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A PICKPOCKET'S RUSE.

The Trick by Which He Once Got a Woman's Purse.

Jack Piggott, the noted pickpocket, used to tell a funny story about the difficulty he had in picking the pocket of a fashionably dressed woman who was looking in at the window of Shreve's jewelry store. It illustrates the hardships that the light fingered gentry are forced to endure in the pursuit of their profession and when first related was considered amusing not only by Piggott, but by the many to whom he confided his experience.

It was a cold winter evening, and the lady on whose purse Piggott had designs stood looking at the holiday finery so temptingly displayed. Piggott said that he tried all the arts known to his craft for the extraction of the wallet, but all in vain, until, as a last resort, he fished a toothpick from his pocket, and reaching around, tickled the lady's ear. Instinctively she raised her hand to brush away the invading insect or whatever it might be and in so doing let go of her pocketbook that she was carrying in the pocket of her coat.

It was only an instant, but it was long enough for the expert pickpocket to get in his work, and when she put her hand back her money was gone, and in the crowd around her she could not identify the pale faced, fashionably dressed young man at her side as the person who had robbed her, and if she had accused him there would have been no proof against him, as the swag was at once passed to a pal who stood ready to receive it and run. Piggott was not even arrested for that crime, and the lady's ludicrous outburst furnished material for mirth long after.—San Francisco Bulletin.

LAYING UP A COMPETENCE.

Something That Practically Any Man Can Do Through Self Denial.

"There are some men of genius," said Mr. Nippingly, "who accumulate great fortunes by great strokes, but by far the greater number of fortunes, including those of moderate dimensions, and these form the great majority of all, are made by the very simple process of living within one's income and investing the surplus with more or less wisdom, but always where it will be safe.

"The older I grow the more amazed I am that more people don't lay up a competence for themselves, as most anybody can do, by beginning early in life to live within their income and sticking to that course faithfully. Did I do this myself? No. Am I, however, having learned the wisdom of this course, now making a beginning? I am obliged to say 'No.' I am still spending all I get and laying by nothing.

"There are some lessons that we all easily acquire, but never turn to our own advantage. One of these is of the benefits that arise from the exercise of self denial. We get from this at once the direct benefit of what we save, and self denial nourishes, strengthens and broadens the will and enables a man constantly to do and to earn more and more.

"There's simply nothing like self denial. It is the key to every one of life's treasures, and everybody has one of those golden keys in his possession, eager to help him and waiting only for him to bring it in use."—New York Sun.

An Amazed Woman.

A woman who had an Arabic glass cup of the fourteenth century and did not know its value took it to the British museum. After due consideration the expert, to her surprise, said that, though the museum did not want it, it might be worth \$2,000. The woman shuddered, because she had been carrying in a crowded London omnibus a bit of glass worth so much money and it had miraculously escaped smashing.

Finally, wanting money more than an auctioneer's. Fancy her amazement when, starting at \$2,500, the Arabic cup went by leaps and bounds and was finally knocked down for the nice sum of \$6,500.

Actually the Arabic cup was worth very much less, but it so happened that there were two rivals at the auction, who bid against each other—China, Glass and Lamps.

Amazement of the Offense.

"You are charged, young man," the magistrate said, not unkindly, "with sending the complaining witness nearly out of his senses by putting him through some mock ceremony of initiation. I can make allowance for exuberance of spirits among college students, but sometimes this exuberance is carried too far."

"It was this way, your honor," exclaimed the youth who appeared to be the spokesman—"we were out for a little lark, and we caught a Jay."

"The fine will be \$2 and costs each," said his honor, his face hardening.—Chicago Tribune.

Some Ready Made Law.

Bourke Coekran studied law under Judge Theodore L. Dwight. One day the professor asked a question which seemed easy, but was really difficult. With his magnificent voice Coekran answered the best he could, adding as a saving clause, "Such, I take it, is the common law."

The good old doctor gleamed benignantly through his spectacles. "That would be all right, sir, if you had made it uncommon law."—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

To make paper fireproof nothing more is necessary than to saturate the paper in a strong solution of alum water, and when thoroughly dry it will resist the action of flame.

