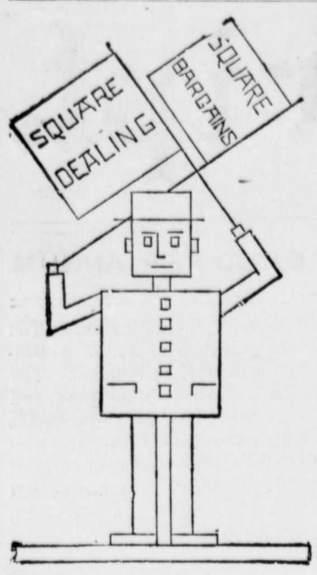

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Another Romance Spoiled.

"Tell a good story and stick to it," is an old maxim that is illustrated in a story that is going the rounds along the Rialto. A certain well known actor floated into his home one morning about 2 o'clock. The wife of his bosom was waiting up for him. He told her he had been out all the evening with one of their friends, Charlie B., and then related an interesting fairy story of how Charlie had taken a crowd to supper, how funny Charlie had been all the evening, how well Charlie looked in his new suit, how he said this, that and the other. After telling a 15 minute story, to which the gentle partner of his joys and out of work periods listened with respectful attention, but cynical mien, he paused for breath. Then she, in a confident now I've got you tone, said:

"That's a lovely romance you've been giving me, and I hate to spoil it, but Charlie has been here nearly all the evening waiting to see you about an engagement. He left only about half an hour ago."

The teller of the tale looked rather dazed for a moment as if he had been struck. Then quickly gathering himself together he assumed a bold front, with hands in his pockets, head thrown back and, in defiant innocence and emphasizing each word, said:

"Well, that's my story, and I'm not going to change it for anybody."—Clipper.

Army Jokes With a Moral.

"During the civil war," said an ex-army officer, "the authorities for some reason were anxious to move troops up the Tombigbee river. Word was sent to the engineer in that district asking what it would cost to run up the Tombigbee. That official got gay and reported that the Tombigbee ran down and not up, a joke that promptly landed his head in the basket, as the matter was serious.

"At the bombardment of Charleston it was extremely desirable to bring to bear on the city an extra heavy gun called by the men the Swamp Angel. The gun took its name from the swamp in which it stood, and to move it through that boggy morass was an engineering feat of extreme difficulty. However, the commanding officers were determined to have the gun brought within range of Charleston and issued orders to that effect. At the same time they sent word to the engineer having the matter in charge of requisition without regard to trouble or expense for anything necessary to accomplish the desired object. His first requisition called for men 26 feet 6 inches in height. Another officer promptly took the matter in charge, from which it can readily be deduced that it is not a paying investment to make jokes in the army at the expense of your superiors."—New York Tribune.

A Contrast In Cooks.

In an article contributed to a London paper John Strange Winter, who has been living for many months past in Dieppe, compares the French to the English cook, rather to the detriment of the latter. "In the French kitchen," she says, "there is no waste. It would seem that the French mind does not run to waste or revel in it as the lower class English mind invariably does."

The French cook will not only do a bit of the housework, but she will do it cheerfully and as a matter of course. "You cannot buy your French cook too many pans, and her soul loves copper in her kitchen. Certainly an English cook would grumble if she was expected to keep a kitchen full of copper pans bright and clean, but a French one has them in a condition akin to burnished gold. Her pride is gratified if her kitchen walls are hung with these ornaments, and even if she does the greater part of her small cooking in little enameled pans she will daily rub up the copper ones which hang on the wall."

She Guessed It.

He was descanting with vigor on the exceptional quality of the dinners that are served at one of the fashionable clubs of Brooklyn at a very low figure for a first class meal on Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays. Equally toothsome luncheons could be had on other days of the week, but dinners in course only on those days.

"And why on only those three days?" queried the New Yorker, to whom the delights of life in Brooklyn were being rehearsed.

"Wash day, ironing day and the girl's day out," quickly responded one of the ladies of the party. "That's no sort of a conundrum to a woman who has ever had the care of a house. Better try a harder one next time unless you happen to be in a stag party."—New York Times.

"All Fish."

Mrs. Thurlow says that Cardinal Wiseman went to dine with some friends of hers. It was Friday, but they had quite forgotten to provide a fast day dinner. However, he was quite equal to the occasion, for he stretched out his hands in benediction over the table, and said, "I pronounce all this to be fish," and forthwith enjoyed all the good things heartily.—"The Story of My Life," by Augustus J. C. Hare.

Misunderstood.

Uncle Reuben—I jes com' t' town t' git a couple o' sideboards an tho't I'd drap in t' see you.

