NEW SPRING STYLES!

--LADIES' SHOES--

Extra fine Vici Kid Lace, hand turned.....$3.50
Extra fine Vici Kid Lace, foxed, fine cloth top, warranted, hand turned.....3.75
Fine Vici Kid Lace, new patterns, vesting or plain tops.....$3.00 and 3.50
Vici Kid Lace or Button Shoes.....$2.00, 2 50 and 2.75
Dongola Kid Lace or Button Shoes.....98c, 1.50 and 1.75
Ladies' Oxfords, light and dressy, vici kid, plain or vesting tops, chocolate or black.....$1.65, 1.85 and 2.00
Fine Vici Kid, chocolate or black.....2.25
" " " black, new scroll pattern.....2 50

We sell the best $1.00 Oxford made, all solid leather.

H. B. Merritt, 17 N. Saginaw St. Pontiac.

TREMENDOUS SLAUGHTER

In all Winter Goods for the next 30 days to make room for spring stock;

Bed and Horse Blankets at one-third off.
Everything in Ladies' Wrappers at **79c.** Regular price $1 to $1 75.
Men's and Boys' Caps at one-third off.
1 lot Men's and Ladies' Underwear at **25c.** Former price 50c
1 lot Men's Wool Shirts **38c.**
300 pairs of Men's, Ladies' and Children's Shoes at half price.
100 Men's Unlaundered Shirts **29c.**
100 Laundered Shirts at **35c.** Former price 75c
Men's Woolen Hose at **10c.**
Men's Cotton Hose at **5c.**
Men's Duck Coats at **75c**
1 lot Men's Underwear at **19c.** This is no cheap John stuff.
Ladies' Warm Lined Shoes at **84c, $1 09, $1.19.** Former prices $1.25, $1.50 and $1.75.
1 lot Men's Half-Wool Underwear, former price 65c, now **43c**

These goods are for cash only.
Yours for low prices and good goods.

V. NIXON, Bimingham.

LOWNEY'S CREAMS,
CHOCOLATE ALMONDS.
PASTILLES AND FRAPPE

Put up in ½, ¼ and 1 pound boxes at the

TRIANGLE GROCERY.

Also Bananas, Oranges, Lemons and Figs.,

T. H. COBB,

OF COURSE

When you want a **POCKET-BOOK** you always go to W. R. Owen's and look his stock over as he has the finest stock kept in Oakland county. Prices from 5c to $2.50 each.

DO NOT FORGET THE PLACE.

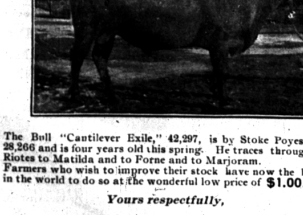
Yours truly,

W. R. OWEN, Pontiac.

TO FARMERS!

We wish to announce to the farmers of this vicinity that the use of a Thoroughbred Jersey Bull can be secured at the Peabody farm in Troy, one mile north and one-half east of this village.

The Jersey Bull, "CANTILEVER EXILE." Weight 1,500 pounds.



The Bull "Cantilever Exile," 42,297, is by Stoke Poges Cantilever 28,266 and is four years old this spring. He traces through Prospect Riotes to Matilda and to Forne and to Marjoram.
Farmers who wish to improve their stock have now the best chance in the world to do so at the wonderful low price of **$1.00.**

Yours respectfully,

Potts & Peabody.

Consumption Cure.

Mitchell's White Pine Cough Syrup, the best cough remedy on earth, cures a cold in one day if taken in time; 25 and 50 cents.

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a 50-cent bottle of Greene's Warranted Syrup of Tar if it fails to cure your cough or cold. We also guarantee a 25-cent bottle to prove satisfactory or money refunded.

May 18 LOUIS STORZ, Royal Oak, Mich.

Free Pills.

Send your address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a free sample box of Dr. King's New Life pills. A trial will convince you of their merits. These pills are easy in action and are particularly effective in the cure of constipation and sick headache. For malaria and liver troubles they have been proved invaluable. They are guaranteed to be perfectly free from every deleterious substance and to be purely vegetable. They do not weaken, by their action but by giving tone to stomach and bowels greatly invigorate the system. Regular size 25c per box. Sold by Whitehead & Mitchell, druggists.

Women Should Know It.

Many women suffer untold agony and misery because the nature of their disease is not correctly understood. They have been led to believe that womb trouble or female weakness of some sort is responsible for the many ills that beset womankind.

