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BUSINESS CARDS.

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Marble Works,

Opposite side from Mills' & Goodfellow's Foundry, and

Near Eramosa Bridge, Guelph.

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Tomb Stones, Mantle, Pieces, &c., made to any size or design, and put up in any part of the country.

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Now is the Time for Cheap Pictures.

Best Retouched and Burnished Photographs reduced to $1.00 per dozen at the

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Call at once and obtain a good and cheap picture, finished in the best style, before prices are again advanced.

N.B.—We were awarded all the first prizes over all competitors at the late County Fair at Milton, Oct. 12th and 14th, 1875.

C. W. HILL, Photo.

Acton, Nov. 26, 1875. 22-3m

FARM FOR SALE.

One hundred acres of land, well wooded, being the east half of Lot 21, in the 3rd Concession, in the Township of Esquesing. For particulars address

THOMAS GARVIN,

Erin P.O., Ont., Nov. 30, 1875.

DOMINION HARNESS SHOP.

The subscriber begs to announce to the inhabitants of Acton and vicinity that he has commenced the harness business in the

Old Post Office Building,

MILL STREET, ACTON,

where he is prepared to turn out work second to none in the Dominion, as cheap as the cheapest, and on the shortest possible notice. I have on hand a large and well selected stock of

Horse Blankets, Whips, Brushes, Combs, Trunks, etc.

Repairing promptly attended to. Give me a call and be convinced.

J. F. DEMPSEY.

Acton, Nov. 25, 1875.

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The subscriber begs to inform the inhabitants of Acton and vicinity that he is prepared to supply

First-class Bread, Buns, Cakes Biscuits, etc.

Fresh every day—delivered at their houses.

WEDDING CAKES

Made to order in the latest styles and at reasonable charges

☞ Highest price in Cash paid for Eggs.

D. GALLOWAY.

Acton, July 1, 1875.

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Watchmaker, Guelph,

Has a good stock of

"RUSSELL" AND "AMERICAN" WATCHES

Always on hand.

He attends to repairing of fine watches himself.

Mr. Hacking, of the FREE PRESS, will kindly carry watches and jewelery to and from Guelph when requested.

Guelph, Sept. 27, 1875.

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AND

Pump, Sash, Door and Blind Factory.

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Manufacturers of

Window Sash, Doors, Venetian Blinds Mouldings,

And other Building Requisites

Also Makers of

IMPROVED SUCTION PUMPS

Lumber Planed and Dressed to order in the best manner.

☞ All work guaranteed.

Acton, July 1, 1875.

PURE MILK.

The undersigned begs to thank his customers for the liberal patronage received during the past summer, and would say that he is now prepared to supply an additional number of customers with good, pure, fresh milk delivered every morning, and twice a day on Saturdays. Parties who keep cows will find it much cheaper and less trouble to get milk delivered at their doors, and they would do well to sell their cows and buy their milk. Twenty-one quart tickets for $1, if paid in advance, or twenty-one pint tickets for 50 cents.

P. S. ARMSTRONG.

Acton, Nov. 10th, 1875.

A CONSTANT READER.

The overworked scribe of the Mudville *Gazette*,
Sat wondering—moneyless wight—
If his office would ever be cleared of its debt,
With the times so deplorably tight—
When the tread of old leather was heard on the stair
And a stranger stepped into the room,
Who asked, with the "don't let the bother you" air,
Which the boro is apt to assume—

"How are ye?" The editor rose with a smile
And pleasantly yielded his chair—
Placed the visitor's sadly unbeautiful tile
(Which exhibited symptoms of wear)
On the top of the desk, alongside of his own
(A shocking old plug, by the way),
And then asked in a rather obsequious tone,
"Can we do anything for you to-day?"

"No—I jest called to see ye," the visitor said;
"I'm a friend to the newspaper man."
Here he ran a red handkerchief over his head,
And accepted the editor's fan—
"I hev read all the pieces you've writ for your sheet,
And they're straight to the p'int, I confess—
That 'ar slap you gin Keyser wasartinly neat—
You're an ornyment, sir, to the press!"

"I am glad you are pleased," said the writer, "indeed;
But you praise me too highly, by far.
Just select an exchange that you're anxious to read,
And while reading it, try this cigar.
By the way, I've a melon laid up for a treat—
I've been keeping it nestled in ice,
It's a beauty, sir, fit for an angel to eat;
Now, perhaps you would relish a slice?"

