

Jack's Jolly Joke.
"Oh, I am a jolly old tar," he said,
"And I've got my sea legs on."
"And they call me Jack as they slap my back,"
"I thought I was christened John."
"I walk with a lurch on the solid earth
Though when I am on the sea
Not a single skip is made by the ship
That isn't as well by me."
"Oh, yes! it's funny as such fun goes;
But I don't laugh, 'Haw, haw!'
As much as you old land lubbers do,
That's right!—give me your paw."
"And you want to know why I walk straight
On the ship, and not on shore?
It's because on the ship I'm o'er each trip,
While on land I'm but half-seas o'er."
"And you want to know how I got my name?"
"And he gave his scowlers a hitch,
"We don't go far for the name Jack Tar;
It comes from the vessel's patch."
And that was the gruff old sailor's joke,
Which he made as he lailed aboard,
And which steadied his jog and sweetened his
slog
When the wind through the rigging roared.
—Earl Marble in Texas Shiftings.

Honest Old Tom.
Oh, a queer little chap is the honest old toad—
A funny old fellow is he—
Living under a stone by the side of the road,
"Neath the shade of the old willow tree,
He is dressed all in brown from his toes to his
crown,
Save his vest, that is silvery white,
He takes a long nap in the heat of the day
And walks in the cool, dewy night.
"Besp, you!" says the frog
From his home in the bog,
But the toad he says never a word.
—The Presbyterian.

THE GLADSTONE OF TO-DAY.
How the "Grand Old Man" Impressed a
New Yorker.

A New Yorker thus describes his first
glimpse of Gladstone: "One raw after-
noon late in October I was standing on a
street corner in the little village of Salsney,
a suburb of Chester, with several hundred
men, women and children, all of whom
were looking up the long avenue that led
to the city. The houses were decorated
with bunting, and across the street hung a
banner. 'Welcome to Salsney.' A shout
suddenly went up from the crowd as a car-
riage with a single horse appeared at the
end of the avenue."

"The top of the carriage was thrown
back, and in the back seat, alone, sat
Gladstone, who had come to this place to
perform the 'neighborly duty' of opening
a free library for workmen. With
his hat in his hand, the venerable
statesman was bowing and smiling to
every one. The first thing that struck
me was the keen, quick glance of his eye,
which seemed to take in everything.
As he stepped from the carriage I was
surprised to see how erect he stood, with
vigilant vigor he walked to the committee
rooms."

"When Mr. Gladstone rose to speak, his
frame, which is almost massive, seemed to
defy the inclemency of the place. When
he commenced speaking he grasped the
lapels of his coat in an awkward manner,
and hesitated more than you would expect
in such a veteran of parliamentary debate.
But as he grew more earnest, all appear-
ance of awkwardness passed away, there
was no delay for choice of words, and the
audience listened spell-bound. He had a
peculiar way of drawing back the corners of
his mouth just before beginning to speak,
as if he were trying to get a purchase upon
the sentence he was commencing. When-
ever he made a humorous point the smile
would linger on his face but for a moment.
He spoke with intense, almost fierce
earnestness throughout the address, and
during the hour and a half that he talked
there was no sign of breaking in his voice,
which was remarkably clear for a man of
his age."

Hints as to Advertising.
If you have goods to sell advertise the
fact. If any advertising canvasser wants
to advertise your business in a fancy frame
as a depot pay him 200 per cent. more than
it is worth, and let him put it there. When
a man has three-quarters of a second in
which to catch a train, he invariably stops
to read depot advertisements, and your card
might take his eye. Patronize every can-
vasser that shows you an advertising table,
card, directory, or even an ad-
vertising Bible, if one is offered. But don't
think of advertising in a well-established,
legitimate newspaper. Your advertise-
ment would find its way into all the thrifty
households of the region where the farmer,
the mechanic, the tradesman and others
live, and into the homes of the wealthy and
refined—all of whom need articles and have
the money with which to buy them; and
in the quiet of the evening, after the news
of the day had been digested, it would be
read and pondered upon, and the next day
people would come down to your store and
patronize you, and keep coming in increas-
ing numbers, and you might have to hire
an extra clerk or two, move into a larger
block and more favorable location and do a
big business; but, of course, it would be
more expensive.—New Haven Register.

Don't Nag a Child.
Don't nag. A sound reproof will do far
more good than a continual nagging for
hours. I have heard children say: "I'd
rather take a good sound whipping than a
scolding, because it is sooner over."

