



ST. JOHN'S FAVORITE, ANDY FLAHERTY

Selected for JURY.

Happy Thoughts

(Burdette.)

There is a parrot in Marshalltown, Iowa, that is fifty years old, but it can say "Pollywolla kowackwah" just as plainly and just as many hundred thousand times a day, as it could when Iowa was a howling wilderness.

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(Mark Twain.)

To "Young Author."—Yes, Agassiz does recommend authors to eat fish, because the phosphorus in it makes brains. So far you are correct. But I cannot help you to a decision about the amount you need to eat—at least, not with certainty. If the specimen composition you send us is about your fair usual average, I should judge that perhaps a couple of whales would be all you want, for the present. Not the largest kind, but simply good middle-sized whales.

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(Bill Nye.)

Squaw Jim on religion: ". . . Mind you, I don't pretend to be up on the plan of salvation, and so far as vicarious atonement goes, I don't know even who is the author of it, but I've got a kind of hand-made religion that suits me. It ain't the protuberant kind. It don't protrude into other people's way like a sore thumb. All-wool religion don't go 'round with a chip on its shoulder looking for a personal deal. If I had time, I might monkey with speculative science and expose the plan of creation, but I really haven't the leisure. I say this, however, I think sometimes when

my little half-breed girl comes to me in the evening in her night-dress, and kneels by me with her little brown face in between my knees, and with my hard hands in her unbraided hair, that she's got something better than speculative science. When she says:—

'Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake
I pray the Lord my soul to take.'

and I know that a million more little angels are saying that same thing, at that same hour, to that same imaginary God, I say to myself, if that is a vain, empty infatuation, b'essed be that holy infatuation. If that's a wild and crazy delusion, let me always be deluded. If forty millions of chubby little angels bow their dimpled knees every evening to a false and foolish tradition, let me do so too. If I die, then I will be in good company even if I go no farther than the clouds of the valley."

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A POEM OF PASSION.

(Burdette.)

Press me closer, all my own,
Warms my heart for thee alone.
Every sense responsive thrills,
Each care my being fills;
Rest and peace in vain I crave,
In ecstasy I live, thy slave;
Drowned with hope, with promise blest,
Thou dost reign upon my breast,
Closer still, for I am thine,
Burns my heart, for thou art mine,
Thou the message, I the wire,
I the furnace, thou the fire;
I the servant, thou the master—
Roaring, red-hot mustard plaster!

WOMEN-MEN.—Women jump at conclusions and generally hit. Men reason things out logically and generally miss it. When a woman becomes flurried she feels for a fan. When a man becomes flurried he feels for a cigar. Some women cannot pass a millinery store without looking in; some men cannot pass a saloon without going in. A woman never can pass a baby without wanting to run to it. A man never sees a baby without wanting to run from it. A woman always carries her purse in her hand so that other women can see it. A man carries his in his inside pocket so that his wife won't see it. A man of fashion hates the rain because it disarranges the set of his pantaloons. A woman of fashion hates rain because it disarranges her complexion; when a woman wants to repair damages she uses a pin; when a man wants to repair damages, he spends two hours and a half trying to thread a needle.

BILLY.

Enjoy Life.

What a truly beautiful world we live in? Nature gives us grandeur of mountains, glens and oceans, and thousands of means of enjoyment. We can desire no better when in perfect health; but how often do the majority of people feel like giving it up disheartened, discouraged and worn out with disease, when there is no occasion for this feeling, as every sufferer can easily obtain satisfactory proof that *Green's August Flower* will make them free from disease as when born. Dyspepsia and liver complaint are the direct cause of seventy five per cent. of such maladies as biliousness, indigestion, sick headache, costiveness, nervous prostration, dizziness of the head, palpitation of the heart, and other distressing symptoms. Three doses of *August Flower* will prove its wonderful effect. Sample bottles, 10 cents. Try it.