Then the stranger rolled up half a dozen or more
Of the choicest exchanges of all—
Helped himself to the fruit, threw the rinds on the floor,
Or flung them at flies on the wall.
He assured his new friend that his "pieces" were wrote
In a manner uncommonly able"—
As he wiped his red hands on the editor's coat
That hung at the side of the table.

"By the way, I've neglected to ask you your name,"
Said the scribe as the stranger arose;
"That's a fact," he replied; "Abimalech Bane,
You have heard o' that name, I suppose?
I'm a livin' out here on the Fiddletown Creek
Where I own a good house and lot;
The *Gazette* gets round to me wuns't every week—
I'm the constantest reader you've got!"

"Abimalech Bane," mused the editor, "B-a-n-e,
(Here his guest begged a chew of his twist)—
I'm sorry to say your mellifluous name
Doesn't happen to honor my list!"
"Spose not;" was the answer—"no reason it should,
For ye see I jine lots with Bill Prim,
He's a reglar subscriber, and pays ye in wood,
And I borrow your paper o' him!"

TEN MINUTES IN A LIFE.

In the year 1065 of the Hegira—corresponding to 1867 of the Christian era—on the second day of the feast of Beiram, a large group of Mussulmen were assembled in a circle before the Mosque of St. Sophia. Some were standing and others sitting cross-legged on the carpets spread upon the sand. By degrees the ground increased, as the Moslems issued from the Mosque and as passers by, prompted by curiosity, remained to see what was going on.

In the midst of a crowd of smokers, a young man of remarkable handsome features, though somewhat bronzed by an Asiatic sun, was seated before a small table, which was covered with swords and brass balls. He was dressed in a close jacket of green silk, admirably fitted for his light and graceful figure; a girdle of antelope skin, on which some mysterious characters were inscribed in silver, confined a pair of loose trousers which were drawn close to the ankle. This light and attractive dress was completed by a Phrygian cap, from the top of which hung a musical bell. By this costume, at once graceful and fantastic, it was easy to recognize one of those jugglers whom the feast of Beiram drew every year to Stamboul, and to whom was usually given the name of Zingare.

The juggler performed his exploits without appearing to notice the admiration he excited. He took a pigeon's egg from a small moss basket, and, placing it upright on the table, struck it with the edge of his sword without injuring the shell. An incredulous bystander took the egg to examine it, but the slightest pressure of his fingers served to destroy the frail object that had resisted the blow of the scimetar.

This fact of dexterity was followed by many others. The boldness of the young man terrified the usually impassive Turks; and, what was yet more surprising, he made them smile by the amusing stories he related. Persons of his profession were generally silent, and their only power of amusement lay in their fingers' ends; but this possessed the varied qualities of an Indian juggler and an Arabian story-teller.

One of the most enthusiastic admirers of the performances was a man apparently about forty years old, whose carpet was placed in the first circle and his dress denoted him to be of superior rank. It was the Bostangi-Bassa superintendent of the gardens and keeper of the privy purse to the Grand Signior. The tricks ended, the young man completed his story and gathered up his implements as if to depart.

"Stop!" said the Bostangi-Bassa "Since you are such a magician, will you tell me the Sultan's favorite flower."

"The poppy of Allepo: it is red," replied the juggler, without a moment's hesitation.

"At what time does the Sultan sleep?" resumed the Bostangi.

"Never!" said the juggler.

The Bassa started and looked anxiously around, fearing lest others had heard the answer. Then beckoning the juggler to approach, and lowering his voice, he asked: "Can you name the Sultan's favorite wife?"

"Assarach," replied the diviner. The Bostangi put his finger on his lip in silence, and moving away, said, "Follow me!"

The young man took up his yataghan; and, leaving the remainder of his effects to be slave, followed his guide toward the great door of the palace.

