

THE MODERN EDIFICE WHICH THE HON. JACK ERECTED.

This is the mansion that quaintly looks like a crazy collection of crannies and nooks. While the red painted roof in contrast is seen...

AN ORIGINAL SKETCH OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Mark Twain was writing an account of the American "Printer, Patriot, and Philosopher." As will be seen, it varies very considerably from previous estimates of his character.

THE EMULATION OF BOYS

for ever—boys who might otherwise have been happy. It was in this spirit that he became the son of a soap boiler, and probably for no other reason than that the efforts of all future boys who tried to be anything might be looked upon with suspicion unless they were the sons of soap boilers.

PERNICIOUS BIOGRAPHY.

His maxims were full of animosity toward boys. Nowadays a boy cannot follow out a single natural instinct without tumbling over some of those everlasting aphorisms and hearing from Franklin on the spot.

THE TRAVELING TYPE SETTER.

He walked silently in. We knew him the minute we raised our eyes and saw him standing there. In fact, we had been expecting him; he nearly always comes when we are in just such a strait and needing him.

NOTHING IN THE WORLD

but two shillings in his pocket and four rolls of bread under his arm. But really, when you come to examine it critically, it was nothing. Anybody could have done it.

ORIGINALITY OUT OF TRUISMS

that had become wearisome platitudes as early as the dispersion from Babel; and also to snub his stove, and his military inspirations, his unseemly endeavor to make himself conspicuous when he entered Philadelphia, and his flying his kite and fooling away his time in all sorts of such ways when he ought to have been foraging for soap-fat, or constructing candles.

EXERCISEABLE ECCENTRICITIES

of instinct and conduct are only the evidences of genius, not the creators of it. I wish I had been the father of my parents long enough to make them comprehend this truth, and thus prepare them to let their son have an easier time of it.

HORSE-RIDING.

Horse riding is much better exercise than walking. The muscles of the arms and chest are exercised in guiding the horse, those of the back are called into play in keeping the balance, and those of the lower limbs in springing from the saddle.

HIDDEN WEALTH.

The Curious Places Where Money has been Found When Hidden or Lost—Strange Freaks. "I have been sent for very often in my time," said an elderly detective. "to search for money concealed by eccentric people. There was more of this hiding away of cash forty years ago than there is now, owing probably to the doubtful character of some of the old savings banks."

A GOOD PIECE OF DETECTIVE ANALYSIS.

"I had a curious case two years ago. A wealthy man had been attacked with partial paralysis, and his speech and the greater part of his memory had left him. He wrote out the question, 'Where did I put my money?' The amount was large, \$32,000 in bonds, which he had been about to take to a safe deposit building.

LEGAL INTELLIGENCE.

Not long since an Austin lawyer was appointed by the district judge to examine a candidate for admission to the bar. The young man was rather deficient in Blackstone and Greenleaf. It looked very much as though he lacked the requisite preparation.

THE BAREFOOTED CLARES.

Attention has been called anew in Paris to the Order of the Barefooted Clares. There are eighteen of these nuns, and fourteen are under twenty-two years of age. The reason of this, according to a statement just made by Baron Palet, is that the rule of the Clare is so excessively severe that nearly all the inmates die young.

BOYISH GENEROSITY.

"No, Bob," said Willie, generously; "that's the largest piece; keep it yourself," and he pushed it back with the expression of a lad who has performed an act that deserved to shine in a dark world.

WILLIE.

"Willie," said Bob, casting a peculiar look at his companion from between the half-closed lids of his left eye, "I know what's the matter."

BORROWED WIT.

A sea-serpent is known by its wriggle. The plumber's favorite fruit—Plums. The publisher's popular tool—Adze. The lawyer's usual garment—long suit.

BE JABERS!

"Be jabbers!" exclaimed an Irishman. "I've slept sixteen hours. I went to bed at eight and got up at eight."

WIGGINS IS DISCOUNTED ALREADY BY A BROOKLYN HUSBAND.

Wiggins is discounted already by a Brooklyn husband. He can always tell when a storm is coming by looking in his wife's face.

PROFESSOR—

"Here, James, what are you doing at that ventilator?" James—"O, nothing, sir; I am only correcting an airer."

IF YOUR COLLEGE WOULD MAKE IT A RULE NOT TO RECEIVE MALE STUDENTS,

but that girls should be embraced in their classes, it looks as though there would be a more satisfactory attendance.

