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Editor and Prop rieto

Business Birectory.

MEDICAL. The same of the sa TOHN M. MACDONALD, M. D., C. M.

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Call and examine our stock. We can suit you in style, quality and price. Goods CONTRACT RATES—The following table shows Christmas prices will be higher. Now is the time to buy and the best value in town

> **Doll Sale Next Saturday.** \$2.00 Dolls \$1.25. \$1:00 Dolls 65c. 25c. Dolls 18c. 50c Dolls 35c. ioc. Dolls 7c. Come and see the goods. We have th

stock and carry out what we advertise. Day's Bookstore,

> Cuelph. Day sells cheap.

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Money to loan at 5% straight loan or repayable in monthly instalments on application to

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Oxford Stoves and Ranges Oxford Base Burner Oxford Furnaces.

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and in anticipation of a larger business and also a great advance in British and Foreign goods, we placed our import orders early that we might give our friends the benefit of the advance which has taken place. We have the production of the best mills and the latest novelties in designs in

-Sultings--Pantings--Overcoatings-Call and see our goods. It is a pleasure

show them. Fit and workmanship guaranteed. Cooper & Akins,

Mill St. Acton. We are sole agents in Acton for the celebrated Bellwarp and Blenheim Serge, which does not fire or phanes its color in THE REPORT OF

WANTED—Beveral bright and honest persons to represent us as Managers in this and close by counties. Salary \$900 a year and expenses. Straight, bons fide, up more, no less salary. Position permanent. Our references, any bank in any town. It is mainly office work conducted at home. Reference: Maclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The Dominion Company, Dept. 3. Officago.

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Advances made to responsible farmers on their own names a the lowest curren rates. No charge made for collecting sales notes if payable in Guelph. A general banking business transacted.

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Manager.

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It wouldn't make any difference where Christmas Goods

were bought, but it don't; and so we want you to know that we will be the nearest mitation to it this season. Our Christmas

Siverware, Cutlery, Razors, Lamps, Tea Kettles, Skates **Bweepers**

are now in and "First Come, First Select ion." 'You will save dollars by coming to

John M. Bond & Co. CUBLPH Motto: "Satisfaction." HARD WARE

30

Order your Coal now from The Last Will of J. C. HILL. Coal Dealer.

Delivered promptly at reasonable prices. Stoves, Ranges, Pipes, Pipe Varnish

First-class Coal of all sizes required

Stove Boards, Coal Scuttles, etc. ACTON.

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The place to go for the ..Best Flour...

Bran, Middlings, Chop Feed,

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Chopping every day at Everton mills and every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at Eden Mills. Always buying wheat. No credit.

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Manufacturer of Sash Doors Frames Mouldings in all styles DRESSING. MATCHING.

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Poetry.

THE CHILDREN'S VOTE OF THANKS We, Canada's little children of the probibition To the voters good and true, tender our gratefu

thanks. We know you strove to guard us from lives want and care. To save our precious souls from meeting liquor a.wful anaro. Wo, Canada's loyal children,

Shall no'er be liquor's slaves : We know you will march forward Till the flag of freedom waves. When we kneel to say "Our Father," by ou mothers' knees at night, We will pray the "King of Kings" to keep you ! in the fight; And though the blighting traffic invades ou country yet,

The One who "marks the sparrow's fall" you cause can not forget. Do you hear the women praying For emancipation day? You voters sought to bring it

And the cruel tyrant slay. We children take a pledge to help you in cause of right, We may only hold a standard, but we hold with our might; o shall print these words upon it in lines sbining gold: For God and home and native land the bravest

It may be some of us children Will soon join Heaven's throng, And tell them all up yonder How you fought against the wrong. There are little children starving who have only rags to woar,

votes were polled."

thoir frames are weak and spare. Some die from cold and hunger, and are laid beneath the sod : They go where there's no drinking-to the palace of our God. We, the young helpless children,

They live in homes where "Father drinks" an

Are looking for the day. When the thought how weak ones suffer Each voter's heart will sway We are only little children vet our eves ar

filled with toars, When we think how some are suffering, their doar boarts filled with fears; Bocause "when father drinks," he may mee them with a blow : But you voters tried to save them from this life of foar and woo.