Neuralgia, nervousness, headache, puffs or dark circles under the eyes, rheumatism, a dragging pain or dull ache in the back, weakness or bearing-down sensation, profuse or scanty supply of urine with strong odor, frequent desire to pass it with scalding or burning sensation, sediments in it after standing in bottle or common glass for twenty-four hours, are signs of kidney and bladder trouble.

The above symptoms are often attributed by the patient herself or by her physician to female weakness or womb trouble. Hence so many fail to obtain relief, because they are treating, not the disease itself, but a reflection of the primary cause, which is kidney trouble.

In fact, women as well as men are made miserable with kidney and bladder trouble and both need the same remedy.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is the great discovery of the eminent kidney and bladder specialist, and is easy to get at any drug store for fifty cents or one dollar.

To prove its wonderful merits you may have a sample bottle and book telling all about it, both sent absolutely free by mail. Kindly mention the Birmingham Eccentric and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

THE BRYAN BANQUET!

The Jefferson Club of Pontiac Give to Oakland County a Great Feast of Reason and Flow of Soul.

Last Monday will be a "red-letter day" in the history of Democracy in Oakland County and also one that the Jefferson Club can always point to with honor and pride. Opportunity, which was quickly seized upon, gave the committee on speakers and toasts a chance to secure the presence of that silver-tongued orator, Col. Wm. J. Bryan, of Nebraska, and he was present in Pontiac during the afternoon and evening, and delighted thousands with his sociable manner and power of speech.

Dr. C. M. Reynale and Postmaster Mitchell, being on the reception committee, went with about twenty other members to Detroit Monday forenoon, met the Honorable gentleman at the Hotel Cadillac, and at two o'clock, on the special trolley car "Yolande," the jolly crowd were soon conveyed to Pontiac. Distinguished gentlemen from all over the state were along and chatting and smoking soon passed the time away—W. J. Bryan does not indulge in the weed. On his way out of the city he was particularly anxious to see his church, which we think was or is Congregational. It was pointed out to him with other prominent buildings and homes of celebrated Detroiters. No stops were made. In our village quite a good sized crowd had gathered, hoping to get a sight of the guest or perhaps hear a few remarks. They were disappointed. At Pontiac a large crowd of people were waiting for the car and cheered heartily when it arrived. Hand shaking began promptly and many thousand ladies, gentlemen and children passed single file through the Hodges House and each one received a nod or a smile with a pleasant word and a hand grasp from the hero of the hour, Wm. Jennings Bryan. One good lady in shaking said cheerily, "Well, that is the worst squeezing to see a man I ever had in 50 years;" a hearty laugh and pleasant words were exchanged. After a short speech to the immense crowd, delivered from the balcony of the Hodges House, Mr. Bryan retired amidst an enthusiastic storm of applause, not to appear again until the banquet hour.

THE BANQUET.

An elegant menu was served in the Opera House, which was beautifully decorated, with large illuminated pictures of Jefferson and the speaker of the evening, W. J. Bryan. The feast was tastefully served and enjoyed by over 500, who sat at the long tables and did justice to the treat. The galleries were filled by a packed audience.

Hon. A. J. Baldwin, president of the Club, called the meeting to order after the Banquet was finished and made an appropriate ringing speech that enthused his audience. Rev. W. F. Sheridan invoked the divine blessing; he was followed by the ladies' quartet—Mesdames TenEyck and Kessel, and Misses Williams and Kelly. Their singing was superb and they were vociferously encored, to which they cheerfully re-ponded each time they gave a song. It was a pleasing hit. The president then introduced the toast master, Hon. Tim E. Tarsney, who interested his hearers greatly, before introducing Hon. Thos. E. Barkworth of Detroit. Here followed a speech pronounced by some to equal Bryan's, but we hardly think it, altho' it was a thrilling, masterful effort. His subject was "Democracy's Opportunity."

"Jefferson, an Inspiration for Today," by Hon. Justin R. Whiting, was a good thing and eagerly listened to as his well-known popular man from St. Clair. Hon. O'Brien J. Atkinson was absent, caused by a belated train, but we think Hon. Wm. J. Bryan filled his own and Brother Atkinson's time by his electrifying remarks on "Democracy." Every word he spoke, every sentence he uttered was eagerly drunk in by his spell-bound listeners, and every once in a while thunders of tumultuous applause rattled the rafters. Everybody happy. Everybody satisfied. Bryan's perioration was simply grand and thrilling, and many were the praises bestowed on the orator as the people wended their way homeward shortly after midnight.

