



THE CHAMPION ICE SKATERS OF INDIANTOWN, JAS. S. PITT AND HERBERT EAGLES.

TONSorial ITEM.—Poll tax (hair cut), fifteen cents.

Hope is the main spring of happiness; resolution is the secret of success.—*Commercial Reporter*.

The watermelon planters in the South are busy preparing for another season of the fruit, and the average darky rejoices.

The Warden of the Southern Indians' Penitentiary has stolen eighty thousand dollars of the public money, and has been sent away from the penitentiary.—*Puck*.

"Now, what is the best thing about me—

Wherein is my admirablest charm?"

Then said he, as he placed

His arm 'round her waist:—

"The best thing about you?—My arm."

At Milligan, N. J., a wedding had to be postponed because the bride went sleigh-riding and was nearly frozen to death. A man who can't keep his girl warm while out sleigh-riding don't deserve to have one, and it would serve him right if she refused to marry him.—*Peck's Sun*.

At Dalton, Can., a citizen was troubled with sore throat, and used chlorate of potash tablets, which he carried in a tin box in his trousers pocket. He has lost all faith in them, however, for the other day they exploded, tearing his pants and cutting button-holes all over one side of his leg.—*Peck's Sun*.

HIS QUESTION.—"And now," concluded the revivalist, "if there is anyone here who wants to ask any question, let him be heard."

"I'd like to know," said an old, bald headed sinner, rising in the back seat, "how many marbles have been dropped on my head by those scoundrels in the gallery. I'm no pavement."

AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.—We have received from the G. G. Green Patent Medicine Manufactory a colored lithograph card containing in imperative type across its face that well-worn chest-nut "Shut the door!" It also represents a fence, on which is perched what looks to us like the three St. John M.P.'s-elect anxiously peering into the distance in the hope of discerning the "winter port."

HE MUST EXPECT TO GET STUCK.—Boss: Didn't I tell you to pay 20 cents only for that mucilage?

Boy: Yes, but he charged me twenty-five for this.

Boss: Why, I only paid twenty cents for the last bottle I got. This is an outrage; yes, a ——— outrage.

Boy: What's the use of kicking about it? When you buy mucilage you must expect to get stuck.

A bachelor at Nebraska City, Neb., says that the girls down there are so anxious to get married that a man so homely that the reflection of his face will dent a milk pan, can get a dozen offers a day without asking. Yet, in the face of all this, Mormon preachers

will persist in coming to Wisconsin to make converts. One is now holding forth out at Delevan, trying to poison the minds of the young girls, and inveigle them into joining the Mormon church.—*Peck's Sun*.

AT THE CIRCUS.—De Baggs: Hello! I didn't expect to see you here.

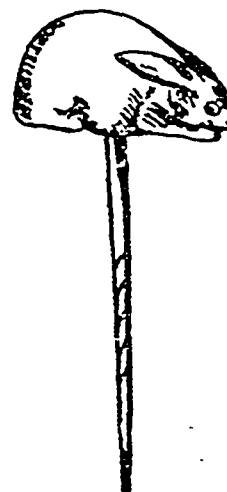
De Kaggs: I really care nothing for this sort of thing, but my children enjoy it so much.

De Baggs: Where are the children? I don't see them?

De Kaggs: They are at home, the little dears. Wouldn't be safe to bring them in such a crowd. When I go home I will tell them about the performance.—*Philadelphia Call*.

THE JOBBER'S SOLILOQUY.

To sell or not to sell;
That is the question—
Whether it is better to ship the goods
And take the risk of doubtful payment,
Or to make sure of what is in possession,
And, by declining, hold them.
To sell; to ship; perchance to lose!
Aye, there's the rub,
For, when the goods are gone,
What charm can win them back
From slippery debtors?
Will bills be paid when due,
Or will the time stretch out till crack of doom?
What of assignments, what of relatives,
What of the uncles, aunts and mothers-in-law,
With claims for borrowed money?
What of exemptions, homesteads and the compromise
That coolly offers ten cents on the dollar;
And of the lawyer's fees,
That eat up even this poor pittance?



A HAREPIN.