



Has an Easy Time. The poet's life is in Lent—You may depend upon it—One's chief distress is spent—For sonnet rhymes with bonnet.—Detroit Free Press.

COLD'NT SHAKE HIM.

Bronco Easy to Hide as Feathered, With Proper Precaution.

A crowd had begun to gather. Apparently the man in question had never tried to ride a bucking bronco before. The animal threw down his head, elevated his hind feet, and wriggled backward. Then it reversed the process. Still the man, with a look of desperation on his face, hung on.

"Bet \$5 the beast throws him," exclaimed a voice. There were no takers. "Bet \$5 it downs him in one round!" shouted the voice.

Still no takers. The maddened animal meanwhile continued to buck, while the rider, with firmly-set jaws and gleaming eyeballs, still hung on with the energy of desperation. When the bronco stood on his hind feet he clasped it around the neck. When it stood on its head he leaned back in the saddle and grasped the animal with one hand by the tail. When it sprang suddenly to one side he wrapped his long legs about its body and held on like an octopus.

"Bet \$5 the man wins!" exclaimed the same voice. No takers. "Bet \$5 to 1 on the man!" said a dozen at once.

NO MORE PARADES FOR HIM.

One Experience of Mardi Gras, Glad in Armor, All He Wanted.

They were discussing Mardi Gras celebration in the days of old Memphis. "That was the first time I was ever in a parade, and I hope the last," said a well-known railroad man. "Jim Brown and I had been selected as guards of honor, or some such thing, and we were going to do the thing up right. No costume in Memphis was good enough for us. We sent off to New York and had two suits of armor made, and came out in that kind of armor, which had been unobtainable. As I walked I made as much noise as a tinware peddler. When we reached the room I tried to shove my partner first, but found that the fasteners were patented, and neither of us knew the combination. We sent for the men who had ordered them for us, and while the boy was looking for him we spent the time in darning everybody and everything.

but the fasteners were a riddle to him. He ran over to the restaurant, and in a few minutes came back with a crooked hatchet and pair of shears. He went to work, and after chopping and cutting and shearing, relieved us from our coat of mail. It was then about 3 o'clock in the morning, and I took to go any of the balls. I took the several hours I spent in that harness trying to get out were the most miserable of my life. No more parades for me, partner."—Memphis Scimitar.

PUT THE WAITER TO FLIGHT.

Experience Taught the Dromsner How to Deal With Him.

A large man, whose jolly, smooth-shaven visage somehow called to mind pictures of those medieval monks who are always painted in close proximity to cauldrons of wine, walked into a restaurant in the business district last evening and ordered a steak à la Croque. In due time he arrived and was deposited, piping hot, on the table, whereupon the large man proceeded to tuck a napkin under his collar and attacked the dish with a quiet gusto that was exhilarating to witness.

"What do you think is the matter with it?" he inquired in an anxious undertone. "Why—why—nothing," I guessed, but he could conclude the sentence disconcerted; "I was only asking, you know." "But what prompted you to ask?" urged the other. "I insist upon knowing what excited your suspicion that this steak was not what it should be?" "Oh, I dunno," muttered the waiter miserably. "I just asked, that's all."

"WHO SINT THOU PICK?"

Very Pardonable Curiosity of the Widow Houlihan.

Dennis Houlihan, a public contractor and an ex-arderman, died. He had come over from Ireland when a boy, and from the bottom rung of the ladder had climbed through a series of failures and successes until at last he was rewarded with riches in reasonable amount and political preferment beyond the dreams of his ancestors.

When the widow came in for a farrowed lot, she was not to be the gates of feminine curiosity left to glance upon, between the spasms of her lamentations, at the floral designs that surrounded the bier.

Careful Buyer.

There were four neighbors in Tucker's general store, at the crossing of the plank ridge and the state road, when Silas Slosson entered.

Expensive Cure.

"Went home Thursday night and found my wife ill. Symptoms alarming. Dosed her best I could. Friday morning she was no better. Fell worried. Wife dull and stupid. No life to her. Started for doctor. Struck by happy thought. Turned back. Cure complete."

HORRIFIED BRIDEGROOM.

Ludicrous Revelation of Surgical Operation on His Bride.

"Some of the queerest experiences of a doctor are pretty certain to be connected with the administration of anaesthetics," said a physician, chatting the other day with a newspaper friend, "and apropos of the subject I recall a little story that I don't mind telling, as the incident occurred long another city."

