[illegible] Mr. Gray Kills a Rattlesnake.

The terrible verdict is in a certain Hamlet whose impersonator unwisely asked him to be candid in historical matters, "as dear fellow—funny with out being vulgar." A remark about another conceited player was made to a very limited audience: "Poor ——! He has all the faults of an actor without the excuse of being one." A word was enough. He described a sweet old lady, all sloping shoulders and honiton lace, as "belonging to the early keepsake period." Another, who was being ridiculed for the hideous Middlesex accent, which converted bad weather into a "vell d'y," was gravely defended by him: "She is of ancient lineage, for it is evident she descended from the Twangto-Saxons."

Didn't Fear For Mamma.

A Lakewood woman was recently reading to her little boy the story of a young lad whose father was taken ill and died, after which he set himself diligently to work to support himself and mother. When she had finished the story she said:

"Now, Billy, if your papa were to die would you work to support your dear mother?"

"Naw," said Billy unexpectedly.

"But why not?"

"Ain't we got a good house to live in?"

"Yes, dearie. But we can't eat the house, you know."

"Ain't there a lot of stuff in the pantry?"

"Yes, but that won't last forever."

"Ye'll last till you get another husband, won't it? You're a pretty good looker, ma."

Mamma gave up right there.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Return.

"I believe," said the cheery philosopher, "that for every single thing you give away two come back to you."

"That's my experience," said Phamley. "Last June I gave away my daughter, and she and her husband came back to us in August."

Lost Money.

Mrs. Pryer—Why did she leave her husband? