all his brains.

—The Bazar.

The Sure Road.

The Old Stager—"Young man, if you
would be successful, you must do two
things. First get some enemies."
The Aspirant—"And second?"
The Old Stager—"Second, irritate them
so that they will make you prominent."

Two Slight Changes.

Reporter—Do you think any changes
should be made in the rules this season?
Football Captain—Yes; I'm in favor
of barring the strangle hold and the
solar plexus blow.—The Half-Back.

LEGAL NOTICES

A complete file of "The Courier" is kept in an ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF building. Another file is kept in this office and still another has been deposited elsewhere. Lawyers may publish LEGAL NOTICES in "The Courier" with security as the FILES are intact and are preserved from year to year with great care.

A Lasting Shrine.

Cleverton—(moralizing). "Just think if I should die tonight, in ten years from now I would be utterly forgotten."
Dashaway—Don't you believe it, old man. Your friends would remember you for what you owe them, if for nothing else.—The Bazar.

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you are imaginative."

"She is pretty," said Jennie; "she must have had lovers. And she— isn't old—why shouldn't she have one now?"

"Oh, yes," answered Tom Young, "she is pretty and nice enough. But, Jennie, don't let's talk about other people. Did you mean what you said in the park?"

"Yes," whispered Jennie.

Miss Campbell looked down upon the steps from her window. She wanted to gaze on the spot where John had been. She saw Jennie and Tom acting "Love's Young Dream."

"God grant them a happier awakening than mine," she murmured as she crept to bed.—The Chicago Tribune.

Stevenson as a Talker.

All comment on the Stevenson letters made by the near friends of the author centered, sooner or later, in the statement that they were, though incomparable as letters, no better than his talk; that they, indeed, represented just his talk. And when we are told that that talk was the delight of his intimates we can believe it without difficulty. It might, in fact, be said that, among the thinking, the sum of the effect produced by these letters, and their chief value, was to draw attention to how very good a thing good talk is, and also to bring about a realization of how rare, in our English speaking world, such talk is getting to be. If Mr. Stevenson had been a Frenchman, and if the public to which his letters were ultimately given had been French, the discovery, by that public, that he was wont so spontaneously to pour himself forth in his friendships, reserving himself so little, touching so fearlessly upon all the things of life that are near the quick, would probably have caused little surprise. But with the appreciation of the English-reading world a certain surprise has undoubtedly been mingled. We have had other letters of eminent writers given to us in recent years, but they contained no intimations of an ability or a willingness to communicate thought on all subjects, personal or universal, with anything approaching Mr. Stevenson's abundance.—From "The Point of View," in the October Scribner's.

LITERARY NOTES.

The October number of McClure's opens with an article on "The Strategy of National Campaigns," attractively illustrated by Jay Hambidge. The front-piece, showing Governor Roosevelt and Senator Hanna in conference at Republican National Headquarters, and strikingly original portraits of Cleveland, Blaine, Quay, Croker, Bryan and others, lend especial interest to this paper on the tactics of party managers in the presidential campaigns of the past twenty five years. The author has been in the thick of the fight and has been brought very closely into contact with the great leaders in the battles which he describes.

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Tom—Flies never annoy a sleeping man.
Dick—What nonsense! Why, I—
Tom—The man wakes up and is annoyed.

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"MOTHER JONES," THE MINERS' FRIEND.

Mrs. Mary Jones, better known as "Mother Jones," is an untiring champion of Labor's Cause. She can always be found where there is trouble between the "mudsill" and the "plutocrat." The coal miners are her especial care. For weeks she has been going about the Pennsylvania anthracite fields stirring up the men and sympathizing with the women.