A goodly delegation were present from Royal Oak and Birmingham, and the trolley car did its work well, getting everybody home without delay.

These banquets have come to stay and we think the management may well be proud of their success.

WHY?

Why isn't a quack physician a skin doctor?

Why should well water ever be unhealthful?

Why isn't a combination of whisky and water a mixed evil?

Why does a prohibitionist kick when he finds water in the milk?

Why does old age tear down the circus bills stuck up by youth?

Why doesn't the man who is hunting trouble shoot folly as it flies?

Why isn't the patient in danger as long as the doctor continues to visit him?

BIG BEAVER.

Mrs. Henning is very ill at the present writing.

D. K. Smith spent Sunday at Will Palmer's.

Levern Levanseler Sundayed in Utica.

Mrs. Esther Nichols spent Saturday and Sunday at home.]

Miss Nellie Husted, of Holly, is visiting her friend Mrs. S. L. Robbins.

Mr. and Mrs. George Spencer spent Saturday at Israel Moore's.

The minstrel show given at K. O. T. M. Hall, on Friday evening by Mica talent was a decided success.

Homer Ebling's family have moved to Farmington and D. Harris moved in the Ebling house on Monday.

C. S. Travis left Friday morning for Parkman, Ohio, where he expects to make about two tons of pure maple sugar and 10,000 gallons of maple syrup.

COUNTY LINE.

Rep. Wells Sundayed at Warren

E. Walker visited friends at Salem lately.

Jess Mason is very sick at present writing.

A. Hammond is getting along nicely considering his age.

Fred Preisel has been visiting relatives in Redford lately.

Rob. Hawthorne is a delegate from Oakland Co. to the state convention.

Bert. Wilson is going to work his father's place this season.

Chas. Wilson has bought the B. Walker place at Warren; consideration $500.

Martin Prestel was married a few days ago. We hear he is going to work a farm near Roseville.

Geo. Burr thinks of leaving Warren and going into business with his brother at Rochester.

G. W. Hoard has moved the old store from the corners at Warren and has about concluded to build a brick.

Mrs. R. Smith is very low and not expected to live. She is 88 years old. All her children have been with her the last few days.

Auc. Blunt is getting about one hundred dollars worth of tile, the laying of which will keep him out of mischief this season.

The bill organizing a new school district at Warren has created quite a sensation, as most everybody is opposed to it. Remonstrances have been circulated and are being sent to Lansing.

CLAWSON.

Mrs. Azel Blair is visiting in Detroit

Azel Blair spent Sunday at Northville

Mrs. D. Keyser visited her daughter in Troy Sunday.

Mrs. H. H. Bailey has been confined to her bed with the grip.

Mr. Dennison and family spent Sunday at Myron Bailey's.

H. J. Bowers and George Robinson are fighting with the grip.

John Phillips, of Detroit, is visiting his brother Eli Philips.

Mr. and Mrs. Minor Spencer have been suffering from the grip.

Mrs. Grace Graves has been quite ill with inflammation of the bowels.

Robert Groves of Troy, bought a Clough & Warren piano-cased organ, one day last week.

Mrs. James McBride is staying with her son Elgar's family, of Detroit, who are rejoicing over the arrival of a little daughter.

Mrs. Wm. Norton, of Waterford, is visiting at G. W. Hunt's. She was taken sick and threatened with pneumonia, but is better at the present writing.

A GODSEND TO HUMANITY.

Saves Health, Life and Doctor Bills.

The most remarkable invention for man, woman and child, cures without medicine, prevents disease, you can have at home, all your movements—turkish Hot Springs, Turkish, Russian, medicated, dry, steam, vapor, alcohol, oxygen, perfumed, mineral or sulphur baths, at a cost of about 3c per bath. If the public, instead of filling their systems with poison, by taking drugs and nostrums, would get into a vapor bath cabinet and sweat out those poisons and assist nature to act, they would have a skin as clear, smooth and beautiful as a child's.

