

YOUTHFUL ENJOYMENT.

HARRY—I tell you what, let's play circus.

ADOLPHUS—What's that?

HARRY—Why, you lie down and I'll jump on your stomach.
—*Munsey's Weekly*.

GENTLEMAN—You got fifty cents from me yesterday and here you are again to-day.

BEGGAR—Of course; what guarantee have I got that one of us may not die before to-morrow?—*Texas Siftings*.

A DICTATION.

"Have yez writ down 'T' the Honorable Board av Aldermin?"

"Yis."

"Ph'well! Jist write—'Sense your constit—chuints have ractintly discovered—that the city av New Yorruck—gets its name from—an Englishman—we paytition that—the Y in Yorruck be scratched out—an' a big C—sub sti-chu tid.'"—*Harper's*.

A TEST OF COURAGE.

SHOWMAN—Ladies and gentlemen, I will now proceed to enter the cage of this wild, untamed lion.

INTOXICATED MAN—Thatsch nothing, ole fel. Just you tackle my (hic) wife's mother, and then you can brag.—*Texas Siftings*.

WHERE FRIENDSHIP CEASES.

EMELINE—Mamma will give her consent only too quick when you ask her, but I'm afraid papa will hold off.

JACK—What makes you think that. He has always been very friendly with me.

EMELINE—Yes, Jack; but this is a matter of business.—*Eye*.

The saddest case of the Enoch Arden kind is that recorded of a Missouri man, which took place lately. One day in the year 1861 his wife sent him out to get an armful of wood, but he walked to town, where he enlisted and went away to the war. When the war closed he drifted away to California and Mexico. His wife waited five or six years; then, concluding that he was dead, she married again. The second husband died in 1879, and in 1882 she led another blushing groom to the altar. About a month ago the original husband came lumbering back. But there was no glad smile for him. The wife looked over her shoulder at him from where she sat by the stove and asked him if he had got that wood yet. Then the third husband came in and told him to "make tracks, and make 'em lively." "Frailty," exclaimed the first husband, "thy name is woman!" Then he went out, and the third husband's dog chased him to the forks of the road.

IN NEW YORK, OF COURSE.

POLICE COMMISSIONER (to candidate)—Suppose you were to arrest a criminal and he were to offer you a dollar to let him go. Would you do it?

CANDIDATE—No, sof.

COMMISSIONER—What would you say to him?

CANDIDATE—I'd say to him: "Thry me wid a fiver."—*Texas Siftings*.

Those who say that woman has no sense of humor have evidently failed to notice how a mustache tickles her.—*Boston Courier*.

STAMMERER—NOW—N—N—NOW—NOW—NOW—N—NOW—

SYMPATHIZING LISTENER—Yes, that's true. There certainly is no time like the present.—*Harvard Lampoon*.



FAIRHAVEN!



A TOWN OF PHENOMENAL GROWTH.

Is less than Six Months old and has a population of 1,500. Has the safest and only land-locked harbor on Puget Sound of sufficient magnitude to attract the attention of commerce. It is only 28 miles from the Straits of San Juan de Fuca.

Daily Lines of Steamers to all parts of the Sound!

The Fairhaven & Southern Railroad, of which Fairhaven is the deep-water terminus, is now running daily trains into the interior 28 miles to the immense coal and iron fields of the Skagit river, and is being rapidly pushed both east and south to transcontinental connections. The Fairhaven & Northern is building to a connection with the Canadian Pacific railway. Fairhaven is the actual deep-water terminus of all transcontinental lines. Three banks, one of them a national, are already established. Electric lights in operation. A system of water works is under construction, drawing its supply from Lake Padden, a beautiful lake two miles distant, capable of supplying a population of 5,000,000. Four saw mills and two shingle mills

in operation fail to supply the demand for lumber. A \$100,000 hotel being constructed of brick and stone is up to its second story. Several brick buildings are already occupied and more are being erected. An Iron & Steel company, with a capital of \$2,000,000, has organized to work the ores of the Skagit mines. Its furnaces, rolling mills, etc., will be located at Fairhaven. The Chuckanut stone quarries are located one mile from Fairhaven. The Portland post office is built of this beautiful stone, and large quantities of it are being shipped to Tacoma, Seattle and elsewhere. Valuable minerals have been discovered in the Cascades on the line of the Fairhaven & Southern and prospecting is now being actively prosecuted.

Fairhaven has more actual resources at her very doors than any other place in the west, and therefore offers splendid opportunities for investments, with positive prospects of rapid increase.