And now, all noble voters. Accept our thanks once more. May God upon your offerts His richest blessings pour. Yours on behalf of the children. REBECCA M. BMITH. Guolph, Ont. Band of Hope Superintendent.

Select Family Reading.

-Montreal Witness.

Abel Mitchell. BY W. R. ROSE.

BEL MITCHELL called to bis typowriter. "You may go, Miss Morris," he said. He did not look up

J. C. HIL L from the papers before him. The young woman turned to the clock with a little start of surprise. It was only 4.80. But she quietly put on her hat and with a murmured good-night left the room, Abel listened to the departing rustle of ber skirts with a thoughtful expression. There was a sensible girl, a girl who never grated on his feelings, a girl who asked no useless questions. She had reached an age of discretion. If Jim was determined to placed in his paternal arms. If he loved marry a poor girl, why couldn't he have taken one like Emma Morris?

Abel opened a heavy envelope and drew forth a folded paper. "Jim never was confidential with me. he grombled. "Perhaps I didn's invite his confidence. I don't know. Now he has disobeved my direct command. can't be overlooked. When he told me about this girl I said wait. 'How long ?' he asked. 'Until you reach years of disoretion !' I oried and turned away. Jim is twenty-four. Twenty-four! And I married at twenty-one. Yes, and ran away too. But it was different with me. My

father had nothing to give me. I was he smiled grimly. "And why are you not quite indifferent. He was glad to have me enjoying your-your wedding tour ?" shift for myself. Jim's father is a rich man. Jim's father has given him dollars where my father begrudged me pennies. Jim owes me filial obedience. He has disobeyed me to his bitter cost." He unfolded the paper that he had taken

from the envelope and ran his keen gray

ove down the closely written lines. "He has given up his father for a pretty face," he murmured. "Let him stand by the consequences. Who is she? What is she? It matters not. No doubt they trapped him into the marriage. 'A rich man's son,' they chuckled. But they'll find they're fooled. 'Father,' he said, 'I am to be married to-morrow night. Will you come with me to the wedding?" turned on my heel. Then I looked back. You know the price you pay?' I cried Yes, father,' he said, with his bead high up, 'I know. Goodbe, and Gcd bless you.' He asked a blessing on me! Ha, ha, ha; that's too rich! But he'll get evil for good this time. I'll out him off without dollar. Let him sup on herbe for awhile-

That'll take the veneer from love's young droam. I'll draw up a new will at home to-night and have it witnessed before I sleep. And to let him know what his foelish fancy has cost him I'll write him a letter-a letter he can show to his new relatives. That's the thing-the letter.' He bent down with his head upon his hand and his eyes upon the paper. rustle of skirts in the doorway drew his attention. He did not look up. It was a "Ah, Miss Morrie," he said, "back I are going to be very good friends. And again?" He had quite forgotten that he had cent her home.

The young girl in the doorway did not answer. Her bright eyes were fixed upon the old man. She expected him to look up. If he had done so, he would have seen a charming vision. She was a very pretty girl-dainty and neat from the tip of her he did not look up. "Just in time," he added. "I want diotate a letter before you go."

view you as a confidential agent. Besides this will be public property very soon.

without a solitary dollar. Are you

ready ?" The girl at the typewriter gave the instrument a preliminary clink or two. "James Mitchell," began the old man. "as you have seen fit to disobey me, to cast my fatherly wishes in my teeth, desire you to know that I have no wish to hold further communication with you. While I cherish the impression that you were lured into this unhappy marriage"-

The typewriter stopped, "Unhappy marriage," the old man repeated, and the clicking recommenced, "yet I cannot accept this as an excuse for your undatiful conduct. To-night I change my will, and you may rest assured that your name will be passed over with the smallest possible financial consideration. I prefer to have you understand this here and now. It will prevent you and your new friends from oberishing any false hopes. This is all I have to say, and no reply will be expected. Abel Mitchell."