PAT GAVE GOOD WEIGHT.

His Master's Customer Got All There Was Due Him.

Bill Fletcher's Brains.

Bill Fletcher, a lineator for the Michigan Telephone Company, doesn't like to wear a hat on hot days. A kind-hearted old lady saw Bill one hot day near Saline digging away bareheaded at a posthole.

THE SORREL MULE.

The color of the sky at sunset—of leaves—of the deep of yonder thicket;—Then the croaking frog of yonder dross his part.

To Her Mirror.

My love has said that I am fair, He thinks me fair to view; My love has praised my golden hair, Has praised my eyes of blue.

From "The Lost Creek Lyre."

The editor of the Lost Creek Lyre thus starts a newly minted couple down the rosy path of wedded bliss: My Cupid's hand forever sure, Your nuptial path with big black roses, And over each with honey dew.

CHASED HIM A MILE.

Unfortunate Milesian Allusion by a Political Speaker.

Dr. James Walker, a well-known physician of San Francisco, in discussing the necessity of tact in political life, tells the following incident:

FORGONE CONCLUSION.

He Didn't Know That She Had Stacked the Cards.

THE WRETCH!

But She Knew Just How to Get That Tailor-Made Gown.

The Choristers.

Every evening comes and lingers, 'Neath the window of my cottage in the trees; And with dark they raise their voices, And the gathering night rejoices.

Don't Know Whom He'll Meet.

A counsel of the Blue Grass Lay growing on his cot; Lay gazing on his nurse, There were jumps cool or hot; And a pistol lay beside him.

Faces in the Street.

They lie, the men who tell us in a loud, decisive tone That want to be a stranger, and that misery's For where the nearest suburb and the city proper meet.

College Graduate.

Although a beggar in degree, Refinement on his features came; "Pray lift me from the mire," he said, "I'm a college graduate."

KNOW HUMAN NATURE.

Maine Lawyer's Insight Helped Him in Real Estate Deal.

A good lawyer learns many lessons in the school of human nature, and thus it was that Lawyer Hackett did not fear to purchase a tract of land which had been "lawed" over for years.

PHYTHIAS PLAYED IN LUCK.

Damon, However, Took Chances on the Cable Breaking.

Matter of Precaution.

State Senator Frank W. Maynard, of New Hampshire, has just returned to his home in Nashua from Louisville, Ky., where he attended the annual convention of the Merchant Tailors' National Exchange.

Literary Evening in Georgia.

An exchange prints the following interesting announcement of "A Literary Evening":

A Bit Rough.

In the course of the fearful march of the Irish Fusiliers from Dundee to Ladysmith the men were much fatigued, owing to the rough journey.

What's in a Name.

There is more truth than poetry in the following: Call a girl a chick and she smiles; call a woman a hen and she howls.

She Caught On.

"This love letter that you wrote me," she said, and then paused inquiringly. "Well, what of it?" he asked.

AMPLY APOLOGY.

A hereditary rivalry exists between the Black Watch and the Rifle Brigade, and it is a menace to the peace of these two regiments to be stationed in the same town.

AMPLY APOLOGY.

"Well, what of it?" he asked. "I never did believe in giving a woman a business education," Chicago Post.

Oh!

Lady—After you have cut the wood I will show you the bulldog—Sandy Pikes—What! By the knight of hohos, I'm off.

Completely Subjugated.

"Poor old Henpeck leads a dog's life with his wife."

He's a Kangaroo.

"Well, why on earth doesn't he apply for a divorce?"



Hall! Hall to the man who makes the speech—But direct across! There's a greater, out of reach, Who tells him what to say.—Washington Star.

WHEN SHELDON IS EDITOR.

Points on How to Run a Truly Good Newspaper.

"During the temporary absence of the chief editor, it is to be stated that the circulation of this paper is 2500 by actual count."

"Ten-dollar suits at Wagstaff's for \$4.99, this week only. (N. B. We have personally examined these suits and find they are not worth 50 cents.—Editor.)

Ready for the Firing Party.

It was a snowy, windy night, and Private Malony, on guard, quickly got chilled. The snow drifted into his sentry box until, in sheer desperation, he moved that rude shelter to a sloping position in the lee of a buttress of the wall.

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