

GLEANINGS — WISE AND OTHERWISE.

"See here, Lucy," said the teacher to one of her bright scholars, "you have written the word 'oyster' without an 'r'." "Oh, yes!" exclaimed the scholar, reaching for the slate to make the correction. "I must have been thinking this was one of those months when there is no 'r' in 'oysters.'"—Yonkers Statesman.

A witty mining expert once had for an assistant a young engineer by the name of Mundy, who brought with him to his work in the rough mountains an expensive transit instrument. Leaping from rock to rock with his beloved treasure over his shoulder, he slipped, fell, and utterly ruined his instrument, and broke his own leg. He was carried to a hospital where his chief visited him, and found him doing well; but, on entering the little room and seeing the young man

toy standing in a corner, he could not resist exclaiming, "Sic transit gloria Mundi."

In the first number of the Atlantic Monthly, Ralph Waldo Emerson's poem, "Brahma," puzzled both critics and common readers. The first verse runs as follows:-

"If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again."
That winter it happened that a relative of the poet Longfellow, living in another State, bought a sleigh; and in a family letter to the cousins in Cambridge there was a wall lest the January thaw, which had followed the purchase, should keep them from enjoying the gay cutter that season. When the letter was answered, Longfellow contributed this verse:-

To—On The Purchase of a Sleigh.
"If the red sleigher think he sleighs,
Or if the sleighin' think it is sleighin',
They know not well the subtle ways
Of snow, that comes—and goes
again."

It is delightful to find Longfellow parodying his friend Emerson.—Independent.

A trained ostrich recently disconcerted its exhibitor at a music-hall in England by continually endeavoring to break away from all restraint and to climb over the footlights into the orchestra. The widely-advertised act came to a sudden end, and the professor emerged from behind the curtain and apologized for the actions of his pet in about these words:-

"Lydies and gentlemen,—Hi ham very sorry to di appoint you this hev-ening. We are compelled to cease our hengagement until the manage- leader. The one at present hemployed 'ere 'as no 'air on top of 'is 'ead, and my bird takes it for a hegg."

The head of the house prided himself upon the exactness with which he regulated all his duties, both in social and business life. One morning he had occasion to go out to dine with a business acquaintance. "Don't wait up for me," he said to his wife; "I may be rather late; but it can't be helped." At breakfast next morning he was far from well and his wife was stonily silent. The breakfast-room clock was equally silent. "Maria, my dear, there must be something wrong with that clock. I am sure I wound it up last night," he remarked.

"No," answered his wife, "you wound up Freddy's musical-box instead, and it played 'Home, Sweet Home,' till three in the morning. The hall clock has also stopped, but you have screwed your corkscrew right into the barometer."

An unfortunate man obtained access to a wealthy but miserly old merchant. He depicted his wretched poverty in the most vivid and moving colours. Indeed, so graphic was the visitor's sad narrative that the merchant was profoundly affected, and summoning his footman, he said with tears in his eyes and a voice trembling with emotion: "John, put this poor fellow out into the street. He is breaking my heart."

She (half-suspiciously): "Did you ever hold a hand that you would like to hold better than mine?" He: "Only once, darling—then I went nap."

"Why, Chick?" "Because that incubator can't scratch for worms like mother used to do."

He: "Who is that plain old lady in the corner?" She: "That is my mother." He: "Oh! I'm sorry. Now you mention it I see the likeness."

"Diseases is very various," said Mrs. Partington, as she returned from a street-door conversation with Dr. Bolus. "The doctor tells me that poor old Mrs. Haze has got two buckles on her lungs."

There was once an elderly clerk, Who vowed that he would have a lark,
So avoiding all scandal
He blew out the candle,
And stood on his head in the dark.

New Lodger (sarcastically): "Is this all the soap there is in this room?" Landlady (decidedly): "Yes, sir, all I can allow in one room." New Lodger: "Well, I'll take two more rooms. I've to wash my face in the morning."

Uncle Toby was aghast at finding a strange darkey with his arm around Mandy's waist. "Mandy, tell that niggah to take his arm 'way from round yo' waist," he commanded. "Tell him yo'self," said Mandy haughtily. "He's a puffect stranger to me."

WHAT IS MAN?
The Stomatologist says: "All the constituents of a 150-pound man are contained in 1,200 eggs," said the chemist.
"There is enough gas in a man," he went on, "to fill a gasometer of 3,659 cubic feet. There is enough iron to make four nails. There is enough soap to make a cake of soap. There is enough phosphorus to make 8,064 boxes of matches (size of box not given)."