The inhabitants of Cochon China much prefer rotten eggs to fresh ones.

JINGLES.

Exonerated.

I told you 'bout my Uncle Jim—
Two years ago—
Of how you'd ought to go to him
For things you didn't know,
But you was obstinate as stiff;
You snubbed him once or twice,
He would have saved you trouble if
You'd asked for his advice.

He sought with several warm souls
To catch the public eye,
Description all our human needs,
An signed Vox Populi.
He showed 'em what they had to do;
To look more sleek an fat,
But he kep' fagin' away
An studyin' a lot.

So Uncle Jim, he ain't to blame
For all these doin's now—
South, North, East, West, and
This Philippine row.
I'm very much inclined to say,
When signs of peace grow dim,
Folks wouldn't be so scared if they
Had minded Uncle Jim.

—Washington Star.

The Merry Time of Frost and Snow.

She says she likes the winter time,
She "loves the frost and snow";
She says she likes the cutting blast
That round the corners blow.
"How gay," she says, "to glide on ice,
How grand to speed away
Across the whitened landscape in
The swinging, swaying sleigh."

Oh, yes, she likes the winter time,
With all its ills and chills,
With all its hazy fancies
And heavy hearing bills;
But while I shiver here and blow
Upon my fingers she
May roam her way in the south,
From icy terrors free.

—Chicago Times Herald.

Looking Forward.

Son, when the woman you love so sweetly
Gives you the gay ha-ha,
Don't think life is soared completely;
Take a look at her ma.
This old world has women aplenty,
Time will change young love to a toy.
Every woman is sweet at twenty.
(Your ma was twenty herself, my boy)

Daughter, when he loved as a lover
Gives you the cold ta-ta,
Don't conclude that joy is over;
Go and gaze at his pa!
This old world has tricks that are dirty,
Time will fix it, never you fear.
Every man is a god at thirty.
(I was thirty myself, my dear)

—New York Press.

Cured.

Pale, sick, I walked the ocean strand;
A good stout cane was in my hand;
With weakness I could scarcely stand
And face the salt sea spray.
Then feebly to the ground I stooped,
A handful of the sand I scooped,
I swallowed it, and then I whooped
And threw my cane away.

—Chicago Tribune.

Its Legal Aspect.

Necessity knows no law,
But her rulings no man can budge;
Decisions are often new,
But, however aggrieved you feel,
Just pay up your costs and trudge;
You let there be no appeal.
When Necessity acts as judge.

—Chicago Record.

The Longest Word.

Wife—Here's the longest word in the language. There's 20 syllables in it.
Husband—Just the same, it isn't.
The longest word is the comparative degree of long.
Wife—How do you make that out?
Husband—Easy enough. I don't care how long your word is, that is longer.—Detroit Free Press.

GENEROUS MAN.

Mrs. Youngwed—You know Uncle Pincher said he was going to send us something that would help us save our coal bills this year? Well, it came.

Mr. Youngwed—Really? A stock of coal?

Mrs. Youngwed—No. A little arrangement for filing bills.—Philadelphia Press.

Foiled Again.

"Your money or your life!"

"Ha, ha! Good joke! I'm an artist!"—New York Journal.

"Do you know anything about the recent financial crash?" asked the friend.

"No," answered the cold bloodedly truthful man. "I don't even know enough about it to moralize on it."—Washington Star.

His Retort.

"Sir," she said when he complained of the incessant piano playing, "you have no ear for music."

"That may be true, madam," he replied. "I will have to hear some in order to find out."—Chicago Post.

Her Own Fault.

Mrs. Dibbs—Mm. Chic, I pay you more than Mrs. Hibbs, and yet you put more style into her frocks.

Mme. Chic—Well, Mrs. Dibbs, that's what you get for being so easy to please.—Indianapolis Journal.

Finance.

"Everybody ought to oppose these get rich quick schemes."

"I don't know about that. I'd like to make a fortune while I'm alive to enjoy it."—Chicago Record.

To Be Expected.

When his dear Anna said she'd be his bride, he felt elated.
He couldn't help it, for, you see,
He then was Anna-matched.

—Elliot's Magazine.

CASTORIA

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