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## Following Directions.



"Hold on to me tight" he said "while I get my hat."



They held on tight.

## He Lost a Sale.

An icebox on which a sign "For Sale" stood in front of a Brooklyn grocery store the other day, and when a woman stopped to examine it, a man, with his hands and overalls showing grime came out and said: "Madam, dot vhas der beegest bargain in dis whole county. I paid \$18 for dot icebox, and now I sell him for—for—vhiell, I make der price so cheap dot it pays you to split him oop for firewood." "Boen in use a long time," she observed as she looked inside. "Madame, I gif you fife thousand dollar if I doan' buy him only last year."

"What's the principle on which it works?" "Der best principle in all dis world, madame. It vhas by der copyright, horizontal, rotary principle, and nobody can beat it. My son he runs dis grocery for me while I runs my boiler and engine shop. Dot makes me know all about ice boxes."

"A boiler isn't an ice box," she remarked, as she looked into it again. "Shust so, madam, but der principles vhas der same. Dis vas a ten-flue ice box, mit a return draught. She vhas seex-inch stroke, patent cut-off, tested oop to 180 pounds, and vhas feered oop mit a low-water indicator and all der latest inventions. If dat ice box explodes on you I gif you one million dollar, and any shild can run him."

"Explos! Mercy on me, but I don't want anything around to blow me up! It must be some new fangled arrangement."

"Madame, I gif you my word he vhas as safe ash a trunk oop in der garret. He consumes his own smoke, vhas provided mit a check-draught of der latest style, und—" "I don't want it!" she said with a decided snap in her voice, and hurried away as if she feared an explosion. At that moment a young man came out and asked: "Fadder, doan' you make a sale?" "No."

"Vhas you tell her?" "I say to her dot it vhas by her copyright, horizontal, rotary principle, mit return flues, seex-inch stroke, patent—" "Fadder, you go avay and leaf me to sell him. You vhas too scientific. So mooch talk makes people afraid. I shust tell 'em dot it vhas for sale by a family who vhas dot it vhas for der summer, or to wind oop an estate, und before to-morrow he vhas sold. You vhas all right on engines und boilers, but you vhas way off on ice boxes. All der principle about him vhas to sell him for \$10 cash."

## MAKING A RECORD.

**Mr. Van Pank Scores His Ninth Rejection Without Opposition.**

"Please do not say anything more, Mr. Van Pank," protested the young girl. "I must not listen to you." "Don't refuse to hear me, Miss Petherbridge!" he exclaimed as he looked about the room as if to find a hassock to kneel on, but seeing none, he stood upright, looked intently at the ceiling, and proceeded rapidly, in a high-pitched voice.

"Doubtless you will say, Miss Petherbridge, that you never have given me any encouragement. You will think I am presumptuous in venturing to address you thus. But it must occur to you that a young man has no other way of ascertaining in what light he is regarded by the object upon whom he has fixed his hopes of earthly happiness than to—to try it on, you know. Therefore, Miss Petherbridge, to come to the point at once (for in matters of this kind it has always been my custom—mind it is always best to be direct and of this—let me ask you, without any preamble, prologue, or introduction, whether you could—)

"Mr. Van Pank, I am sorry to—" "Whether you could make up your mind to consent to link your fate to that of a young man whom you never may be regarded in any other light than that of a friend, but of whose entire devotion you may be assured, and who long has entertained for you feelings that—" "You will oblige me, Mr. Van Pank, by—" "Feelings that he may not have suffered to escape him hitherto. In short, Miss Petherbridge—for the question is simply one of the heart, and need be occasion for the fewest words only—may I ask you whether, after mature deliberation and—" "What are you trying to ask, Mr. Van Pank?" "I am trying to ask you, Miss Petherbridge, if you will marry me."

"Then there is no need of any more words, I am sorry that I cannot give you a favorable answer, but—" "Do I understand you to refuse?" "I certainly do refuse." "You reject me!" "If you must have it in the plainest possible words, Mr. Van Pank, I reject you, though I am sorry to say anything that gives you pain."

The young man took a note book from his pocket and made a mark in it with his pencil. "You will not deny," he said, "that I have asked you whether you would marry me?" "Certainly not." "And you have said you would not?" "That is what I have said."

"That's right. Check." "And he made another mark in the note book." "You are the ninth young woman who has given me the same answer since last Thursday," he said briskly. "I'll get over the pain, Miss Petherbridge. I'm trying to make a record. That's all. Good morning!" —Chicago Tribune!

**One Soul Saved.**  
First Feminine Reformer—"Do you think you have finally saved Mr. Tipple?"  
Second Feminine Reformer—"Yes, indeed. I have prayed with him, and sang with him, and read to him until he has become converted, that he is going to get a divorce from his wife and marry me."—Life.

**Marriage a Failure.**  
Cobwigger—"Did you ask Brown if he liked his new house?"  
Merritt—"It wasn't necessary. I heard his wife say she liked it."—Epoch.



They held on tight.