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**RANDOM READINGS.**

Cut Up Into Sled-Lengths and Sifted Through the Brain of the Editor.

**Rules of This Hotel.**

A Western hotel man, who has a sense of wit, as well as an eye to the main chance has posted the following notice in the room of his establishment: Board, 50 cts. per square foot. Meals extra.

Breakfast at five, dinner at six, supper at seven.

Guests are requested not to speak to the dumb waiter.

Guests wishing to get up without being called can have self-raising flour for supper.

Not responsible for diamonds, bicycles or other valuables kept under the pillows; they should be deposited in the safe.

"Bicycle" Playing cards kept on sale at the office, but country visitors are requested not to play any game more exciting than Old Maid after 7 p. m., as their noise may disturb the night clerk's slumbers.

The hotel is convenient to all cemeteries. Hearses to hire 25 cents a day.

Guests wishing to do a little driving, will find hammer and nails in the closet.

If the room gets too warm open the window and see the fire escape.

If you're fond of athletics and like good jumping, lift the mattress and see the bed spring.

Base-ballists desiring a little practice will find a pitcher on the stand.

If the lamp goes out take a feather out of the pillow; that's light enough for any room.

Any one troubled with night-mare will find a halter on the bed-post.

Don't worry about paying your bill, the house is supported by its foundations.

**Spain.**

A scarred old snarling lion, with scraggy, tattered mane, His claws and teeth all broken, lies the ancient realm of Spain;

With the thirst for blood still on him, and still with hungry maw,

He rends poor bleeding Cuba, prostrate there beneath his paw,

He's a fierce and famed man-eater, and from early days of yore,

Has ravaged many an island, wasted many a teeming shore,

And the victims number millions whom his strength has overpowered, Whom with ravening, bloody slaughter he has mangled and devoured; But his roar grows faint and hollow, and a hunter from the west Will snatch away fair Cuba, with her torn and bleeding breast, And send him howling, limping, reviled of gods and men, Back to growl midst bones and darkness, in his mediaeval den.

**New Inventions Wanted.**

Duplicate heads—for the people who "lose their heads" at critical moments.

A stump-puller—for the people who suddenly become "rooted to the spot."

A brace—for the use of "weak-kneed" persons in the hour of danger.

An anchor—for holiday people who are frequently "transported with delight."

A grindstone—for people who "grind their teeth" in a moment of anger.

Insulators—for the use of prudish people who are frequently "shocked" by the language of their friends.

Thunder rods—for the benefit of persons who are "thunderstruck" when they receive unexpected news.—Chicago Record.

Neglected wife: "Why don't you go to work?" Husband (a ne'er do well):

"I ain't got no tools." Neglected wife:

"Deacon Smith offered you \$5 to fix his fence, and you have a saw, and a plane and a hammer and nails. What more do you want?"

Husband: "The saw ain't no good, and I ain't got no file to sharpen it. Ole Smith kin fix his fence hisself."

Same husband (ten years later): "Hist! Say, wife, I've escaped from the penitentiary. Gimme some other clothes, so I kin light out agin."

Wife: "My, my! How did you get out?"

Husband: "I dug forty feet underground with a two-tined fork, and then cut my way through two feet of stone wall and ten inches of boiler iron with a saw made out of a tin dinner plate."

**Sores Gone. Skin Clear.**

Mrs. Phillip Mitchell, St. Mary's, Ont., says:—"My little boy, aged 10, was a complete mass of sores, caused by bad blood. We could find nothing to cure him. Finally I got a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, and before half the bottle was gone he began to improve, and by the time the bottle was finished he had not a sore on him."