



CAN - AWKWARD - POSITION.

Do you think two girls ought to be born so exactly alike? said Charlie Dacre, ruefully... care and caution. One evening he saw Isabel Dennison entering the library...

THE ONLY WHITE BUFFALO.

Seen and Chased by Hunters, but Never Caught.

During the summer of 1875 bands of Indians returning from a hunt far out in the plains brought in stories of having seen at different times and in different places, and always in the center of a large herd, a white buffalo...

Bird's Friendship for a Boy.

It is a rare occurrence for animals, in a wild state, to select man for a companion and friend, yet well-authenticated instances which this has been done are a matter of record...

New Color Names.

If the latest additions to the nomenclature of fashionable colors be generally adopted by milliners and dress-makers, ladies will be much puzzled when they come to choose their hats and gowns for early autumn wear...

Buy Fruit Instead of Candy.

"I wish," said a doctor the other day, as he watched a group of school children troop out of a candy store, where they had been spending their pennies...

The Quarrelsome Scorpion.

The scorpion is the most quarrelsome creature in the world. Two placed in the same box will always sting each other to death.

Anecdote and Incident

A customer dropped into a book-seller's the other day (says the Bookman) and asked for a copy of 'The Lady of the Aroostook'.

Stephen Girard, the fabled millionaire of Philadelphia, one Saturday ordered all his clerks to come on the morning to his wharf and help unload a newly arrived ship.

Mark Twain once attended a missionary meeting in Hartford, at which a missionary made an address. After listening to the agonizing story of suffering, Mark Twain said to himself: 'For God's sake, send that plate around, so that I can pour my sympathy into it.'

President Lincoln, when he was a young lawyer practicing in the courts of Illinois, was once engaged in a case in which the lawyer on the other side made a very voluble speech...

A member of Congress was going home very late a few nights ago the Washington Post says, when he met a young man who was hopelessly drunk. The Congressman happened to know where he lived, and kindly guided him home.

The late Judge Richard Clarke presided in the Atlanta circuit of the Superior Court when one of the most remarkable murder trials was in progress. The evidence was conflicting (says the Washington Post), and the judge was called upon to charge the jury on some new and interesting legal points.

The young man was one of those self-sufficient individuals who imagine that knowledge sits enthroned in the temple of their own personal intellect, and that what they do not know is not worth knowing.

I saw by the creature's actions that it was angry. The rapid movement of the jaws indicated that it was preparing for attack. I warned the young man, and told him what to expect. His sweetheart begged him to desist and to come away; but he treated by warning with derision, and told the girl that he "knew his business."

The modern shark is deteriorating. In ages gone by there were ferocious sharks, such as would make a mouthful of you without blinking. 70 feet in length. Plenty of their teeth have been found which are 3 inches in length, whereas the biggest of the teeth belonging to sharks that exist at the present day are 1 1/2 inches long.

Force of Freezing Water.

The thickest artillery shells are burst by the expansive force of freezing water.

rushing to invest the fortune before the banks closed. I looked round to my companion, anticipating a remark. "You will see," he said, turning to Le Jour, after a moment's silence that might have been felt...

Suppose We Smile.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Saying that Are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

Making Him Useful. "Did you ever hear about that book agent's hard luck?" "No. What was it?" "He struck a mesmerist. She hypnotized him into the back yard and made him beat carpets for five hours."

One Example. Freshy—Professor, is it ever possible to take the greater from the less? Prof. Pottery—There is a pretty close approach to it when conceit is taken out of a freshman.—Indianapolis Journal.

The Holder of a Record. "Who is that lank party with the medals?" asked the drummer. "That is our town champion," the rural grocer explained. "He has got his picture in the papers more times for being cured of more different diseases than any man in the United States."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

An Impostor. Tramp—Madam, will you give a hungry tramp tuthin' 't eat? I'll saw yer wood, mow ther lawn. Woman at the Door—Git out! Yew ain't no tramp.—New York World.

The Ruffing Passion. "He was a liar to the last," said the editor.

His Ludship—But you Americans make such a row about the most inconsequential things, don't ye know?" Miss Columbia—Yes, I suppose it does annoy you to be so honized.—Detroit News.

Influence of a Good Face.

When the young married man tells this story he makes sure that his father is not within earshot. "I never had but one falling out with the governor," he declares. "When I went home one evening and told him that I was engaged, hecross-questioned me like a lawyer and each answer increased his wrath, till he positively forbade the bans. I have something of a temper myself, and after a stormy interchange, we agreed upon a compromise. He did not like the girl's family. He would have it that she was a fortune-hunter. He could never approve of her under any circumstances, but if I would go abroad for two years, see other women, hold no communication with my fiancée and then return to marry her, he would interpose no obstacle. I accepted his terms."