DOWN IN LOUISIANA THEY HAVE GOT TO STEALING THE CORNER-STONES OF CHURCHES,

and a pulpit which can be made over into a summer-house is not safe unless bolted down.

"NINETY-FIVE IN THE SHADE IN THE CITY,"

murmured the seaside landlord. "Gracious, but how I do pity those poor town people. Here, John, tell the head clerk to advance the rates \$1 per day."

A KENTUCKY MAN HAS ORDERED A CASE OF LIVE RATTLE-SNAKES FROM A WRIGGLING PENNSYLVANIA LOCALITY.

He says, that if whiskey is to be prohibited, except for snake bites, he means to have his locality well supplied.

"YES," SAID THE MAN, "IT'S JUST MY LUCK,

I ordered that lawn mower, to run early in the morning, to rouse the snuffing out of that neighbor of mine, and drat me if they didn't send one of the new noiseless kind."

JOHN SHRINE, OF WISCONSIN, STARTED A NEW RELIGION AT SEVEN O'CLOCK THE MORNING,

and before sundown he had 126 believers. You can make most anything move along in this country by putting a glass of lager behind it.

"HOW OLD ARE YOU, JACOB?" ASKED THE DOCTOR OF AN AGED ANSTIN ISRAELITE.

"I vash seventy-two years old," was the reply. "You may live to be eighty years of age," I vash afraid not, "Mishter Doctor," replied Jacob, "vy should the Lord vant to take me at eighty, ven he can take me now at seventy-two?"

A GERMAN EDITOR WHO WAS CHALLENGED TO FIGHT A DUEL REFUSED,

and was still considered a brave man, because he frankly admitted that even if he did escape being shot, his mother-in-law would torment the life out of him for being fool enough to fight.

SEVERAL PAPERS ARE AGITATING THE SUBJECT OF DRESS REFORM FOR WOMEN,

and urging the use of the divided skirt. As this will enable a woman to find her pocket in less than ten minutes, it seems like a very sensible idea.

SENATOR VANCE, IN HIS LECTURE ON "THE SCATTERED NATIONS," SAID,

"Jew is three inches shorter than the American." It may be so, but there are a great many more "short" Americans than Jews in this country all the same.

"OH YES," EXPLAINED MRS. SUDDERICHES, "OUR AUNT'S SISTERS WERE KNICKERBOCKERS ALL THROUGH;

and they used to give balls and parties in the old clog days which for swiftness and style beat the Dutch."

"THERE IS NOT A CUSPIDOR IN THE WHOLE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

or any of the hotels of England," says Joseph Cook. No wonder Americans return to their country, and say there's no place like home.

"YES," SAID THE LIQUOR SELLER, "JIM IS A VERY POPULAR BARTENDER;

very popular, indeed; but I shall discharge him. He always turns his back on a customer when the latter's pouring out a drink, when a look of surprise will stop a man when the glass is half full.

BALD HEADED MEN INTEND HOLDING A CONVENTION THIS YEAR WITH THE AIM OF ADOPTING SOME STRATAGEM FOR CIRCUMVENTING THE FLY.

One of the measures proposed is that each member shall wear a banana peel on his crown, insuring a slip-up and a broken neck for each deprecatory insect.

LETTER WRITER.

A Complete Guide to All the Words and Phrases Generally Spoken by the Public. He had an austere face, steel hair and a dictatorial voice. His body rested comfortably in an easy chair upon the upper deck of the steamer. The time was morning, and the boat was discovering to the curiosity the beauties of the East.

"YES, SIR, I ASSERT IT, HE EXCLAIMED,

"emphatically assert it. The descriptive letter writer is either a crank or a simpleton."

"ARE YOU NOT A LITTLE HARD ON THE INNOCENT PEOPLE?"

"No, sir; not a bit too hard. I never yet saw one of these innocent nauties in print but that I prayed fifty-ton pile-driver might strike in it into the unreccoverable beyond. And still, with all this, I wouldn't be surprised to learn that you are going to inflict a little article on some newspaper and deliver the patient editor of what Christianity he has."

