

# ERSKINE BROS.,

## Real Estate, Loan & Renting Agents,

161 LaSALLE STREET, ROOM 46, (First Floor.)

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

We desire owners of property in and about Chicago to bear in mind the following facts, viz:

That we do a general real estate business.

That we pay particular attention to the renting of property.

That we have made and will continue to make safe and profitable investments for capitalists.

That we loan money on improved property at the lowest current rates.

That we sell purchase money mortgages.

That we make no charge for paying taxes, looking after special assessments, or attending to insurance, where we have exclusive agency of the property.

That our facilities for attending to a large business are unsurpassed.

That our long practical experience in the business we are engaged, places us in a position to readily understand your needs and at the same time enables us to satisfactorily meet them.

Finally: That we give prompt attention, and make reasonable charges for all business entrusted to our care.

Your patronage is solicited.

ERSKINE BROS.

### How to Carry an Umbrella.

Perhaps you don't know? If so, I'll tell you.

If you are in the country, where there is plenty of room, the knowledge will be of no use to you, and you had better not waste your time in reading this article.

But if you are in the city you will find it practically to your advantage to study the rules laid down.

To begin at the beginning:

Be sure and pull your hat well down over your eyes before you start out with your umbrella. Button up your coat. If it is cold weather tie on a muffler. If you chew tobacco take a fresh quid. Slam the door when you go out of your house. It will give people inside a clear understanding of the fact that you are proprietor and have a right to slam your own door as much as you please.

After you step out on the crowded sidewalk, thrust your umbrella under your arm, and try and have the two points stick out equally, before and behind, at right angles with your body. It is always well when you are purchasing, to buy as long as you can get. It will be likely to last longer, as well as to stick out further when you are carrying it.

Then walk as fast as you can. The faster the better. People in the cities always go fast for fear time will overtake them.

Everybody who has the impudence to push up behind you will get pun-

ished for it by a poke from the umbrella you carry behind; and everybody you meet will get a poke from the umbrella you carry in front; for arranged in this way an umbrella acts on the principle of a double-ender, and like old Grandpa Lyman's gun, kills equally well at both ends.

If a small boy or two should be knocked over, no matter! It will learn small boys to stay at home and pick up chips for their mothers. No business out in the street, getting in the way of people's umbrellas!

If it rains spread your umbrella and hold it well down in front of you. People who are coming the other way must keep their own lookout. Of course you will be going with your face to the storm. One always is. If you put anybody's eyes out, it won't be your fault—they should have got out of the way when they saw you coming!

If your umbrella becomes entangled in a lady's laces, or fringes, don't stop to disentangle it. Tear along. Serves her right for wearing such fooleries!

Make your own way, no matter who sinks or swims, and most likely you will die rich, and all your relatives will be boiling over with joy at your death, and will find employment for a year to come in fighting over the lucre you have left behind.

Kate Thorn, in N. Y. Weekly.

### Paddle Your Own Canoe.

Judge S. gave his son a thousand dollars, telling him to go to college and graduate. The son returned at the end of the Freshman's year without a dollar and with several ugly habits. About the close of the vacation the judge said to his son:

"Well, William, are you going to college this year?"

"Have no money, father."

"But I gave you a thousand dollars to graduate on!"

"That's all gone, father."

"Very well, my son; it was all I could give you; you can't stay here. You must now pay your own way in the world."

A new light broke in upon the vision of the young man. He accommodated himself to the situation; he left home, made his way through college, and graduated at the head of his class—studied law, became Gov. of the State of New York, entered the cabinet of the President of the United States, and made a record for himself that will not soon die, being no other than William H. Seward.

The aged but astute Illinois farmer keeps no barometer, nor does he put his trust in the ground-hog, but he knows when spring approaches, by seeing his sons who have arrived at manhood, prepare to leave home, after a winter of "sponging" on the old man.

### A Misguided Book Agent.

A book agent entered the open door of a snug Pittsfield, Mass., cottage one day last week, and nodding to a trim, bright looking little woman who sat sewing by the window, commenced volubly to descant on the merits of a great work which he was for the first time giving mankind an opportunity to purchase. It was a dictionary, family physician, universal biography, cook book, short hand instructor, and contained, besides, a detailed history of every important event that has transpired in the world from the apple incident and Adam's fall to Credit Mobilier and the fall of Congress. The work contained 5,000 chapters, all with running titles. The agent, after talking on the general excellences of the volume about five minutes, commenced on the headings of those chapters, and as the woman did not say a word to interrupt him he felt that he was making a conquest, and he rattled away so that she shouldn't have a chance to say no. It took him nearly half an hour and as he breathlessly went, on the sweat started on his forehead, and he made convulsive grasps at his collar, and when he finished he had hardly strength enough left to put on a bewitching smile and hand her his ready pen wherewith to subscribe her name in the book. She took the pen, but instead of putting her autograph on his list she lifted a scrap of paper from her work box and wrote in plain letters: "LICK DUFF AND DUM." He said not a word, but the unutterable things that he looked, as he turned to the door, would fill a library.