There are hosts of honorable adver-
tisers, the number of which is daily increas-
ing, who would no more think of misrepres-
enting in their advertisement than they
would in their own office or salesroom. It
pays consumers to read the announce-
ments of responsible and honorable firms
for the sake of the business information
they gain.

To reach the people and to hold before
them your name and business in honest
advertisement pays. Promises not kept,
or, to speak more plainly, dishonest adver-
tisements, not only injure the advertiser's
business, but also the paper that contains
them.

The death took place, on the 14th inst.,
of Dr. Fotts, headmaster of Fettes College,
Edinburgh, who recently underwent an
operation from the effects of which he
failed to recover.

Monday for health,
Tuesday for wealth,
Wednesday the best day of all,
Thursday for crosses,
Friday for losses,
Saturday no day at all.
—A stove pipe out at the elbows often
causes a great deal of trouble.

MRS. TRUCCLE'S CHARITY.

How She Assisted a Broken-Down Landlord.

A FASHIONABLE PHILANTHROPIST.

Mrs. Jane Maria Trucle was a most
charitable lady. Out of the very consid-
erable wealth which the late lamented Sam
Trucle had left her she contrived to spare
a good deal for what she considered deserv-
ing objects. Unfortunately, however, the
direction of her charity was largely influ-
enced by feelings other than those of pure
benevolence, and consequently, what she
considered deserving objects were often
hardly those that excited the sympathy of
the unbiased philanthropist.

The feelings which had most influence in
directing or misdirecting her charity were
those she was pleased to entertain on po-
litical. To be sure, she knew nothing in the
world about politics. That, however, did
not prevent—perhaps, indeed, it rather as-
sisted—her, being a tremendous Tory. She
was a Primrose dame of high degree, a
liberal subscriber to every anti-Liberal
undertaking, a bitter decrier of all parties
and persons whom smart people consider
"low," and a profound and ecstatic ad-
mirer of that fashionable society about the
purlieus of which she was delighted to
move.

Her political ideas acted on her charita-
ble feelings in this way. They made her
very careless about the sorrows and mis-
eries of the real poor, and very attentive to
every cry of distress raised by the unhappy
wealthy classes. Reports of destitution in
the east of London, or of famine among
the cottagers of the west of Ireland, moved
her very little; but when she heard Lord
This or Lady That dilating on the woes of
the money lenders and exploiters of Egypt,
or of the rack-renters and extortionists of
Ireland, she was quite overcome with sym-
pathy and sorrow for their troubles, and
ready to subscribe any amount to assist
them in their cause.

It was the morning following the final
meeting for the season of one of these
committees—one for the protection of
Irish land-owners—and Mrs. Trucle was
seated at her breakfast reading the annual
report. In it her name was several times
mentioned—and mentioned, too, in connec-
tion with those of two duchesses, one
marquess, three countesses and various
other ladies of lesser title. As the widow
read she could not help feeling, with a
benevolent glow on her face, that, after all,
virtue is its own reward.

She had just finished the report, and
was sitting reflecting how she could further
show her devotion to so deserving a cause,
when her meditations were interrupted
by the advent of the butler. He brought
her a gentleman's card. Astonished at
such a very early visit, Mrs. Trucle hastily
took the card, and, putting on her spec-
tacles, read the name on it.

"Mr. Eustace Burke," she said. "Who
is this person, Soker? I never heard of
him before."
"Don't know, ma'am," replied Soker.
"He says he wants to see you on very
important business."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Trucle. That's
very strange. What does he look like?"
"Oh, very genteel, ma'am. Looks like a
gentleman a little bit down in the world."
The amiable Soker was a shrewd judge of
character, and his mistress put great reli-
ance upon the estimate he formed of
strangers and acquaintances.

"Well, I'll see him. He's in the library,
I suppose?"
"Yes, ma'am."
When Mrs. Trucle entered the library
she found that Mr. Eustace Burke an-
swered very well to her butler's descrip-
tion of him. He was a tall, rather handsome
man, with, in spite of a threadbare coat
and an appearance of poverty, a certain
air of distinction about him. His man-
ners, too, were refined and high-bred. The
bow he gave Mrs. Trucle as she entered the
room was so dignified, and at the same
time so pathetic, that the good lady's heart
quite melted toward him. She saw at once
that he was just the sort of person she
always pitied—the person who, after hav-
ing lived for years on other people's labor,
is now reduced to the sad necessity of try-
ing to live by his own.