The history of successive sultans often presents little beyond the melancholy spectacle of a throne at the mercy of a lawless soldiery. Mahmoud was not the first of his race who sought to free the Seraglio from those formidable guardians. Solyman III., had also formed this perilous design, but he was put to death by the janizaries, led by Mustapha, his uncle, who came from the Morea for ostensible purpose of defending the empire, but in reality to seize upon the throne. The Sultan, Mustapha, who had commenced his reign in such a tragic manner, experienced all the anxiety and uneasiness which must ever attend the acts of an unsurper and tyrant. Sordid, suspicious, and perfidious, he broke through every promise he had made to the janizaries, whose creature, nevetheless he was. Instead of doubling their pay, he diminished it; instead of lessening the taxes, he doubled them. He lived buried in the depth of the palace, the care of which he had confided to the Greek soldiery, notwithstanding the murmurs of the legitimate guards. The mutes, dwarfs, and buffoons of the palace could alone obtain access to him.

At the time the juggler was amusing the subjects of his Highness, Mustapha was seated cross-legged on his divan, seeking to drive away his ennui by watching the columns of fragrant smoke, as they slowly rose from the long tube of his nargilch. A slave stood behind him, holding a fan of various colors. The buffoons of the palace had vainly tried to extort a smile from their master. The impassibility of the Grand Signior gave them to understand that their time was ill-chosen, and that mirth would be dangerous; they had, therefore, one after the other, quitted the apartment, waiting to reenter at the good pleasure of the prince. The palace was silent. Shortly the hangings opposite the divan were gently raised, and a man stood in a respectful attitude before Mustapha.

"What would'st thou" asked the Sultan.

The Bostangi-Bassa—for it was he—replied briefly, according to the custom of the seraglio; "A juggler stands without—he might perchance amuse your Highness."

The Sultan made an impatient sign in the negative.

"This man," continued the Bassa, "knows many things. He can read the future."

"Let him come in."

The Bostangi bowed profoundly and retired.

Black slaves, armed with drawn scimetars, surrounded the imperial sofa when the juggler was introduced. After a slight salutation, the young man leaned gracefully on his yataghan, awaiting the orders of the Sultan.

"Thy name?" demanded Mustapha.

"Mehalle."

"Thy country?"

"Jugglers have no country."

"Thy age?"

"I was five years old when you first girded on the sword of Ottoman."

"Whence comest thou?"

"From the Morea, Signior," replied the juggler, pronouncing the words with emphasis.

The Sultan remained silent for a moment, but soon added gaily, "Since you can read the future, I will put your knowledge to the proof. When people know the future they ought to know the past."

"You say right, signior. He who sees the evening star rise on the horizon has but to turn his head to view the last rays of the setting sun."

"Well, tell me how I made my ablution yesterday."

"The first with Canary wine, the second with wine of Cyprus, and the third with that of Chios."

The Chief of the believers smiled and stroked his beard; he was, indeed, in the habit of derogating in this respect, as in many others, from the prescription of the Koran.

"Know'st thou," replied the sovereign, whom the Zingaro's answer had put in a pleasant humor, "Know'st thou that I could have thee beheaded."

"Doubtless," said the juggler, undauntedly, "as you did the Spanish merchant who watered his wine before he sold it to you."

Mustapha applauded the knowledge of the magician. He hesitated, nevertheless, before he put the dreaded question that tyrants, who are over superstitious, never fail to demand of those who can read the stars.

"How long have I to live?"

The Grand Signior assumed a persuasive tone, and even condescended to flatter the organ of destiny, in hopes of obtaining a favorable answer.

"Thou art a wonderful youth," said he; "thou knowest things of which, besides thyself, the mutes only possess the secret. I should like to keep thee in my palace; I will make thee richer than all the merchants of Galatea, if thou wilt tell me the year when I must die."

Mehalle approached the Sultan, and taking his hand, appeared to study the lines upon his palm with great attention. Having finished his examination he went to the window and fixed his eyes for some moments upon the heavens.

"The fires of Beriam are lighting the cupola of the grand mosque," said he, slowly, "night is at hand."

Mustapha anxiously awaited the answer of the astrologer. The latter continued in a mysterious manner; "The declining day still eclipses the light of the constellations. I will answer you, signior, when the evening star appears."

The Sultan made a movement of impatience; anger was depicted in his countenance, and the look which he darted on the mutes showed Mehalle that he had incurred his Highness displeasure. Curiosity, however, doubtless prevailed over every other feeling of the prince's mind, for, turning to the young man, he said:

"I am little accustomed to wait; I will do so, however, if thou can'st amuse me until the propitious hour arrives.