The young girl drew the sheet from th machine and, bringing it forward, laid it on the old man's dosk. Abel glancod is through. "A beautiful copy," he said and carefully folded it. Then he placed it in an ouvelope

"I do not know his address," he said, and knit his brows. The girl at the end of the desk extended her hand. "If you have no objection," she quietly

and dipped a pen in ink.

The old man looked up at the fair face bending over him. "Why, who are you?" he cried. "I am Alice Mitchell," said the young

said, "I will deliver it to him in person."

"Mitchell !- repeated Abel dully. "My son's wife! And what"- But the ugly words would not come. He could not ucter them in the light of those gentle eyes "Will you be scated?" he lamely added. "Thank you, no," said the girl. "I have but a few words to say; they will not detain you long." Abel's gaze dropped to the letter and the will, and a sarcastio smile twisted his mouth. "No, no," the girl quickly added. "I have not come to plead with you. You are quite wrong to magine such a thing. And you were quite wrong, too, to insult me as you did in that letter." He looked up again quickly. There were tears in her gentle eyes. there was a glint of fire in them too. "You insulted me and you insulted my dear father. I have no mother." She paused moment. "When you insinuated that my father was mercenary in this matter, you did him a cruel wrong. He was bitterly opposed to our marrying without your

consent. I disobeyed my father too. But it was not for your money. This letter will bring us no surprise." The old man dropped his eyes beneath her reproachful gaze. "Perhaps I was hasty," he slowly said. "but the provocation was great."

he quickly added, "But knowing as you did that I opposed the wedding, and your father opposed it, too, why did you permit yourself to marry my boy?" "I could make it clear to you, I think," said the girl gently, "if you loved you

The old man trembled. If he loved boy ! All that was near and dear, to him -all that was left to him of kith and kin. The babe that a dying wife had solemnly his boy! He drew a long breath and stared hard at the blank envelope on the desk before bim. "And now," said the young girl, "I only want to add that I think Jim was quite wrong in crossing your wishes. He might

have waited. I wanted him to wait. But That he is so proud, so self-willed. I am very sorry that I should be the means of separating you, and I-I am quite sure I am not worth the great eacrifice my dearmy husband-has made." Abel was quite sure there were thars ber oyes again, but he did not look up. "Where is Jim now ?" he asked. Then

There was a vacancy in the bank my father is employed," said the girl, "and father secured it for Jim. His duties bogan to-day. Perhaps we will take our wedding journey later. We have to look out carefully for the main chance now, you

"And you didn't expect to fall back on my dollars?' said the old man. "Not a penny of them," quickly rep

the girl. The old man fiducted in his chair. "And why not?" he asked. "I think you understand," said the girl,

and her gaze dropped to the letter on the "Does Jim know you are here ?" "No. At least he didn't know I was coming. Father will tell him to meet me at the corner at five o'clock. I must go," "Wait," said the old man quickly. tooked at her searchingly. She met his goze with a smile. Her mind was on Jim Abel deliberately put the will back in its

Then he picked up the letter in its unaddressed envelope, tore it into minute particles and tossed them into the waste basket. "I've changed my mind." he soft

envelope and the envelope in its pigeophole.

He pulled down his deek cover with bang and reached for his hat. "There," he said, "I'm ready." Ther he added, "Will you give me your arm, my dear?" As they passed through the door way he paused. "I think, Alice," he said, "that you and

now we must hant up Jim and take him home with us."-Cleveland Plain Dealer. THE NON-TREATING CLUB.

The Non-treating Club may not hav great success as an organization, but its object is commendable just the same. new hat to the tips of her new shoes. But | The treating habit is a more effective agency for the promotion of intemperance than most persons realize. Moreover, the He paused, and the young girl, as if seized with a sudden fancy, quietly stepped into the room and seated herself at the with another from considerations of many mortifications, how many in "You have been with us so long, Miss refreshment than there is for partaking of many falls into sin and how many wound Morris," the old man continued, "that we a most when one does not want. Time ings of our Christian character we would was when the rules of hospitality required | be delivered from ! I overenting from guests at the banquet am going to write to my son. Last night | table. Happily that barbarian usage is | reaped, but the reapers are not always the he married an unknown girl against my outgrown. It will be better for the world sowers alone. wishes. I am going to tell him that I when the babit of treating and of drinking wash my hands of him and his; that to- with friends simply because asked to inevitable result of faithful, well-directed pight I change my will, catting him off drink is likewise outgrown. - Record.