After a formal greeting, the stranger
spoke.
"I trust, Mrs. Trucle," he said, "that
you will forgive the liberty that I, a com-
plete stranger to you, have taken in dars-
ing to call on you. I assure you that nothing
but your reputation for kindness to the
unfortunate is to blame. If you will be
benevolent and generous to those who have
had disasters in the world's struggle, you
must expect, Mrs. Trucle, occasionally to
have a miserable being like myself appeal-
ing to you for assistance."

"Mr. Eustace Burke," said this in such a
nice, flattering way that Mrs. Trucle's
already good opinion of him was consid-
erably enhanced.

"I am always ready, sir," she said, "to
assist, as far as my means allow, persons
deserving my sympathy."
"I know it, madam," replied Mr. Burke,
"but the assistance I want from you is not
pecuniary assistance; I merely want your
help to put me into a position where I can
earn my bread."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Trucle, still more
favorably impressed. "May I ask for a
little information as to your antecedents
and claims?"

"Certainly, madam," answered Mr. Burke
with a sigh, "although the subject to me
is a most painful one. I belong to that
most unfortunate class of men, Irish
landlords. I still nominally possess a con-
siderable estate near Ballymullawack, and
I am cousin to Lord Grabmore, of that
neighborhood, of whom, perhaps, you have
heard."

"Oh, yes," put in Mrs. Trucle quickly.
"I met him once at a Primrose League
meeting."

"Ah," said Mr. Burke with satisfaction,
"then we are not quite such strangers after
all. When I called at your door I little
knew that you and my distinguished rela-
tive were friends."

"Well," said Mrs. Trucle, blushing a little
at the idea of being thought of as a friend of
the great Lord Grabmore. "Well, we're hardly
friends."

"At least acquaintances," said Mr. Burke.
"But to resume, madam. Some years ago

my income from that estate was counted in
thousands; to-day I don't receive from it a
penny. My wife, who once had her carriage
and her footmen, is now actually in want
of bread!"

"Dreadful, dreadful!" exclaimed Mrs.
Trucle.
"You may well say so, madam. We have
neither bread to eat nor a roof to cover us.
It is in this fearful state that I have come
to you to ask you to assist me to
obtain a place where I can earn enough to
keep body and soul together." And Mr.
Burke, as he spoke, nearly sobbed with emo-
tion.

"Mr. Burke, you may rely on me," cried
Mrs. Trucle. "What sort of a place would
you like?"

"Madame, your kindness overpowers
me," said Mr. Burke in a broken voice,
"and yet it is what I should have expected.
Madame, I was brought up a gentleman,
and so know none of the vulgar ways of
earning a livelihood. The places I am
capable of filling are only humble ones. I
can think of one only. Many people of
fashion—yourself probably among the num-
ber—will soon be leaving town. Caretakers
will be wanted to look after the houses. Do
you think you could get any of the nobility
or gentry of your acquaintance to accept
my services of myself and wife in this
direction?"

"Certainly, Mr. Burke, most certainly,"
said Mrs. Trucle. "As you guess, I'm
leaving town myself—for my house at
Hastings—and taking my servants with
me. I usually get a policeman to live
here when I'm away, but I shall only be
too happy to have you and your wife in-
stead."

Mr. Eustace Burke overpowered the good
lady with fervent thanks. He assured her
over and over again that she had saved
him and his poor wife from absolute star-
vation, and that he never could, should or
would forget her kindness to him. Then at
last he rose to go.

It was only now that he was about to
leave that it occurred to Mrs. Trucle that
she was acting with hardly her usual pru-
dence. In her charitable haste to help the
distinguished pauper she had quite for-
gotten to ask him for references to show
that he was as distinguished as he said.
She had heard a good deal in the length-
ened experience of the world of rogues who
were very clever at passing themselves off
as gentlemen, and, in spite of her own and
her butler's opinion to the contrary, Mr.
Burke might not be the broken-down aristocrat
he seemed to be and said he was. Now,
however, that she and he had, as it
were, become acquainted, she felt rather
embarrassed about asking him for refer-
ences of character; it seemed like throwing
doubt on his truthfulness and honor. Still,
she felt that it must be done. As, there-
fore, he moved toward the door, she said,
in a hesitating way:

"But, Mr. Burke, perhaps you would be
so kind—" And with this she came to a
full stop.

Mr. Burke, in a moment, perceived what
she meant, and came to her relief.

"Oh, I understand, madam," he said,
with a smile. "How stupid of me, to be
sure, not to have thought of it before! Of
course, you want references to prove to you
that I am who I represent myself to be,
and that my sad story's true. I think I
have letters with me that will satisfy you
on both points."

