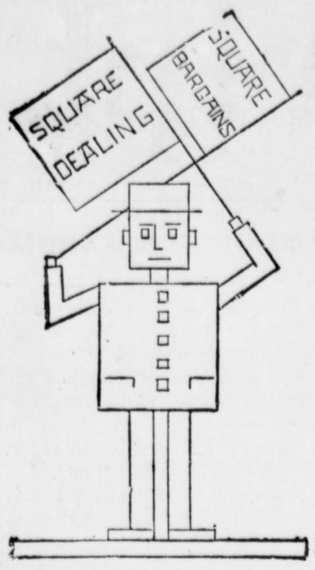

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There Was a Mistake.

"I think," he began as he halted a pedestrian, "I think I made a mistake with the cabman who drove me to the Corcoran Art gallery. I am quite sure I gave him a $10 bill, but he must have mistaken it for a $2 bill."

"And you hope to find him again?" asked the man of the stranger to the city.

"Why, yes, I have hopes."

"Well, you are about as green as they make 'em. That cabman deliberately swindled you out of many dollars."

"I can hardly believe it. He looked so honest and truthful that I—I"—

"That you ought to have asked him to hold your watch and the rest of your money! My dear old Josh from the cornfields, let me say"—

At that minute a cab rattled up, and the driver dismounted and said:

"See here, old man, there is a mistake. You probably meant to give me a $2 bill, and I thought it was one when I gave you $1 in change."

"But I think it was a ten, my friend."

"No; it was a twenty, and I have been driving about for half an hour to find you and restore the money. Here it is."

"And what was it you were going to say to your dear old Josh from the cornfields?" asked the old man as he turned to the wise person.

But the wise person was there no longer. He was flying for a car as if running for his life.—Washington Post.

Green Not Restful to the Eyes.

It seems as though cherished notions were no sooner on an apparently firm foundation than some inconsiderate iconoclast comes along and throws them down. People have for many years supposed that the color green was restful to human eyes and have been referred to the green grass and green foliage that nature has been so prodigal with for the benefit of wearied vision.

Now, according to a German professor of Berlin, nature wasn't thinking of human eyes when she made her profuse verdant display and that her color scheme was carried out absolutely regardless of the visual needs of humanity. He says that green does not protect the eye, and he denies that it has any beneficial effects whatever.

He declares that green paper, green shades, green glasses, green decorations and green umbrellas are all a mistake and that by increasing the green light we are simply provoking a nervous disturbance.

He says that each of the colors tires a different set of nerves of vision, and therefore looking at one particular color saves one set of nerves at the expense of another. The best method, he says, is to dim all of the rays of light by smoked or gray glasses, which rest all of the optic nerves.—New York Herald.

Safe Way to Watch Fights.

The colonel and I sat talking under a shade tree in front of the town postoffice when a dogfight started down the street.

"Come on!" I said as I sprang up.

"Come this way," replied the colonel as he seized my arm and drew me into a doorway.

"But I want to see the dogfight," I protested.

"Yes, I reckon you do, but you also want to keep clear of the shooting."

"Why should there be any shooting?"

"Because one dog has got to lick t'other, and the owner of the licked dog ain't goin to let it rest that way. There they go!"

Ten minutes later we stepped out, to find one man lying on the ground with two bullets in him and some people carrying away a second with half a dozen.

"Dogfights are bewtiful affairs," said the colonel as we walked away, "but the safest way to see one in Kentucky is to wait till it's all over and the dead carried off."—Chicago News.

Put Money Aside.

Take 10 cents to the nearest available savings bank and deposit it to your credit. Keep it up until you have a dollar.

Don't wait to do this until you have a situation. Do it now. If you have change for car fare, walk.

This is the only way to save money. If you wait until your salary is raised, or until you happen to have an errand near the savings bank, you may be dead before you lay by a cent.

There is only one way to save money. That is to begin now.—New York Journal.

A Little Short.

At one of the railway construction works in Glasgow the other day a clergyman who takes a great interest in the members of his flock engaged at the cutting saw one of them entering a drinking place. He hailed him, but Pat simply looked and walked in. Waiting till he came out, the reverend gentleman accosted him thus, "Pat, didn't you hear me calling?"

"Yes, your ravrince, I did, but—but I had only the price of one!"—Exchange.

Couldn't Do the Impossible.

No, the citizen would positively not buy any of the hair restorer.

"Do you think you can make a monkey of me?" he hissed, with asperity.

"Oh, not at all," replied the vender cheerfully. "We don't pretend to be able to restore the hair lost in the process of evolution!"

An innocent bystander cracked a faint smile, but otherwise all was still.—Detroit Journal.

An Odd Epitaph.

A visitor to a cemetery at South Vernon, N. H., will find the following upon a gravestone there:

Oh, he she went, and am she gone
And left poor I here all alone?
Oh, cruel fate, to be so blind
To take she 'fore and leave I 'hind!
Her can never come back to we,
But us must surely go to she.