"Would your highness like to see some feats in juggling?" asked Mehalle, drawing his sabre from his scabbard.

"No, no!" exclaimed the Sultan, making the circle of slaves close in about him. "Leave thy arms!"

"Would you prefer a story, signior?"

"Stories that lull an Arab to sleep under his tent? No, I must have something new. Of all known games there is but one I care for; I used to play it formerly, but now there is not a person in the place who understands the chess board."

The juggler smiled, and, taking an ebony box from a velvet bag, he presented it to the Sultan, whose wish he understood.

The stern countenance of the Sultan relaxed at the sight, and the board was placed on the bowed back of a slave. Before commencing the game the Sultan

"We are about to play, so far, so good; but should thou lose what would I gain?"

Since your highness does me the honor of playing against me, I will stake all I possess—this scimetar and my liberty. But what if I win," added the young man folding his arms.

"Should'st thou win, I would give thee a slave."

"For a free man! The stakes are not equal."

"I would add to it my finest courser."

"I need him not; my feet are swifter than an Arab steed."

"What would'st thou, then?"

"I have a fancy, sublime signior. Until this day I have been nothing but a wanderer, wearing the dress of a juggler. Were I to complain of this I should be ungrateful, for this simple garb has ever been me free and happy. I, however, denounce it. I become your slave; I will sing for you Indian songs; and, above all, I will divine for none but you. In return I will ask but one thing; it is, if I win, to allow me to wear your royal mantle but for ten minutes, to sit upon the divan surrounded by slaves, and to place upon my head that dreaded turban whose fame has reached to the ends of the earth."

The proposition of Mehalle was received with a burst of laughter from the Sultan. "Thou wouldst sit upon the seat of the Caliphs! Dost thou fear the weight of this turban upon thy silly head? A fine figure thou wouldst make under the pelisse of Ottoman? I should like to see thee giving audience to the viziers and pashas!"

"It is your Highness' power to afford yourself this pleasure."

"Well," exclaimed Mustapha; "I will agree to this stake. A juggler upon the throne! such a sight the East never saw."

The game was short. Though he played with skill, the Sultan was checkmated. It was fairly done, and he pleasantly prepared to fulfil his engagement.

Mustapha loosened his girdle, took off his pelisse, and laid down his turban, while a slave assisted to invest Mehallo in the royal garments. These preparations completed, the Sultan dressed only in loose silken trousers and a richly embroidered vest, approached a clock, and placing his finger on the dial-plate, "When the hand shall mark the hour of eight," said he, "I shall have paid my wager, and then I will appoint you my astrologer."

The juggler ascended the divan, and having placed his scimetar at his side he ordered the door to be thrown open, that the waiting courtiers might be admitted. The apartment, which the dim light of evening rendered obscure, was immediately filled with muftis and ulemas agas of janizaries and pashas, great officers of the Porte and foreign ambassadors. He next ordered a new relay of guards to relieve those on duty, and then the withdrawal of all personal attendants. It was the work of a moment. As the fresh soldiers were marching in, a sign from Mehalle caused the flambeau to be lighted, when, in the dazzling flood of illumination, he stood erect, received the homage of the assembly, and fixing more firmly on his head the scarlet feathered turban, the emblem of power, he cried, in a commanding tone, "Let the standard of the Prophet be raised on St. Sophia! The people will salute it from afar at the fires of Beiram!"

At those words an officer stepped forth to execute the orders, but Mustapha, who had been sitting aside, at first amused and then alarmed, arose to prevent him.

"Haggi Mohammed?" thundered the *ad interim* Sultan, "obey!"

The aga bowed and retired. Mehalle added, "Let the inaums repair to the mosque and offer up petitions for the new Sultan! Cadilisquier, have the tomb of Mustapha opened in Scutari!" The Sultan tried to smile. "Keepers of the treasury," continued Mehalle, "distribute among the poor of Stamboul the hoardings of the late Sultan!"

"Enough, Buffoon!" exclaimed Mustapha, in an agitated voice, on seeing how readily his servants obeyed these strange orders.

"I still command," replied Mehalle, with calm self possession; "the clock has not yet struck the hour of eight. Art thou, then, so impatient to know the fate that awaits thee?" The courtiers were at a loss to understand the mysterious scene. They looked with terror on this young man, invested with the insignia of power, and the Bostangi was astonished at seeing his master tremble before a strolling juggler.