He took a number of letters from his
pocket, and, selecting two from among them,
handed them to Mrs. Trucle. One was from
Rev. Mr. Mortmain, vicar of Snobton, and
Knight Almoner of the Primrose League.
It ran as follows:

Rev. Mr. Mortmain, vicar of Snobton,
and Knight Almoner of the Primrose
League, is deeply grieved to learn how the
perfidious policy of the murder league in
Ireland has reduced Mr. Eustace Burke
from affluence to poverty, and strongly
recommends the case of this unfortunate
son of a noble house, ruined by the dis-
honesty and covetousness of the lower or-
ders, to the benevolent consideration of the
happier members of his own class.

The other was from the great Marquis
of Gooseberry himself—or rather from his
private secretary. It ran as follows:

Sir,—The Marquis of Gooseberry directs
me to return you the enclosed letter of re-
commendation, and to forward you a check
for two guineas. Yours obediently,
S. SPANIEL.

"I can produce many others," said Mr.
Burke, when Mrs. Trucle had finished
reading these.

"These are quite sufficient," replied Mrs.
Trucle. "Where the Marquis of Goose-
berry sees good to assist, it does not become
a humble person like myself to raise dif-
ficulties."

Mr. Eustace Burke bowed.

"Now, madam," he said, "that you are
satisfied with my bona fides, may I ask one
slight concession from you?"

"Most certainly, Mr. Burke,"
"Madam," said Mr. Burke, with digni-
fied humility, "I have fallen low, but my
pride is still as high as ever. May I im-
plore you, then, to spare it by keeping
secret the fact that I am forced to earn a
livelihood in this menial way?"

"Decidedly," replied Mrs. Trucle, with a
generous air. "It is not my nature to
trample on the fallen. No, Mr. Burke;
regret deeply that you are forced to earn
your living, and I will not add to your
humiliation by any act, or behavior, or
word of mine."

The next day Mr. Eustace Burke brought
round his wife—a most ladylike person,
Mrs. Trucle could not but confess to her-
self—and introduced her to Mrs. Trucle,
and then the three of them settled the
terms on which Mr. Burke and his wife
were to become caretakers. A week or so
later Mrs. Trucle, after sending all her
superfluous jewels to her banker for safe
keeping, left for Hastings, and the Burkes
were duly installed in charge of her town
house.

Mrs. Trucle was happy and contented.
She felt that she had really and truly done
a good work. She had assisted a lady and
gentleman who had been rich and were
poor, who were well born and very smart,
and who were nearly related to the peer-
age. Only one thing detracted from her
satisfaction. That was her promise of
secrecy. Mrs. Trucle was not one of those
who love to hide their lights under a bushel.
When she did a good work she thought
half its moral effect was lost if all the
world did not know of it.

Still she kept her promise, difficult

though the task was. Once only did she
in the slightest degree infringe it, and
then the temptation was enough to excuse
anybody, for whom did she most but her
cousin's cousin, Lord Grabmore? She
met him at a Primrose League reunion at
Lady Swacen's house, and had a short chat
with him. Then all she said was this:

"By the way, Lord Grabmore, I met
your cousin, Mr. Burke, lately."
"What, Eustace?" asked his Lordship.
"Yes, Mr. Eustace Burke."
"In Paris?"
"No; in London."

"What on earth was he doing in Lon-
don?" said his Lordship, in anything but
a pleased tone.

Mrs. Trucle went very red and hesi-
tated.

"Ah! I see," said Lord Grabmore,
drily, and he at once changed the subject.
"He knows that his poor cousin is in
difficulties," thought Mrs. Trucle, "and I
suppose he knows, too, that he has been
applying to me for assistance. He should
be ashamed of himself—a rich man like
him to let his poor relative go a-begging."

Mrs. Trucle had been about a fortnight
or so in Hastings when she received a tele-
gram from her solicitor that startled her.
It said: "Come to town at once. Want
to see you on most important business."

"What can it mean?" Mrs. Trucle
asked herself. "Can any of my invest-
ments have gone wrong? I hope not. Mr.
Guiles is such a careful man that that isn't
at all likely. But what can it be, I won-
der? At any rate, I must go. Soker,
when is the next train to London? I want
to run up there for an hour or two."

The moment Mrs. Trucle reached town
she drove over to her solicitor. Mr. Guiles
was engaged in court, but he had left orders
that he was to be sent for when Mrs.
Trucle arrived. But she was so eager to
know at once why she had been telegraphed
for that she asked the managing clerk what
was the matter.

