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WIT AND HUMOR.

The model husbands are the men who never marry. -Fond du Lac Reporter. Best place to hold the World's Fair Right around the waist. -Boston Herald.

STAR COMPOSITION CO.,

Printers' Rollers, Roller Composition PADDING CEMENT ETC. Roller Casting a Specialty. 1107 Fourth St., East Portland, Or.

Those Old Camp Meeting Days.

The time isn't as they used to be and every thing has changed. Our good old fashions of the past are now almost forgotten.

We used to gather in the woods from all the country about to play our gospel battery and then get out and sing. We'd wash our robes of glory in the Jordan and sing them.

THE MISSING BRIDE.

Up on the hill, in a quaint, beautiful, lonely little house, lived young Madame Vinton, quite alone save for the negro help.

It was here very soon after that, and she lived, as we have said, alone with her servants. For guards, she had two great Siamese cat-brothers, fierce as dogs.

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they accepted for her sake, were bidden, and even the flowers ordered. The happy pair were to have a week at the house on the hill, and then come down.

Meanwhile, the two dogs, Uno and Ino, were to be banished. The village people were afraid of them, and they were to be taken away during the time of the wedding.

It was past eleven o'clock. The full moon shone overhead, casting the shadows of the bare wintry shrubbery in dark outlines on the white paths.

Excuse me, he said, with a strong French accent. You came out of this house in such a hurry at this late hour.

It is my place to beg pardon, said the squire, whose face grew very red.

Words cannot describe the consternation of the squire. He hurried to Madame Vinton's house, and found all the doors locked.

He was a handsome, active, elegant man, but he was no longer a young one. At twenty he had been in love.

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in the house upon the hill, his only friends the two dogs, Uno and Ino. It is probable that the husband of Poplarville had been right in the opinion of Madame Vinton.

Some Celebrations of Miller's Great Work Heard From Visitors to the Gallery. Miller, so the story goes, when he had finished "The Angels," invited an artist friend in the church to come and see it.

Only a Little Newboy. Ten o'clock in the building of the big city paper. The electric lights are burning and the whirl of presses and click of types make a busy scene.

Why, I'm disappointed. Nobody seemed interested in the announcement, and she turned and looked another way.

There were a few disrespectful giggles, and then a woman near her remarked in a coldly sympathetic tone.

Very comical are the mistakes made by spectators as to the meaning of the word. It would break Miller's heart to know of some of these.

That's a love subject? remarked the woman, opening a conversation. The girl discreetly made no reply.

It is related of an old-time Bath school boy that after the master had given him a good flogging the young sinner went to the teacher in a melancholy and serious way.

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In a Dilemma. A woman who was riding down-town on a Third Avenue train recently, says N. Y. Sun, became involved in an interesting dilemma, which afforded amusement to all those passengers who became aware of it.

He sat there with a frightened and meek expression upon his face, not daring to move a finger, lest he should incur the punishment of the young woman's arising, or rather attempting to do so.

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This Space Reserved For SHELLEY & VANDUYN,

THE SKELETON AT THE FEAST.

One of the Ever-Present Torments of Fashionable Life. A maid used to be considered a luxury. Now she is the torment of the fashionable woman's life.

It is the French who stay just long enough to get acquainted with American habits, and then she leaves you in a hurry either to marry the cook and open a small restaurant, or to go into the hairdressing business.

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The African Palm Oil Industry.

An interesting report comes from the Governor of the Gold Coast on the palm oil industry of the West Coast of Africa. In cultivating the palm, ripe nuts are scattered over ground well raked, and are then covered lightly with earth.

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Mr. Grady's Boyhood.

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Don't Pull Out Superfluous Hair.

Young Padeloff of Philadelphia, who was at Newport last summer, had met with a curious and perhaps fatal experience. Some time ago he discovered a small tuft of hair growing on his neck which seemed to have no relation with the hair of his head.

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Single Blessedness.

A German paper some time ago invited all masculine readers over forty who had remained single to make a public statement of their reasons for not entering into the matrimonial alliance. The best and wittiest piece was to receive a prize of twenty marks.

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An Interesting Time in Maine.

The skunk is mighty. He always is for that matter, but just now he rules three or four villages in the vicinity of Bangor with an irresistible and odorous rule. Hampden has been overidden of late with a herd of active and strong-breathed skunks who have made things interesting for folks who ventured out at night.

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Witty and Righteously.

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A Ghost.

A man in Bangor, Me., who tarried in a cemetery after dark in order to finish a job of digging, had an encounter with a ghost. It was of the plain white, and was dressed in the plainest of white, and was dressed in the plainest of white.

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Many Mocking Birds.

A writer who has recently visited the Bridal Veil Falls in the Yosemite Valley thus describes the mocking birds that vicinity in the New York Press.

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