"Mustapha," continued the diviner, "I am about to tell the time of thy death, for the evening star has risen. Mufti, advance."

The president of the *ovmeta* came forward. The diviner proceeded: "You who read, every day, the book of our Prophet, and explain it to the people, tell me how avarice and usury, drunkenness and murder, perfidy and cruelty, should be punished!"

The mufti replied in a low, grave tone, "By the Koran, any one of those crimes is deserving of death."

"Thou hearest, Mustapha? It is the Prophet who condemns thee. As he said this he beckoned to the mutes. Mustapha tried to rush to the divan but was seized by the slaves, who had learned to recognize the symbol of power which Mehalle wore, and the cord was passed round his neck.

"Thy hour has come! I am the son of Solyman, who fell, fifteen years ago, in this very place, pierced with wounds from thy sword! Thou hast counted the heads of every member of my family. Thou hast confounded the son of thy master with the child of a slave. I am the Sultan Amurath!"

As he thus spoke, the young prince made a step forward. His lofty brow, his features, voice, manner, and commanding dignity of person inspired a deep emotion in the assembly. After a moment, the body of Mustapha fell lifeless on the marble floor.

The clock had struck eight. Before the hour hand had once again passed round the dial, largess had been profusely scattered among the populace of Stamboul, oaths of allegiance taken by officers of state, and the proclamation, "His Highness, our very magnificent lord and master, Sultan Abdul Aziz Amurath, has ascended the throne!" trumpeted by the public crier, before the mosque of St. Sophia

Beecher on Moody's Views.

The *New York Sun* gives the following item:

"Mr. Beecher said last night that the impression he had gained in conversation with Mr. Moody was that the number of persons who had been converted from the outside world, while not inconsiderable has not yet been large. This leaves the comforting thought, he added, that the greatest benefit of the meetings is yet to accrue. He spoke further, suggesting different methods to prolong the Christian meetings. He could not see how they could carry on the central meetings with continued success. If every church tried to be a little Rink and everybody a little Moody and Sankey, they would fail, because imitations were very inferior. Moody was no careless worker; no man had a more definite conception of the end he aimed at. 'On last Saturday,' said Mr. Beecher, 'I had the pleasure of two or three hours' conference with Mr. Moody in my own house. I thought I saw the secret of his working and plans. He is a believer in the second advent of Christ, and in our own time. He thinks it is no use to attempt to work for this world. In his opinion it is blasted—a wreck bound to sink—and the only thing that is worth doing is to get as many of the crew off as you can, and let her go. All that is worth doing is to work and wait for the appearance of the Master, and not to attempt a thorough regeneration of a complicated state of society. He thinks that Christ may come, even to-morrow."

The Queen's English.

Mr. Washington Moon has written a new work on bad English. Some of the errors which he singles out are decidedly amusing. For example: A furrier, lamenting in an advertisement the tricks played on the public by unprincipled men in his own trade, "earnestly requests ladies to bring him their skins, which he promises shall be converted into muffs and boas."

Another advertisement ran thus: "Two sisters want washing."

Here must have been a strange sight: "He rode into town, and drove twelve cows on horseback."

A gentleman advertised for a horse: "For a lady of dark color, a good trotter, high stepper, and having a long tail."

Better, more amusing, more instructive, and more credible is the following illustration of the inevitable ambiguities involved in accurate language. One gentleman says to another: "I have a wife and six children in New York and I never saw one of them." "Were you ever blind?" "Oh, no," replied the other. A further lapse of time, and then the interrogater resumed the subject. "Did I understand you to say that you had a wife and six children living in New York, and you had never seen one of them?" "Yes, such is the fact." Here followed a still longer pause in the conversation, when the interrogator, fairly puzzled, said: "How can it be that you never saw one of them?" "Why," was the answer, "one of them was born after I left."

A "Shrewd" Merchant.