ERI'S BURULARS.

Farmer Eri Stebbins, fast asleep after loud crash. Just what or where the noise was did not appear and, after a little vain listening for further disturbance, the tired farmer sank again into slumber. A wife's voice, whispering hoarsely in his ear : "Eri! Eri! wake up! there's some-

you hear 'um ?" Eri did hear some one moving some- institution. It thrives for the curse, not where in the lower part of the house, and | the benefit, of men of the lower order of he instantly slid out of bed ready to do society. And the more's the pity; For if battle. "Somebody in his cellar! He'd society can only hope to be safe by all show 'em a thing or two worth remember- men's becoming freemen and have a icg." With these warlike thoughts chance of rising to higher levels, then to slipped on his trousers and stole softly of the weak is a crime against heaven. downstairs to the kitchen.

of some one paddling in water. Eri was taking down his loaded gun from its hooks on the wall just as another | the drunkard at the bar of the saloon. crash resounded through the house. That time the sound was unmistakable; a pan | who, with a false pity for the poor, are of milk had been knocked from the table willing to uphold it for the sake of making to the stone floor. The angry farmer | what is called a "club" for the lowly. If cocked his gun, hurried to the cellar door, the saloon is in any sense a club, it is such threw it open and then-stopped short.

six half-grown pige making a feast of the milk which was streaming all over the

way to the outer door, pushed it open, and entered the cellar. The only thing to do was to drive them out. So, putting his gan back on the hooks. ne started to eject the intruders. harder to drive than all others, that quad-

ruped is a pig. However, as the farmer was experienced in pig-driving and thoroughly in carnest, he soon got rid off all except one brute which stead(astly refused to go. He would charge full towards the open door, but when within a few feet of it would suddenly dark saids and rush back to the farthest corner of the cellar. When routed from this lurking-place he would repeat his former manosuver with just enough variation to render impossible any attempt to stop him.

After three or four such experiences, Eri began to get excited. He would have quite forgotten he was barefooted.

As a result he nearly broke all the toes frightened the poor pig so badly that he suddenly made a belt up the stairs toward He was all smiles when we started from the kitchen.

tallow candle, was just coming to her husband's assistance. There was a fine grunts, followed by several heavy bumps as | us respected the woman and the pig rolled together down the stairs and into the puddle of At this ludicrous eight Eri burst into with as fine froge as I ever eaw, and all laughter, whereupon his indignant spouse

heart, declaring that he would laugh if she were to break her neck. While the farmer was pacifying his angry wife, prodent piggy elipped quietly out of the door and made good his; escape.]

A VENTRILOQUIST'S JOKE. good ventriloquist. Two hands of one of it down and swore me not to tell. But I the steamers were engaged in rolling off a did, and that's what made the trouble." cask, when, to the consternation and surprise of the persons engaged in performing that operation, a voice was heard sitting on a moss pad blinking. Neighbor within the cask: "Roll it easy; these had been fishing for bass on dry land all plaguy nails hurt. I'd rather pay my the while."

passage than stand all this." Holding up their hands, their visuals expanding to the size of two saucers, the laborors exclaimed: "That beats the dickens !" The mate coming up at this moment and unaware of the cause of delay, com-

menced cursing them for their dilatoriness,

"What's that !" said the mate. "Why, it's me," said the voice. "I want to get out; I won't stand it any lorger." "Up end the cask," said the mate. "Oh, don't; you'll kill me," said the

voice. "Oh, how these nails prick! Look

ont-don't !" sgain said the cased-up individual, as the men were turning it over. "Cooper," said the mate, "unbead the pask and take that man out." As the adze sundered the hoops and the head was coming out, the voice broke forth: "Be easy now. Is there any one

about? I don't want to be caught." Quite a crowd had now gathered around the scene of action, when a loud, gutturel laugh broke forth, which made cur hair stand on end, as the cask was filled with

"What does it mean!" save one. "I boats my time," said the mate. We enjoyed the joke too well to "blow" as we walked off arm in-arm with the ventrilogaist.