"Well, madam, I don't know that any-
thing is wrong," replied that gentleman
with legal caution. "But may I ask who
the caretakers are that you have in your
house?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Burke," replied
Mrs. Trucle, with a start. "They are
cousins of Lord Grabmore's. Why do you
want to know?"

"Oh, cousins of Lord Grabmore's, are
they?" said the clerk reflectively. "Per-
haps there is nothing wrong, then, after all.
It only seemed to us that they were behav-
ing very queerly for caretakers."

"What are they doing?" asked Mrs.
Trucle.

"Well, in a few words, happening to pass
your house yesterday, I observed with sur-
prise that it seemed to be occupied as
usual. All the blinds and curtains were
up and the windows clean. I knocked at
the door, and it was opened by a footman."

"A footman!" exclaimed Mrs. Trucle
in amazement. "What was he like?"

"A tall, rather distinguished-looking
man, with handsome features and dark
eyes."

"Burke, as I'm a woman!" exclaimed
Mrs. Trucle.

"Well, his answers—let him be what he
may—were so unsatisfactory that when I
reported them to Mr. Guiles he sent one of
our clerks to keep a look out on the place.
He reported that a lady, dressed in great
style, drove up to the house and went in,
and the servant next door told him that
tradespeople were continually calling. So,
thinking the whole affair looked suspicious,
Mr. Guiles this morning, without waiting
for instructions, asked the police to look
into the affair."

"He was quite right," cried Mrs. Trucle,
much excited. "And I'll go off this minute
and have the Burkes arrested; they are
evidently a couple of rascally swindlers!"

"But, madam, Mr. Guiles told me to
ask you to wait until he returned," said the
managing clerk.

"I'm quite able to take care of myself,
thanks," cried Mrs. Trucle, thereby doing
herself little more than justice.

Accordingly away the good lady drove
to her house to bring the Burkes to book.
When she reached it she found it as the
managing clerk had described. Foaming
with rage, Mrs. Trucle jumped out of the
cab and rushed up the steps.

She rang the bell violently; there was
no response. She rang it again; still there
was no answer. She was about to pull it
a third time, when a hand was placed on
her shoulder. She turned round indignantly.

"What do you mean, sir?" she said to
the person who had taken the liberty.

"I mean, ma'am," replied the fellow
with mock deference, "that the old man
has bolted. He got wind that we were on
his track, and out his stick. It was mean
of him to save his own skin and leave you."
"Leave me?" exclaimed Mrs. Trucle.

"I don't understand you."
"I mean, ma'am," said the man, "that
the cue you call your husband has bolted,
but that you won't get the chance of doing
the same. I arrest you for obtaining from
Messrs. Clinker & Co., bankers, possession of
Mrs. Trucle's jewels by means of a
forged letter."

Mrs. Trucle stood dumfounded for a
moment or two.

"Do you know, sir," she then said,
"that I myself am Mrs. Trucle?"

her—that she and another person not in
custody, by falsely representing them-
selves to be Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Burke,
had got themselves appointed caretakers of
Mrs. Trucle's town residence, and that
while there they did, by means of a forged
order, purporting to be written by Mrs.
Trucle, induce Messrs. Clinker & Co.,
her bankers, to send her jewels to the
house, where they made away with them.

The detective pledged himself to prove not
only this charge, but quite a multitude
of others, nearly as grave. Among these
latter were several bad cases of defrauding
tradesmen and jewellers, by the prisoner
driving to them in a carriage, and by
representing herself to be Mrs. Trucle,
and getting them to forward valuable
goods to the house for approval, none of
which goods were ever returned. These
were also charges of obtaining money
from numbers of public persons—from the
Marquis of Gooseberry down by means
of begging letters. In conclusion, the
detective asked the Magistrate for a day's
remand, until he could collect his witnesses
and communicate with Mrs. Trucle, whom,
he understood, was at present living at
Hastings.

"Certainly, sergeant," replied the magis-
trate. "Remanded till to-morrow."

"But, sir," cried Mrs. Trucle desper-
ately, "I am Mrs. Trucle!"

"What does she say?" asked the magis-
trate.

"She says she is Mrs. Trucle, your wor-
ship," answered the detective.

"Is she quite right in her head?" asked
the magistrate.

"I don't know, your worship," replied
the detective dubiously. "But she has
kept on saying the same thing ever since I
arrested her."