City Niece—Why, Uncle Reuben, what do you expect to do with two sideboards in your house?

Uncle Reuben—Say, I'm talkin about my farm wagon. What air you talkin about?—Columbus State Journal.

Prussian blue does not come to us from Prussia. It is a chemical product of which England makes her full share. Irish stew is not an Irish, but an English dish, and Turkish baths did not originate in Turkey, but in Russia.

He Jokes No More.

"Jake," inquired one of the younger of the knights of the road of an old drummer, "what made you lame?"

"Overexertion at practical joking."

"Tell that to the lambs."

"That's dead right, sonny. Cracked one too many, and it left me lame for life. Ask any of the old boys. That game of cinche came in when I was traveling to what were then the new silver mining districts in Colorado. You call it pedro in this state, I guess.

"Well, I had a reputation for joking those days—sort of an advertisement, you know. There was a good deal of shouting and shooting through the ceiling that night, but everybody was good natured and jolly until five hands were played without a pedro being caught. The bidders did nothing but go in the hole and were getting uglier every deal.

"At last I could contain myself no longer, and announced with an uproarious laugh that I had abstracted the five spots. The general storekeeper was a friend of mine and promptly threw me from the second story window. But they are great wing shots out there, and two of them got me. You'll notice that the lobe of my left ear is gone. The other bullet was extracted from my leg under the supervision of the vigilance committee. I have been an ex-joker ever since."—Detroit Free Press.

The Story of a Picture.

Benjamin West's picture of the "Death of Nelson" is closely connected with an anecdote of the great sailor. Just before he went to sea for the last time he was present at a dinner, during which he sat between the artist and Sir William Hamilton. Nelson was expressing to Hamilton his regret that he had not, in his youth, acquired some taste for art and some discrimination in judging it. "But," said he, turning to West, "there is one picture whose power I do feel. I never pass a shop where your 'Death of Wolfe' is in the window without being stopped by it." West made some gracious answer to the compliment, and Nelson went on, "Why have you painted no more like it?"

"Because, my lord," West replied, "there are no more subjects."

"Ah," said the sailor, "I didn't think of that."

"But, my lord," continued West, "I am afraid your intrepidity will yet furnish me with another such scene, and if it should I shall certainly avail myself of it."

"Will you?" said Nelson—"will you, Mr. West? Then I hope I shall die in the next battle!"

A few days later he sailed, his strangely expressed aspiration was realized, and the scene lives upon canvas.

Worse Than His Own.

A gentleman who owns one of the finest estates in the north of Ireland, while in his gardens one morning, noticed one of the laborers very badly clad and asked him:

"Have you no better clothes than those, Mat?"

"No, in troth, yer honor, worse luck," replied Mat.

"Well, call at the house this evening on your way home," said the gentleman. "I'll leave an old suit of mine with the butler for you."

A few days later, when showing a party of visitors through the gardens, he was much annoyed to see Mat looking, if possible, more a scarecrow than ever.

"Why are you still wearing those old clothes, Mat?" he asked.

"Sure, yer honor, they're the best I have," replied Mat.

"But did you not get the suit I left for you the other day?" asked the gentleman.

"Indeed, an I did, thank yer honor kindly," replied Mat; "but, sure, I had to lave them at home to be mended."—London Tit-Bits.

How the Artist Was Called.

When Henry S. Watson, the illustrator, landed at Naples, he did not know much about European travel. He had to make some sketches in the villages about Naples, and his experiences have filled him with wonder enough for a lifetime. His deft pencil helped him a bit. At one little village inn he tried to get it through the landlord's head that he was to be called early in the morning. He couldn't make himself understood. At last he drew a picture of himself lying in bed, the sun peeping through the window, the clock at the hour of 6 and the chambermaid knocking at the door. Then it was quite plain, and they woke him on the tick.—Saturday Evening Post.

Couldn't Imagine.

Uncle Si, from Upcreek, had just left an aching molar at the dentist's and stopped at a lunch counter for a soothing beverage.

"Gimme a cup of cawfee," he said, sitting down on the first vacant stool.

"Draw one!" called out the girl behind the counter.

"That's what he did!" responded Uncle Si, with a delightful grin. "How'd you know it?"—Chicago Tribune.

Literary Note.

She was a bright girl at Mount Holyoke college. It happened that day that they had hash for supper and meat balls the next morning for breakfast. "Yes," she said as she glanced at the table; "Review of Reviews this morning."—Boston Journal.

The world is patiently waiting the advent of the man who can explain why a baby never wants to play in the coal scuttle until after it has been dressed for company.—Omaha World-Herald.

You will never know what it is to be sick and tired of good advice until you have run a newspaper 20 or 30 years.—Atchison Globe.

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