SOME OF IT ALREADY WRITTEN, DID YOU SAY? I THOUGHT SO. JUST A FEW ACCOUNTS OF THE TRIP? OH, YES, I UNDERSTAND. WELL, I SUPPOSE YOU WILL BEGIN BY SAYING THAT AT HALF-PAST SEVEN O'CLOCK YOU BOUNDED THE SWIFT AND COMMODIOUS STEAMER.

"THAT WAS MY INTENTION; WHY NOT COMMODIOUS, OF COURSE. NEVER SAW A STEAMBOAT YET THAT WAS NOT COMMODIOUS. IF YOU HAD BOARDED NOAH'S ARK YOU WOULD UNDOUBTEDLY HAVE TELEGRAPHED THAT SHE WAS COMMODIOUS. AFTER THAT YOU GO ON TO SAY THAT THE BOAT WAS 5000' AFOAT UPON THE PLACID BAYS ALWAYS RING IN THE PLACE, EVEN IF CYCLONE IS ABOUT—PLACID BOSOM OF HUDSON, AND SWIFTLY PLOWING IN THROUGH THE GENTLE WAVES, WHILE REVOLVING PADDLE-WHEELS CHURNED WATER WASTES INTO FOAMING SPRAY WHITE AS THE SUGARY CREST OF A BAKING CAKE.

"GREAT HEAVENS! MAN, THOSE ARE MY VERY WORDS."

"Indeed! I thought so. Of course you said something about your pleasantness to get away from the suffocating atmosphere of brick walls and once more breathe the pure and unadulterated air of the river and the mountain."

"OF COURSE I DID."

"Certainly; I knew it. You marked, too, that the day was clear and bright. You would have said the same thing if it had been as dark as the record of one of your Eight Ward politicians. Then, again, your letter had not proceeded very far before the indescribable beauties of the Hudson began to unfold themselves. You said the excursionists stood packed bound at the entrancing grandeur of the view, when, in fact, half the people you see are either reading the morning papers, fast asleep, or utterly unconcerned whether the entrancing cetera is an exhibition or not. I need not dwell upon the details of your letter, but you worked up your adjective vocabulary through the grand to the sublime, and then you saw the Palisades. Ah! the Palisades you exclaimed, what majestic creations they are! High and solid arise from the river side—fortresses of impenetrable power! Gibraltar of unconquerable strength! rampart bound sentinels that seem to perpetually guard the beautiful river to glistens below like a placid shadepainted turquoise. Tremendous in their—"

"STOP! STOP! I SAY! I DEMAND TO KNOW, SIR, HOW YOU GOT HOLD OF A MANUSCRIPT? ANYBODY WHO WOULD—"

"Be calm, my young friend. I am calm. I never saw your note book, but twenty-five years of editorial experience has enabled me to catch the most abundantly in this descriptive business. Young man, take my advice; destroy that letter; kill the nonsense; in the silent waters of the Hudson drown these adjectives. What the people want to read is news, gossip, facts, incidents, anecdotes—slush. Let description alone. Don't make yourself ridiculous by falling to do what Washington Irving has already done so well. The descriptive writer must go. Public morality demands his extermination; the editor hereafter demands it; American literature— But my wife's beckoning this way. Ponder over these things while I take a second excursion through that Saratoga trunk for a bottle of smelling salts, or a paper of pins, or whatever else she may order me to find."

THE ORACLE WAS GONE. I SAT MOURNING THE WRECK OF SO MUCH GRACIOUSNESS—the overthrow of such gorgeously decorated word-collections built out of high sounding phrases collected from quotation books, and my resort puffs and religious verities, all in vain—destroyed by a sharp-witted cynic. Love's labor was certainly lost.—Baltimore American.

A FRIEND OF JUGGINS' THE OTHER DAY ASKED HIM THE CONUNDRUM "WHY DO YOU LIKE A DONKEY?"

"Why do you like a donkey?" Juggins' first impulse was to ask him to step around to the back yard, but on second thought he "gave it up."

"BECAUSE," SAID HIS FRIEND, "YOUR BETTER HALF IS STUBBORNNESS ITSELF."

"Ah, ah, my bad," quoth Juggins. "I'll have to miss on when I get home." When he sat down to dinner he put the question, "Why am I like a donkey?" and waited, expecting she would give it up. But she didn't. She grazed on him for a moment with pity and then said, "Because you were born one. Juggins didn't see it.—Yorkshire Baby Bee.