"I think the doctor had perhaps better
see her."

"But, sir, for goodness' sake—" cried
Mrs. Trucle.

"Remove her at once," said the magis-
trate.

Mrs. Trucle was just being carried off
screaming when Mr. Guiles rushed into
court, reaching his office, and finding that
his client had gone alone to her house, he
followed her. She had, however, by that
time been arrested and taken off to Grape
street. When after some difficulty, Mr.
Guiles discovered this, he followed post
haste to explain the blunder.

Mrs. Trucle was liberated, of course,
with many apologies; but her jewels, and
the rogues who stole them, have been seen
no more. It turned out that they were a
pair of well-known sharpers and begging
letter writers, for whom the police had been
on the lookout for some time. The real
Eustace Burke, Mrs. Trucle has since
been diagnosed to discover, is a penniless
drunkard, who, after spending all he pos-
sessed, now lives on a small pension which
Lord Grabmore allows him on condition
that he never comes to England.—London
Truth.

Candle Power of Electric Light.
Questions as to the candle power of elec-
tric lights of the arc system have been
raised in Berlin, as in this country. The
lamps used in Unter den Linden are re-
quired to give a light of from 2,000 to 5,000
candles. It is asserted that they did not
actually exceed 500 candle power, so an
elaborate series of photometric tests were
made. The results varied with direction
from which the candle power was mea-
sured. The naked light gave very little
light in a horizontal direction (196 candles);
at an angle of 20 degrees about 1,166
candles, and at an angle of 42 degrees 2,014
candles. From that point the candle power
sinks rapidly, and at 60 degrees there is no
light, but shadow. The average without
globes is about 1,228 candles. When globes
are used the intensity of the light is more
evenly distributed at the different angles,
but is greatly reduced, the loss amounting
to from 40 to 53 per cent., and even with
the use of reflectors the loss by the globes
is 32 per cent. The ultimate result of the
experiments is the estimate that the lamps,
instead of being either of 5,000 or 2,000
candle power, give an average lighting power
of 834 candles. Stated in a more under-
standable way, when the lights are 26 feet
8 inches above the pavement, the light
necessary for reading is obtained at the
height of a man's head, and at a distance
of 53 feet.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Scotch Church Moderators.
The new moderators for the Scottish
Church assemblies have been nominated,
and both are in their way well-known men.
The Church of Scotland will have Rev.
A. K. H. Boyd, D.D., LL.D., who is per-
haps more familiar to the reader of British
literature for his articles signed "A. K. H. B." than for his clerical position. The
Free Church moderator will be Rev. Dr.
Brown, of Edinburgh, one of the ministers
who "went out" at the disruption in 1843,
and who has written the "Annals of the
Disruption," an historical account of the
troubles of those times.

Bay as a Swimmer.
Bayville Visitor—I would like to get you
to teach me to sail a boat.

Boatman—Sail a boat? Why, it's easy
as swimming. Just grab the main sheet
with one hand and the tiller with the other,
and if a law strikes, ease up or bring 'er
an' loose the halyards; look out for the
gaff an' boom, or the hull thing 'll be in the
water, an' ye'll be upset; but if the wind is
steady y'r all right, unless y'r too slow in
luffin' to 'cause then y'll upset sure.
Jump right in an' try it; but, remember,
whatever ye do, don't jibe.—New York
Weekly.

Flat Irony.
Shirt to Wrists—So you are in trouble
again with the cuffs on?
Wrists to Shirt—Well, you are well-
ironed.—N. Y. Sun.

Neatly Turned.
"The pudding is not very good."
"Ah, but we can afford to ignore the
pudding when we consider the sauce."

A young man of Western entered a dress
suit from a tailor, who agreed to deliver it
on a certain day. Because of the failure of
the tailor to send it he could not go, but
his rival went, proposed, and was accepted,
and the plaintiff now wants damages.

—Money makes the man but the man
has to make the money first.

—Omaha-hs' right out when ever Coun-
cil Bluffs.

—Money makes the man but the man
has to make the money first.

—Omaha-hs' right out when ever Coun-
cil Bluffs.

—Money makes the man but the man
has to make the money first.

—Omaha-hs' right out when ever Coun-
cil Bluffs.

STANLEY'S ST.

Most Graphic Let

DEATH, DISAST

The Expedition Le

THE GEOGRAPH

Mr. Stanley has h

To the Editor of the

The Herald corre

during our day's ha

from the coast, has

should write to you

that I should be en

I know what subje