His Words Were Prophetic.

"Making a photograph of James Harper was the most startling experience of my life," says George G. Rockwood, the New York photographer. "In the year 1869 it transpired that no good picture existed of the four Harper brothers, and it was determined that they should sit to the same photographer and have a uniform series of pictures made. A very successful photograph of Fletcher brought them all.

"James Harper was the second to sit for me, and as he was passing out of the door of my studio he saw a portrait of Rev. Dr. Muhlenburgh, the founder of St. Luke's hospital. We entered into a brief discussion of the mighty results of the well and wisely directed efforts of one man as illustrated in the establishment of this beneficent institution. He said, 'If anything should happen to me, I believe I should like to be taken to St. Luke's hospital, for there organized, practiced skill would perhaps be paramount to even the tender care and love one gets at home.'

"His words were prophetic. After declining his warm invitation for me to ride with him he left the gallery, I think, near 2 o'clock in the afternoon. About 5 o'clock a gentleman rushed into the reception room and asked, 'Was James Harper here today?' 'Yes.' 'Did he sit for a photograph?' 'Yes, and here is the negative—a superb one.' 'Thank God! He was thrown from his carriage this afternoon and now lies dying in St. Luke's hospital.'"

He Knew.

They met in front of the Read House. One was fat and black, with a wonderful expanse of mouth and a voice like a couple of fog horns. The other was black and lean and weazened.

Said the fat black to the lean black, "Why doan' you 'gratulate me, Brudder Johnsing?"

"What fer I 'gratulate you?" said Brudder Johnsing.

"What fer you 'gratulate me! Why, man, kase I done mar'd de Widder Jeff'son."

"You is—you dun mar'd de Widder Jeff'son?" squeaked out the lean one.

"I sho' is dun mar'd dat lady," said the fat one, with an air of great satisfaction.

"Den I does 'gratulate you wif my whole heart; I sho' does."

The two separated, when the lean one turned to a knot of white gentlemen who had been interested and amused auditors of the conversation and remarked:

"Yas, I 'gratulate him! Haw, haw, haw! He, he! I sho' does. He's de wus en'my I has, an I cert'inly 'gratulates. Why, boss," he said confidentially, singling out one of the spectators, "I wus mar'd to dat 'oman fer a year myself. Yas, I sho' do 'gratulate dat man." And he moved off toward Market street, chuckling and muttering to himself.—Chattanooga News.

Wouldn't Be Fooled Again.

A shepherd once, to prove the quickness of his dog, which was lying before the fire in the house where we were talking, said to me in the middle of a sentence concerning something else, "I'm thinking, sir, the cow is in the potatoes."

Though he purposely laid no stress on these words and said them in a quiet, unconcerned tone of voice, the dog, who appeared to be asleep, immediately jumped up and, leaping through the open window, scrambled up to the turf roof of the house, from which he could see the potato field. He then, not seeing the cow there, ran and looked into the barn where she was and, finding that all was right, came back to the house.

After a short time the shepherd said the same words again, and the dog repeated his lookout, but on the false alarm being the third time given the dog got up and, wagging his tail, looked his master in the face with so comical an expression of interrogation that he could not help laughing aloud at him, on which, with a slight growl, he laid himself down in his warm corner with an offended air, as if determined not to be made a fool of again.—Exchange.

A Cold Weather Joke.

A business man came down to his office on a winter morning when it was bitterly cold.

"Whew, how cold it is!" he said to one of the clerks. "Just shut that safe, if you please."

The clerk obeyed, with a puzzled look. Then when he could restrain his curiosity no longer he asked:

"Excuse me, sir, but why did you tell me to shut the safe?"

"Why," replied his employer, with a sly chuckle, "there are a good many drafts in that safe."—London Fun.

The "Other Fellow" Saved Him.

Wife (severely)—What does this mean, sir? Do you know the time?

Husband—Yesh, m' dear. I was (hic) 'tained, m' dear, by fearf'l axsherdent.

Wife (alarmed and growing suddenly sympathetic)—Accident! Good gracious, George! Are you much hurt?

Husband—No, m' dear, fort'nat'ly (hic) not. Axsherdent happ'n'd t' other f'l'r (hic).—Pick Me Up.

Gaping's Catching.

"You call him a powerful orator? Why, when he spoke of the abyss that confronts our nation the people yawned!"

"Certainly. He made the people actually see the abyss yawn, and you know how infectious yawning is."—Detroit Journal.

He Knew Better.

Farmer Hulltrooth—This here paper sez that a man in Chicago unloaded 50,000 bushels of corn one day last week in Chicago. Now, Marier, you know as well as I do that there ain't enny man in the hull state could do that much work in one day.—Chicago News.

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which I have been selling in two and three-horse sizes, have given the best of satisfaction, and I sell them with a guarantee, so you take no risk.

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which is said to be the best spring tooth made, I am selling on a very close margin. I also have Peg-tooth Harrows in any size desired, made of select white oak in my own shop, and unsurpassed by any.

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