THE STILL HOUR.

Jesus brings great coolness to or

feverish spirits. Our tempers aften get ruffled. Some provocation has set us fire : we need cooling down, and a look at that patient, forgiving Saviour, who when revited never revited back again, may shame us out of our wicked irritation. There are other things that heat our souls | yours?" inquired Dr. Skinner. -the fever of selfishness, the flame of covetouences, the inflamings of fleshey lusts, habit is foolish and contrary to canons of or the rash impetuosity of hasty words and good taste. There is no reason why a per- deeds. O for the culming and cooling son should feel under obligation to drink shadow of Christ at such seasons! How supposed courtesy when not in need of temperate acts, how many blunders, how

> What has been sown must also be Power is not an arbitrary gift, it is the

SOCIAL LIFE IN THE SALOON. A social vice is a public menace. Not his hard day's work in the field, was | till a righteous hand is raised to strike it a suddenly roused to semi-consciousness by a blow do we know the deep-seated place it occupies in the moral and social life of the people. Just now the American salcon is meeting-rather late, to be sure-its share of attention. Much is made of social moment later he, was once more roused- element, and the cry is raised that the this time most thoroughly so-by his poor, along with the rich, must have their share of diversion and recreation. But it would appear that nothing short of a voice body down suller trampin' 'round! Don't from the infernal regions could be heard championing the saloon as a beneficent

flashing through his mind, the farmer put such a stone of stumbling in the path The social side of the ssloon is the dead-The noise in the cellar sounded very lord | liest and most dangerous. At a period in now, but not at all like tramping; rather a young man's life, when he is apt to form it was a combination of scuffling and false notions of the restraints of home, the scratching with a queer slopping sound, as salcons open their door and bid him enter. The estimate is made that ninety per cent.

of all drink-cursed lives began the career of Very strangely, we think, there are some a place as creates a false appetite, creating The bright moonlight streaming in at then fostering, inducing and exaggerating the outside door of the cellar showed five or an unnatural thirst, which never can be

Men have been, and are still, too, much oursed by lust and passion. What shall be Eri at once understood the situation, said of an institution which, in its The pigs which were pastured in the influence, inflames all passions, and trails orchard about the house, had found their all standards of right living in the dust? If a tree may be known by its fruits, we may be charged with bearing false witness when we say the institution which makes it impossible to pass sufficient laws for civio righteoneness, has no right to live. Now if any one terrestrial quadruped is He who condones its presence in a community is either blind to its effects or

> morally on a level with it .- Rev. Walter B. Vassar, in Pitteburg Christian Advocate.

HIS BAIT WAS LIVELY. "Yes, neighbor and I are on speaking terms again," laughed the commission man, who has learned to talk above the rattle of wagons on Atwater Street, "but there is one subject we never refer to. Neighbor? you know, is a grack fisherman, That's no joke. He'll get 'em where any one else

"Two years ago we were up north in a party, and he had been bringing in more beaten the pig, but he had no weapon of fish every day than any other man in the any sort. At last, however, he got near bunch. The rest of us were pretty sore the brute and, raising his foot, kicked him over this, and finally we appointed the day beavily in the rear. Alse for Eri ! be had for a grand tournament. Each man contributed to a purse that was to go entire to the winner. We all had a dread of his right foot. The kick, moreover, that neighbor would win, but we were

determined to make it interesting for him. camp. Three hours later I came upon Now it happened that Dame Stebbins, him, perched on a rock over which arched armed with an old boot and carrying a a leaning tree that shaded his favorite fishing hole. Many a fine bass be had hooked there, and he held it under some combination of screams, squeaks and kind of pre-emption claim that the rest of "What look?" I asked. "Not a bit," he growled. "Infernalest