The Economy Vapor Bath Cabinet is not only a luxury for the well, but a comfort and cure for the sick. It restores and preserves health, puts on a life, a quick and rational cure for rheumatism, obesity, blood, skin and nervous diseases and private diseases of either sex. The best vapor remedy known, equal to any cabinet made, costing from $25 to $100, price complete $5 with full directions. Economy Vapor Bath Cabinet Co., St. Louis, Mo

To Agents: Don't waste time answering catchpenny advertisements, if you wish to improve your position in life, write us at once and we will help you make an honest living in any part of the U. S. or Canada. We support thousands of homes. Aug1

PARAGRAPHS WITH POINTS.

Fools invest first and investigate later.

Learning and wisdom are not always on good terms.

Love in a cottage is but another name for a labor union.

People who live in glass houses should have them frosted.

A wise man prepares for the worst while hoping for the best.

Nearly every married woman thinks a lot of other women envy her.

The inebriate is unable to get sixteen drams out of an ounce of whisky.

At a wedding the men all pity the bride and the women all pity the groom.

Actions may speak louder than words, but women will continue to use words.

A wise man never questions a child in public unless he is sure of the answer.

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown, but some other heads seem to lie easy enough.

The man who has little and wants less is richer than the man who has much and wants more.

STORY OF TWO DEATHS

One dull November afternoon, John Gerrard, the well known financier, was shown into the handsome private office of Nathaniel Nugent, the even better known millionaire company promoter.

Nugent rose with extended hand—a bland smile appearing on his usually impassive features, which remained there till the clerk withdrew. Then it disappeared with the swiftness of a magic-lantern slide, leaving his face rigid and ghastly.

"Gerrard, for God's sake, don't tell me you must have that money back now!"

"That's just what I have to tell you, Nugent, and sorry I am to do it, but I was hard hit over Kaffirs, and this new scare has made matters worse than ever."

"Then I'm a ruined man."

There was dead silence in the office for a few moments. A look of despair crept over Nugent's face, and his guest looked almost as ill at ease. Suddenly steps were heard on the stairs.

"That's Lord Mount Dacre, one of our directors. He half suspects something already, and if he sees you here he will guess at once what you have come about."

"What can I do? Is there another way out?"

"No—but stay! Step into that cupboard. He won't be here many minutes."

Hastily pushing Gerrard into a large cupboard, Nugent locked the door, and turned smilingly to greet another unwelcome guest.

As Lord Mount Dacre discussed the business of the company in which they were mutually concerned, his bearer was on tenter hooks, for there was a slight noise in the cupboard.

"Dear me, I didn't know you had another room adjoining. I hope we can not be overheard."

"No, no, it's merely a cupboard," said Nugent, and he got rid of his visitor as quickly as possible, and then went to set Gerrard free.

The atmosphere of the cupboard seemed unusually oppressive.

"Come out—he's gone. Why, Gerrard, where are you?" demanded he, as nothing stirred.

Then his hand touched another hand which was cold and lifeless.

"My God—he's dead!"

* * *

When Nugent had partially recovered from the shock which this discovery gave him, he found that the accidental closing of a ventilator had been the cause of the catastrophe.

Then he called in Wells, the clerk who had shown Gerrard into the office. Wells, formerly a schoolfellow of Nugent's, twenty years his head clerk, was the one man in London from whom the great company promoter had no secrets.

"Now, Wells, what is to be done? You must think, for I'm nearly past it. The fact of Gerrard's having come to

"THE MEN CARRIED A MYSTERIOUS BURDEN."

my office will be enough to ruin me, for there are rumors out in the city already about our dealings, and, besides that, his executors will demand repayment of all the money I owe him. In any case I'm ruined now."

"Who knows that he came here excepting ourselves?"

"Did nobody see you let him in?"

"No, he came in by the side door, which I always attend to myself."

"But might not some one in the street have seen him coming in?"

"Impossible in a fog like this, sir."

"Why, no—I suppose not—then you mean to suggest—"

"That we search the body—see if by any luck he has your papers on him—if he has, burn them, and—put the body into the river."

"But—this is terrible—and it amounts to a fraud."

"Why should you look at it like that, sir? You can repay the money to his friends anonymously when things mend, and you said this morning everything would go right if only you could keep the money another six months."

"True—I hate the idea, Wells, but I don't see what else I'm to do, and—I'll risk it."

* * *

Some hours later two men groped their way through the fog which had driven nearly everybody indoors. The men carried some mysterious burden, which at any other time would have provoked some policeman's curiosity, but tonight, when a man could hardly see his hand before him, even under the street lamps, the men and their burden passed unchallenged.