After I had been in Paris I met an American girl who was in all respects my ideal. She was with a wealthy aunt, whose name she had taken and whose fortune she was to inherit. I wrote the governor about her, sent him the opinion of some of my countrymen whom he knew and said his scheme had proved a good one after all. With his permission I would wed the girl in Paris.

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Good Reason. She—It is remarkable what confidence that Mrs. Storms has in her husband. Believes everything he says. He—Well, why shouldn't she? "Why, man; he's a clerk in the weather bureau.—Yonkers Statesman.

Her Preference. Rose—Why do you prefer Charley Gillig to Fred Pelton? I think Fred's twice the man that Charley is. Minnie—He may be, but Charley boys mear the finer candy.—Cleveland Leader.

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Her Thoughts About the "Utcher." Fuddy—Between you and me, I believe my wife thinks more of the butcher than she does of me. Duddy—You don't mean it! Fuddy—I do, but I am not jealous. Duddy—Not jealous? Fuddy—You wouldn't be surprised if you knew what kind of thoughts she puts in my head.—Boston Transcript.

He Hoped Not.

"William, I hope I didn't see you wink at that girl!" "No, my dear, I hope you didn't."

Not a Discourse on Extravariance. Wife (after returning from church)—You should have been at church this morning. We had a beautiful sermon. Husband—I'll bet you can't repeat the text. Wife—Yes, I can. It was the tenth verse of the sixteenth chapter of Ezekiel: "I grided those about with fine linen, and I covered them with silk." Husband—Huh! It is no wonder you remember it.—Harlem Life.

More Likely.

"Have you thrown over the bicycle for good, Miss Breezley?" "No, it was the bicycle that did all the throwing over."

Blissful Ignorance. Mr. Ruffon—Is it a fact that you can neither read nor write? Illiterate—Don't know. Never tried to do either.—Boston Transcript.

His Good Works. Some well-intentioned person, entreating another individual, inquired: "My good man, do you ever do anything to bring light and purity into the homes of your fellow-men?" "Yes, lots," was the reply. "You distribute tracts?" "No, I clean windows and beats carpets."—New York Observer.

The Relationship. A small boy, after critically surveying the new baby, remarked to his mother: "He's got no teeth and no hair. He's grandfather's little brother, ain't he, ma?"—London Fun.

Not Forgotten. The Waiter—Beg pardon, sir, have you forgotten me? The Waited—Um—I believe I did see you somewhere a long time ago.—New York Journal.

Warding Him Off. TOLLIVER—Can you let me have \$10 for a week, old man? Duero—What weak old man?—Harlem Life.

Not Done Yet. Spais—They say electricity will run the world in the future, and that the age of steam is passed. Socrates—Oh, I don't know. There is a good deal of vaporing yet.—Pittsburg News.

Hurt to Find. Ethel—You may ask papa, Mr. Van Labe. Van Labe—My darling, I'll never be able to find him. He owes me \$25.—Washington Star.

Her Ace. He—This record says you were born in 1860. She—That is correct. How old would you say I am? "Oh, about 30." "You horrid thing! I'm not 25 yet!"—Yonkers Statesman.

He Doubted It. "I have been told," said she, as they sat in a shady corner of the porch, "that you have rather a grasping disposition." "You don't believe it, do you?" "Dear me, no. I have never seen you exhibit the least sign of catching on."—Indianapolis Journal.

He Wasn't Particular. Awful Swell—No, my good man. I—law—neverh curry eppahs. Tramp—Don't apologize, me lord; sil-ver'll do just as well for me.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Wanted. "It's surprising how impractical some very learned men are." "Yes; there's Prof. Lingwist, for example. He spent over half his life in acquiring a fluency in nine or ten different languages, and then went and married a wife who never gives him a chance to get a word in edgewise."—Truth.

She Was "Me." A gentleman who has a telephone in his house has in his employ a faithful but stupid German girl, who one day responded to the ringing of the telephone-bell. "Who is there?" came over the wire. "It is I," replied Katrina. "And who is I?" "Why, I am I." "But who is I?" came over the wire. "I am me, my own self," retorted Katrina. "How should I be any one but me?" "But who are you?" "I am my own self." "What is your name?" "Katrina Rupper." "Well, who is Katrina Rupper?" "She is me, I, my own self." "And when Katrina heard laughter at the other end of the line she said, indignantly: "I will not stay here to be made a shake of," and she walked away from the telephone, grumbling: "How could I be any one but me? I let 'em know how to make a shake of me!"

Native Christian Pastors in India. Fifty years ago there were in India only twenty-one ordained Christian pastors. There are now about 1,000.

Humorous Paragraphs from the Comic Papers.

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