"What some folks call dishonesty I call shrewdness," said a merchant whose word was not as good as his bond nor his bond as good as cash. At one time he was a millionaire, but he died poor, and was followed to his grave by the curses of the widow and the fatherless whom he had cheated. The "shrewd" storekeeper of whom the Nashua *Telegraph* records this piece of sharp practice might study that man's fate. It is said that two rival merchants recently "run each other" on stockings. The first trader marked down the specimens at his door, and after his rival had passed and noted the change, resumed the former prices. The trick was repeated every morning for a week or more. The second trader was not to be undersold. Upon arriving at his store he each morning marked his stock a few cents under his rival. At the end of the week the second trader was selling stockings which cost at wholesale 25 cents, for five cents. This was the first trader's opportunity. He engaged the services of several boys and girls, and before the second trader was aware of the fact, his whole stock of stockings had been transferred to the counter of his rival at five cents per pair, and were being sold by him as "a bankrupt lot—at a great sacrifice"—and yet at a splendid profit.

Charge It.

He said he wanted to deal directly with the proprietor of the jewellery store, as times were hard and he must have hard-pan prices. He looked at a silver tea-set, at a gold-headed cane, at a set of jewellery, and finally at a gold watch. Then he said:

"I did think of making my wife a Christmas present, but she's always growling around and finding fault, and so I'll let her slide."

"Wont you take the cane for your son, as you purposed?" asked the jewellery.

"No, I guess not. Jim loafs around a good deal, and only the other night he told me to shut up and go to thunder. If he wants anything in his stocking let him behave himself."

"Well, about the watch?"

"I guess I'll buy the watch and make myself a present. I never had much of anything in my stocking, and I feel that I hain't been used right. What's your lowest figger?"

"Two hundred dollars."

"Can't do it. You must remember that these are hard times."

"Well, say $190."

"Can't do it. Times are awful."

"I'll make you this watch for $180 and not one cent less," said the dealer.

"Wall, I guess I'll take 'er, though it looks like a big price."

The jeweller placed the watch in the box, stuffed cotton around it, and as he laid it on the show-case, the stranger said:

"You kin charge it."

"Charge it! I don't know you!" exclaimed the dealer.

"You don't?"

"No sir."

"Don't know a man who has lived within twenty-eight miles of Detroit for thirty-seven years?"

"No, sir."

"Never heard of me in your life?"

"No, sir."

"Wall, I wont take the old watch," said the man as he backed off. "You don't seem to have much git-up and go-ahead about you, and I always make it a rule to patronize live firms. You'd better subscribe to some newspaper and get to know what's going on."

"You are no gentleman, sir!" said the irritated dealer, who had lost a full hour's time.

"Can't help it—won't patronize no such slow man—no use talking!" replied the stranger, waving his hand, and he paced out to visit some other firm who did not know a man who had lived within twenty eight miles of Detroit for thirty-seven years.—*Detroit Free Press.*

FUNNIGRAPHS.

Widowers' weeds—Cigars.

The proper age for a parson? Why, the parsonage.

Why is life like a conundrum? Because many give it up.

When is soup likely to run out of a sauce-pan? When there is a leak in it.

When a man has a house lot on which he cannot pay the taxes he has a *site* too much.

"Can you return my love, dearest Julia?" "Certainly, sir; I don't want it, I'm sure."

What is the difference between firmness and obstinacy?—A strong will and a strong won't.

Vicious friends are like bad corns—They'll make you suffer terribly if you don't cut them.

When may a lawyer's clerk be said to have seen much of the world? When he has witnessed many deeds.

The loud tones in which some people appeal to reason imply that reason is a great distance from them.

"What kind of waste has the ocean?" asked a young lady of her lover—"A watery waste, my dear."

A Yankee editor observing "the census embraces seventeen million women," asks, "who wouldn't be a census?"

It is said that there is a great cat in Charleston that plays the piano. She is evidently one of the mewses.

"This is what they call a fellow feeling for a man," as the thief said when the policeman was groping for him in the dark.

There is a man in Indiana who takes 33 newspapers, and you might as well try to ride a whirlwind on a side saddle as to attempt to impose upon that man.

A German, summoned to identify a stolen hog, being asked if the hog had any ear-marks, replied, "Te only ear-mark dat I saw vas his tail cut off."

AN OLD SAW NEW SET.

"Come, wife," said Will, "I pray you devote
Just half a minute to mend this coat,
Which a nail has chanced to rend."
"'Tis ten o'clock," said his drowsy mate
"I know," says Will, it is rather late,
But its never too late to mend."