"We're nearly at the wharf, sir, now," whispered Wells as the noise of the sirens grew every moment more distinct. "Keep your courage up—another few steps and we're safe—my God!—"

As he uttered this exclamation Wells fell over the edge of the wharf, dragging with him the body of Gerrard.

* * *

After desperate but vain attempts at rescue, Nugent left the wharf, well nigh demented by the horror of the situation.

He had sufficient self-control, however, to be silent as to what had occurred, and when the bodies of the two men were found, far apart in the river, no one connected the death of the great financier with that of the obscure clerk.

To the surprise of everybody Mr. Gerrard left far less wealth than had been expected, though six months later his heirs received a large sum from an unknown source.

The Nugent companies are as prosperous now as ever, and their promoter is a baronet, but few men who know him would care to change places with the great speculator, for, since the day when his clerk was drowned, Nugent has been an altered man. Those who note his bowed head and brooding eyes attribute this startling change to the effect of "A City Scare."—Ally Sloper.

WOMAN'S BASE INGRATITUDE.

She Stole the Poor Man's Fruit Into the Bargain.

It was only a pantomime as the neighbors saw it, but it was easily understood, and it represented a case of the basest ingratitude and inconsistency on the woman's part, they agreed, says the New York Times. It was last Tuesday afternoon, when the clouds appeared to be suddenly condensed and were spilling themselves upon the earth in a most uncomfortable and penetrating fashion. Notwithstanding this, two fruit peddlers, young men, not much more than boys, were walking along the street calling out their wares—bananas—which were getting a thorough drenching in the wagon, which a melancholy horse was drawing down the street after them. A few people were at the windows of the different houses along the street, wondering if the rain would ever cease, and watching the peddlers with a lazy interest. Suddenly this became intensified, for one of the men did a most unusual thing; he suddenly raised the small bunch of fruit he had in his hand and threw it swiftly into the yard of the house before which he was passing. That was a very strang thing to do. Was he crazy? No, for the reason of the throw could be seen when an enormous gray rat appeared in view and ran lazily through the fence into the next yard and disappeared. The animal had not been hit, certainly, and why did not the man go into the yard and pick up his bananas? Instead of this a woman came to the basement door of the house, spoke to the man, was apparently not satisfied, came further out in the rain to the gate, and there harangued him vehemently. If she wished him to do anything it was evident, from his attitude, that he had no intention of complying. The woman looked anxiously up and down the street. Something must be very wrong; she was looking for a policeman. There was none in sight, and she returned to the house, while the young man jumped hurriedly into the wagon and the melancholy looking horse took them quietly out of view. Not five minutes later the woman appeared again, this time in street dress, and, with a determined look on her face, walked hurriedly down the street. Then, as the curious watchers were able to turn their attention to the house, they saw the basement window open, a hand was put out and the bunch of bananas, which had apparently been the cause of the trouble, was taken inside. The real trouble could be seen then, for in the glass window pane was a big break; the bananas had not hit the rat, but they had hit the window. "And that woman has gone to have those poor men arrested," exclaimed the woman across the street indignantly. "If a big rat like that had come within a half a mile of my house and that man had tried to drive it away, I should have had him brought in to have a hot cup of coffee and bought all his bananas. I never thought that woman was much, and now I know it. Stole the poor man's fruit, too!"

POVERTY OF ENGLISH CLERGY

The Unjust and Excessive Burden of Local Taxation.

Thanks to the many augmentations of livings which have been made by the ecclesiastical commissioners and modern "pious founders," the clergy of the Church of England are never likely to fall back into the shabby and hopeless poverty which afflicted so many of them in the dark days of indifference of 150 or 200 years ago, says the St. James' Gazette. But, as the recent deputation to the archbishop of Canterbury once more made clear, there is a real danger that those of them who depend largely upon tithe for their income may be reduced to a level which, when we remember their position and their duties, would be highly disgraceful. The object of the deputation was to call attention to the unjust and excessive burden placed upon the clergy by the unfair incidence of local taxation. An elastic or at least an undiminished income can bear a good deal, but when the revenue falls and the out-goings remain at the old level, or even increase, a very painful state of things is likely to ensue. That is what has happened to the clerical tithe-owners. The tithe rentcharge has depreciated by about 25 per cent, owing to the low price of wheat for years past, and every year it becomes lower. Yet local rates, always increasing, have to be paid just the same, with the result that what does not go to subsidize the farmer in Argentina or western America is taken for purposes of local administration. One clergyman told the archbishop that his outgoings for rates alone, exclusive of land tax and income tax, amounted to 21 per cent of his official income, while one incumbent of his acquaintance was unable to keep a servant, and another had to grocer his own pony. Another clergyman with a living worth nominally £826 receives actually £550. Out of that £73 goes in rates on tithe and after other outgoings and his curate's stipend have been paid only £275 is left for him to live upon. There is no reason to suppose that these are extreme cases. There are hundreds of similar ones all over the country, and had it not chanced that a fair proportion of these difficult livings are held by men with some small means of their own we should probably have heard far more about them.