luck I've had in ten years. I'm baiting

my best catches have been made with soundly berated him for his bardness of frogs. Then he slowly reeled in his line to show the bait as lively as a cricket. watched him make a cast and just waited a minute to see the result. Happening to look a little farthur down the shore where it took an outward curve, I burst out laughing-just what I shouldn't have done. was attending to the injuries of a poor His eyes followed mine. He roared out We recently (says a brother editor) took the strong language of the excited fisherwoman whose arm had been severely bitten. As he was dressing the wound he a walk on the wharf with a friend who is a man, gave his pole a territic yank, throw

"What was it?" "That frog had swum ashore and was

NOTHING TO LIVE FOR. A negro planter came to Vickeburg the other day, sold his cotton, put his mousy in his pocketbook, and started down the river. Leaning too far over the guards, as the boat, backed out, he fell overboard. His portmonnaie, which was in his side forth: "You're nobody; let me out of this pocket, floated out and rode with his hat on the surface of the water, while the current carried the negro away. The yawl was lowered, and assistance at once Washington City." started toward the drowning man, who

preceiving his treasure floating off, raised his voice and shouted : "Save dat pocketbook!" His head went under and he disappeared As he rose up again he gasped : "Dar's \$118 in dat pocketbook!"

he sank a second time. The vawl came within reach just i time to resoue the drowning African as h came up to the surface for the last time that's mo, is here all right and living with his As soon as the water was wiped from his wife and children. I give you leave to marry any foller you want to, and, if they fits him you nose and mouth so that he could see and may give him them pants and vest I left behind. speak he asked : "Did-did you eave that pocketbook

"No!" was the response.

you regard as your neighbors ?"

land do you own ?"

Scarcely had he uttered the words before

"Well, den," said the negro, regretfully. "What was do use ob savin' me?" AN INCENIOUS MISSIONARY. Dr. Skinner, of North Carolina, one day applied to a gentleman for aid for foreign missions, but was repulsed with the reply, "I don's believe in foreign missions. want what I give to benefit my neighbors.'

"Why, those around me," replied the "Do you mean those whose land join ing, and tugging at the corners of her

"Well," said Dr. Skinner, how much

"Well," replied Dr. Skinner, "whom do

"About 500 acres." "How far down do you own ?" "Why. I never thought of it before, but I suppose I own half way through." "Exactly," said Dr. Skinner. "I sop. flat where I work. You see, he had went pose you do, and I want this money for home with me from a dance. the Chinese-the men whose land joine yours on the bottom."

The hardened brother had never though of that, and gave a good sum for foreign We should be wise and shrewd in the pened."

WHAT YO' GWINE TO SAY? When de trumpet am a-toetlu' an' de stabs de am a-shootin' an' do owls doy am a-hootin in de trees.

When de earf it am a-quakin' an' de dead dey am a-wakin' an' de people am a-shakin' in de knees. Vhen yo' hea' de rollin' thundels an' de rocks am rent asundeh an ho hosts am in deir

wondeh standin' awed. in' yo'fin' yo'self a tromblin', O sinual, what yo'gwine to toll de Lawd? When de planets got a-knockid at each udder an' a-rockin' an' do tempests scom amockin' at yo' woo.

/hon de da'kness am a-fallin' an' de buzza'ds am a-squalin' an' de angel am a-callin' vo' Thon desun hab quit its shinin' au' de brack wolves am a-whitmin', an' do mou'nehs

lay repinin' on de sod. An' yo' asked to tell destory what yo' doin' up in glory, O sinnah, what yo' gwine to tell no Lawd?

