

GLEANINGS.

Old Lady (sharply to boy in drug store): "I've been waitin' for some time to be waited on, boy." Boy (meekly): "Yes, 'um, an' wot kin I do fer you?" Old Lady: "I want a two cent stamp." Boy: "Yes, 'um, will you have it licked?"

Better late than never,
Is a comforting refrain,
Save when we reach the station
Too late to catch the train.

The late Sir John Millais used to tell a story of an old man who was his attendant during a day's sport in the North of England. "I were out with the bishop yesterday," said the old man, referring to a popular church dignitary who was also a good fisherman. "Ah," replied Millais, "he's a good man." "Well," continued the old fellow, "e may be, but e do swear a bit when e's fishin'." "Oh, nonsense!" replied Millais, "I don't believe that." The old man insisted. "I'll give you an instance."

shop, an' e'd go a big fellow at the end of 'is line that was pretty-nigh pullin' 'im off 'is feet, an' I turn to 'is lordship an' I says, 'E pulls d—d 'ard, don't 'e,' and the bishop says, 'Yes, 'e do.' Well, now, ain't that swearing?"

The story is told of an old peasant woman in Buckinghamshire, England, who, praising her favorite curate to the rector, exclaimed, "Ah, sir, Mr. Drone is quite an angel in sheep's clothing."

"I hope I see you well," he said, fluently, to the old farmer leaning on his hoe. "I hope you do," was the unexpected answer, "but, if you don't

see me well, young man, put on specs."

Post: "Well, how did you like the picnic?" Yost: "I was so glad to get home again that I was glad I went."

Her Father: "Young man can you afford to marry?" Prospective Son-in-law: "Certainly. I have a friend who has just been ordained as a minister, and he is willing to perform the ceremony for nothing, just for practice."—Chicago News.

Dr. Swain and Bishop Clarke met one icy morning on College Hill. The doctor said to the bishop, "Sinners stand on slippery places." Just then the bishop went down. Looking up at Dr. Swain, he rejoined "Yes, I perceive they do! But I can't."

The word "altar" occurred in the Scripture selection. "What is an altar?" asked the teacher. "A place to burn insects," replied an honest boy.

The editor of a periodical that pays only on publication sent the following letter to the ancient address of a contributor: "If the author of 'The Cave in the Sea' is still living, he is hereby notified that his story has just been published, and that we have a check to his credit." Shortly afterward the editor received the following reply: "Dear Sir,—He died twenty years ago; but his greatgrandchildren will be pleased to receive the check, if forwarded during the present century."—Atlanta Constitution.

The following are said by Harper's Weekly to be genuine samples of

school definition: About this time Columbus was cursing around among the West Indies. Jackson's campaign in the Valley was the greatest piece of millinery work ever known. The Valkyrie were the Choosers of the Slain, and the Valhalla were the Haulers of the Slain. The eldest son of the king of France is called the Dolphin. The Duke of Clarence, according to his usual custom, was killed in battle. Heathen are paragons (pagans) that wash up idle things. The Indians call their women squabs.

A flustered citizen once burst into the New York Herald office and bustled up to the editorial desk. "See here!" he demanded. "This obituary notice. It's all wrong!" "What's wrong about it?" asked the editor in calm confidence. "Why, it's about me. I'm not dead!" "If the Herald says you're dead," sternly replied the editor, "you're dead. But," he added magnanimously, "if you don't like being dead, you can get off if he

Just let a fellow walk about
Without a lonely dime,
He feels as though for sure he must
Be guilty of a crime,
And when a copper floats around
He doesn't want to stay,
Before the shadow of the blue
He quickly fades away.

Without a plentitude of dough
A fellow isn't one, two, three;
In fact, he only reaches up
Just halfway to a cricket's knee.
But let him stir himself about
And fall heir to a little dot
Of several thousand, more or less;
Then he's somee pumpkins, maybe
not.

A dollar gives you confidence
And several other things. For why?
Because you know that what you need
You reeadily may go forth and buy.
Five, then, and twenty makes things
hum!
One hundred gives you quite a thrill,
Where would a man get off if he

A bald-headed man went into a barber's shop, and plumping himself down in the chair, said, "Hair-cut!" The barber looked at him a moment and replied: "Why, man, you don't need no hair-cut—what you want is a shine."

READY MONEY.

A dollar gives you confidence,
Five makes you walk on air,
A ten spot lets you face the world
Without a thought of care.
With fifty large ones right away
You feel your own true worth,
But get a hundred dollar bill—
Ah, well, you own the earth.

The election of Senator Foraker to membership in the down-and-out club seems to be unanimous. Defending Brownsville coons is bad business.

King Alfonso gets almost as many tips on plots to assassinate him as some men do on the races.