"Furthermore, that man who is aeronautical will be pleased to know that there is enough hydrogen in him to fill a balloon and carry him up in the clouds."
"The remaining constituents of a man would yield, if utilized, 6 cruets of salt, 1 bowl of sugar and 10 gallons of water."—Ex.

Making Reparation.
In some unaccountable manner little Frank had spilled a bottle of ink on his grandmother's carpet. "I'm awful sorry," he apologized, "but"—thinking of his little savings bank—"I'll buy you another bottle, grandma."

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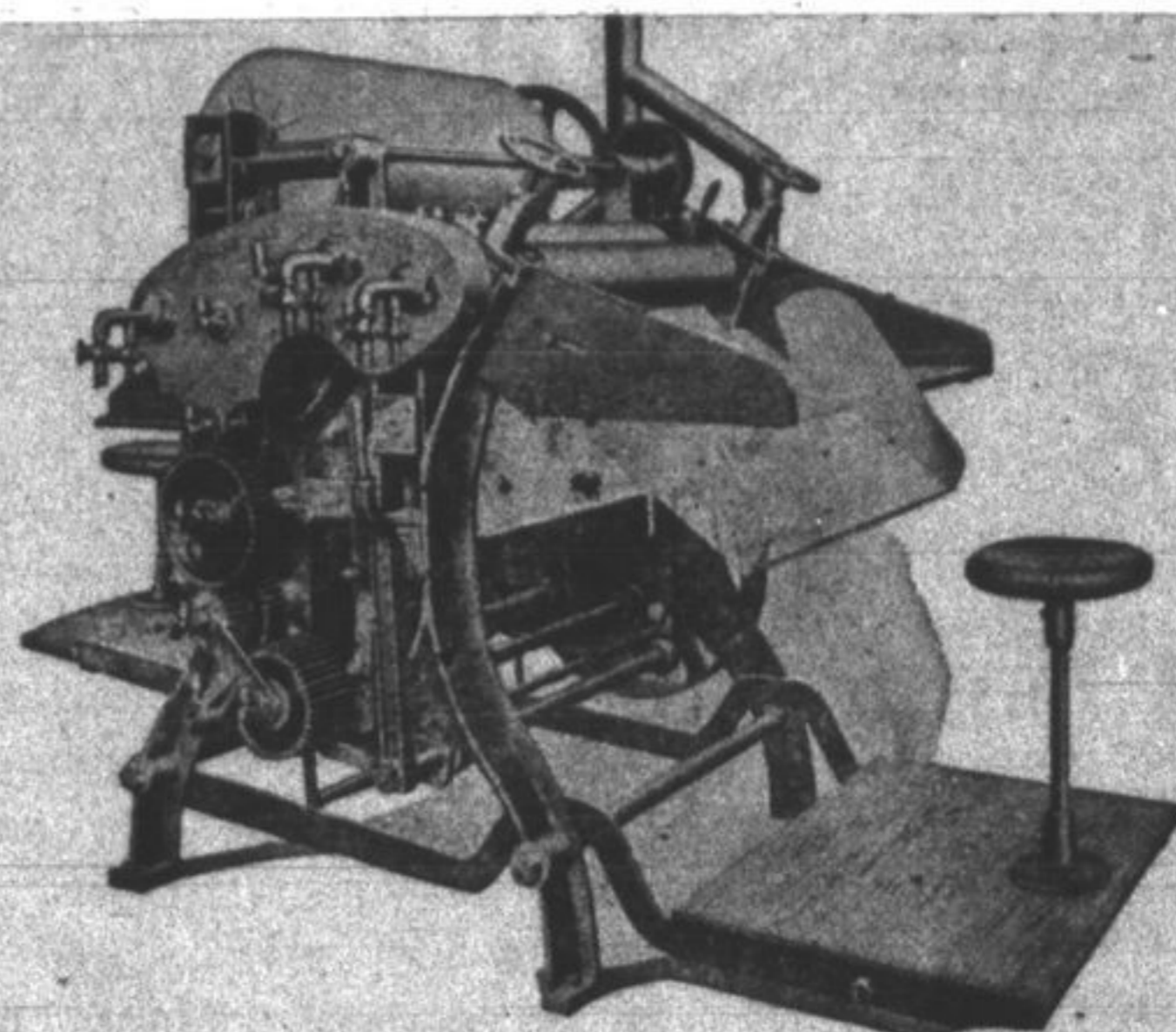
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