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For and About the Fair Sex.
You often hear a woman say: "There's no use talking," but she doesn't think so, just the same.—New Haven News.

THAT MAKES A DIFFERENCE.
"There's something inexplicable about the mental make-up of a woman," replied Fogg to a female acquaintance. "There's that Mrs. Smith, for example. She's utterly unable to handle a horse, and yet she drives her husband around as though he were a baby." "Ah, but you forget," replied the lady: "the horse, you know, is a very intelligent animal."—Boston Transcript.

THEY OFTEN GET MEN'S TIES OUT OF PLACE.
Since it became fashionable for young ladies to wear a collar and necktie their superiority to men has been fully demonstrated. You never see a lady with her necktie over her ears. A brief trial of six months has taught women more in the necktie wearing art than men have learned in 6,000 years. A human being that can make a necktie stay in place should have the right to cast two ballots at every election.—Lynn Saturday Union.

A NATURAL CONCLUSION.
Sunday School Teacher—What did Lot do after his wife was turned into a pillar of salt, Sadie? Sadie—I s'pose he looked out for a fresh one.

The Young Idea.
A train was rushing along through some swamps in northern Indiana. The track was fringed on either side with "cat tails," literally thousands of their brown heads bobbing around in the breeze. A small boy had his nose glued to the window pane and his young eyes for a time eagerly drank in the scenery. He was evidently a city bred boy, for he presently exclaimed: "Mamma, I didn't know that sausages grow in that way."—Chicago Herald.

CONTRADICTORY ORDERS.
"Bessie, temper is an awful thing. You ought to get rid of it." "Why, mamma, only yesterday you told me to keep it."—San Francisco Call.

TEMPUS FUGIT.
A little girl "On the Hill," Rondout, last night, strongly importuned her mother to allow her to go a short distance with another little girl. After promising not to be gone over five minutes, she was given permission. She did not return home for half an hour. Her mother took her to task by saying: "How is it? My little girl said she would be back in five minutes and she was gone over half an hour." "I doesn't know, mamma. I duss the minutes was wubber and statched," was the child's answer.—Kingston Freeman.

The "Alf and Bob" Campaign in Tennessee



They were rocked in the same cradle.



Although they still sleep together, they have of late a way of keeping their weather eyes open.



But they cannot both sit in the governor's chair.—The Judge.

Bob Burdette's Boys.
"Johnny Smallboy, you naughty, bad, boy! Your teacher was here just now and said you hadn't been at school this afternoon, and here you come home with your clothes damp and your hair wet! Now tell me this minute, where have you been all afternoon?" "Been down with the boys, ma, jumpin' off Brooklyn bridge." "Well, you go up stairs and put on dry clothes and when your pa comes home you'll get a good trouncing. I've heard him tell you a dozen times he'd whip you if you didn't quit jumping off that bridge, and now you'll catch it."

The father of the family stands in a threatening attitude, thoughtfully trimming the larger knots off a nice long birchen rod. Before him, trembling, his darling son, never dearer than now, in his twelfth year and but recently in mischief. The son, breaking the silence, which had grown painfully embarrassing, speaks, "Father, the preacher's in the parlor talking to sister Sophie about joining the church, the baby's sound asleep, and mamma's lying down with a headache. Can't we compromise this thing some way for the sake of harmony within the party?" And white winged peace stole softly into that room, and folding her snowy pinions, sat down on a hassock as though she intended to stay there until she hatched out a Turkish lounge.—R. J. Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

Some Pretty Hard Pills.
He went home a few nights ago and not feeling well took what he supposed to be four pills, and then slept the sleep of the just. When his wife awoke in the morning she began a search for four shoe buttons which she intended to sew on baby's shoes before the little one awoke. She could not find them, and the husband joined in the search. Finally he remembered where he had found the pills and said: "Good heavens! I swallowed them buttons."—Detroit Advertiser.

Amusing the Baby.
A carpet trade paper tells a story of a perspiring salesman who seemed to be unable to suit a lady after unrolling miles of his stock. When the lady remarked to her companion, "Baby likes to see him roll them out, and it's not time to take the train yet," he gave it up.—Boston Transcript.

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