An Effective Alarm.

"What kind of an alarm clock have you?" was asked of a Third avenue baker whose work demands his presence in the wee hours. "Two years old, fat, chubby, full of ginger and with lungs like a fire gong."

Don't worry yourself and others with what can't be remedied.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

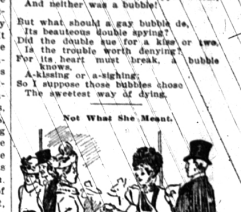
A Variety of Jokes—Gems and Ironies Original and Selected—Flotsam and Jetsam from the Tide of Humor—Witty Sayings.

Trouble Comes from a Kiss.

A soap bubble soared in the air one noon,
As bright and beauteous bubble;
It soared and soared, like a gay balloon,
Until it spied its double.
They met, they kissed—alas! Oh, dear!
Too soon they tasted trouble;
They lost their cheer and dropped a tear,
And neither was a bubble!

But what should a gay bubble do,
Its beauteous double spying?
Did the double sue for a kiss or two,
Is the trouble worth denying?
For its heart must break, a bubble knows,
A-kissing or a-sighing;
So I suppose those bubbles chose
The sweetest way of dying.

Not What She Meant.



"Oh, Miss Brown, I was so sorry I didn't see you when you called the other day. I had such a dreadful headache that I had to tell my maid I was not at home to any of my friends. But, of course, I should have seen you!"—Punch.

A Pertinent Question.

He was a lank, strapping man of a pronounced German type, relates the Sioux City Journal. It was evident from his manner that he was looking for some place or some person, and was scanning the numbers of the houses as he walked along. At last he came to the fine residence of Julius Pappe in Nebraska street, read the number and walked up to the door with a satisfied look on his face. He pushed the button as if he were proud that he knew how to use it, and squared himself as Mr. Pappe's eldest son opened the door.

"Who leeves heish?" he burst out.

"Pappe," answered the boy.

The man only stared, and seconds flew by, his wrath seeming to grow momentarily. At last he could stand it no longer, and, with an intonation that spelled, "You little fool," in every word, he asked: "Vel, who been your 'pappe?'"

Appreciation.

"I wish," said Col. Stillwell of Kentucky, very gravely, "that you would contradict all this nonsense about my having a settled and unreasoning aversion to water. Water is a great institution, sir."

"Of course, the remarks you allude to are intended merely as good-natured exaggeration."

"Of course. But I don't want water mentioned disrespectfully in my presence. I understand that the fire engines recently checked the flames in a distillery where thousands of barrels of liquor were in danger of being consumed."—Washington Star.

Not to Be Caught.

The aged attorney looked keenly at the young lawyer.

"Do you love my daughter," he asked.

The youngster hesitated.

"Before I give you a direct answer, judge," he said, with much earnestness, "I want you to pledge me your word, unprofessionally, that the information will not be used against me!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Audubon-ben.

Ethel—Yes, I've taken those pretty bird wings off my hat. It's horrible, when you come to think of it, to wear the plumage of a song bird as an ornament.

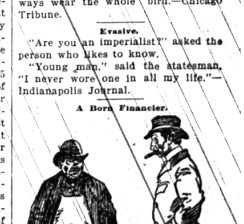
Mabel—I believe you're right. I always wear the whole bird.—Chicago Tribune.

Evasive.

"Are you an imperialist?" asked the person who likes to know.

"Young man," said the statesman, "I never wore one in all my life."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Born Financier.



Cab Tout—I say, Bill, lend me sixpence.

Cabby—I can't, but I can lend you fourpence.

Cab Tout—All right. Then you'll owe me twopence.—Punch.

They Keep Their Secret.

"I notice," remarked Mr. Gaswell, "that published articles on the management of husbands are always written by single women."

"That's all right," replied Mr. Snaggs. "You won't catch a married woman giving away her secrets."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.