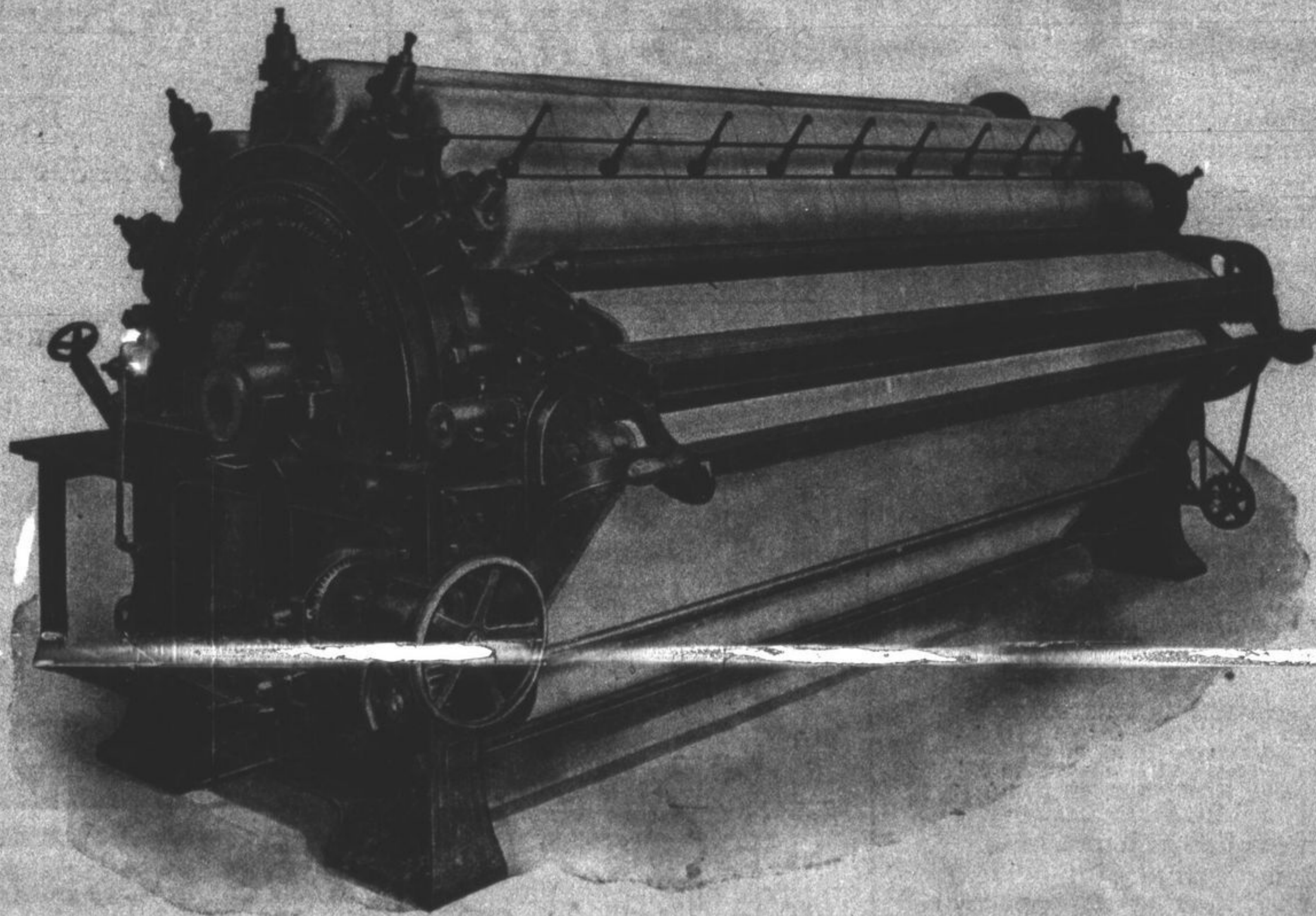
Emma Goldman swears she will speak in spite of the entire Chicago police force. Being a woman, she doubtless will.

Senator Foraker did not attend the Ohio Republican convention but the convention appears to have attended to him all the same.

THE REASON

We expend so much time, energy and money in equipping our laundry plant with the best and most modern appliances is because we recognize the necessity of meeting the demands of a scrutinizing patronage. North Shore people

know and know that they know, to deliver poor goods or poor work to them is business suicide—to give the very best work and service has proven certain success. Yes "we are here for a purpose" and that purpose is to do your laundering and do it as it should be done—as you would do it yourself if you wanted to take the trouble—and at a price consistent with the quality of the work. Try us and see if we are attaining our purpose.



The Reliable Laundry, St. Peter Bros., Props., HIGHLAND PARK