When yo' see de righteous swingin' up de road an' all a-singin' twell do earf'il be a-ringin' wif do paslin. ben dey fol' deir wings an' rally in de golden

riveh valley singin' hallelejah-hally to de hon do bills doy am a-crashiu' an' do sulphur fla's a flashin' au' yo' feel do cuttin' lashin' ob de rod,

ben de sheep am bein' chosen from de goats, what yo' supposin', wicked sinush, you'so a gwine to toll de Lawd? h, befor' de vial's broken an' de wrathful, flory token with its awful flames is chokin' up

darken, ask de Mahstuh fo' to hearken to Stop yo' sinula' an' transgressin', listen to de wahnin' lesson, git yo' wicked knoes to pressin' on de sod; Vhen you'se at de bar, au' Satan am a-eyein' yo

o' de dragons git a barkin' ani carf begins to

an' waitin', tromblin' sinuab, what yo' gwine to toll do Lawd? -Denver Post.

JUST FOR FUN. Once upon a time a peasant observed, with much unessiness, that his goose was laying golden oggs. Of course he killed the goose. "For," he exclaimed, "were this to continue, the mortgage on my farm would presently be lifted, and I should be left

without political prestige in the commun-

ity." Some people can't stand prosperity. "Why did you place such a tough fowl before me?" asked the indignant lady patron of the waiter in a down-town restaurant. "Age before beauty, always, you know, madam," was the gallant reply. And then, woman-like, she smiled and paid her bill without a murmur.-Chicago

Hicks: "What is your opinion of the

new women?" Wicks: "About the same

as my wife's opinion of the new girl. She is all right for a little while, but very soon develops into a nuisance."-Boston Tran-A minister having preached a very long sermon, as was his custom, some hours after asked a gentlemen bis candid opinion

of it : he replied that "'twas good, but it had spoilt a goose worth two of it."- Tit-It seems to me, Martha, that it is othing but reckless extravagance putting that solid mahogeny furniture in the nursery." "No, it isn't anything of the kind," protested his wife. "The polish on that kind of furniture is altogether too new. I haven't been able to make any one believe that it was inherited from my great grandmother. It will be all right

after it's been in the nursery a few weeks." Au old Hot Springs colored woman went to the paster of her Church to complain of her husband, who, ohe said "wuz a lowdown, wuthless, triffin' niggah." After listening to a long recital of the delinguon cies of her neglected-one and her efforts to correct him, the minister said: Hab yo' eber tried heapin' coals ob fire upon his head?" "No." was the reply, "but I'se tried hot water." The house surgeon at a London hospital

said: "I cannot make out what sort of a creature bit you. This is too small for a horse's bite and too large for a dog's" "O, sir," replied the patient, "it wasn't a animal; it was another lydy."

A MATRIMONIAL VENTURE.

good-looking colored man applied to Mr.

The other day a stalwart and rather

Burton, the District Clerk's efficient deputy for a license to marry, at the same time presenting a latter. The following

conversation ensued : "How old is the woman you want to marry ?" "I reckon sho's about forty." "Has sho ever been married before?" "Indeed she has -- rhe is a widdy, and her busband is livin' wid his first wife in

"Dat's de divorce what you get in your

hand. It jest came from Washington by

"Well, is she disproud ?"

the post office." "The divorce" proved to be a letter from Thomas Sems, the first husband of the widow and was actually dated November 4. Washington, District of Columbia," and read, after the clerical errors had been DRAR MISS MALVINY : Your loving busband.

Give my love to admiring friends. My wife sends her love to you and the children, and I remain as ever your loving bushand until death do us part. Very Respectfully, The gentleman who wanted to lead the blushing bride to the altar was somewhat incredulous when toll that the divorce was not a good one, and the applicant went off, grambling, shaking his head and romarking it was "mighty sing'lar.-San

Autonio Herald.

NO ENCOURAGEMENT. "Now, madam," said the judge as he looked over his spectacles and frowned very wisely, "please tell us just what your grievance is."

haudkerchief, "he- ho bit my car." "Where I" the court inquired. "Right here," she said, touching the damaged lobe. "I mean where did it happen?" "Oh, it was on the back perch of the

Well, your honor," she answered, blush-

"Had you given him any oncourage-"No, sir: I had just opourd the loobox and gave him half of a chicken, but he said he preferred duck, and then it hap-

The defendant was severaly reprimanded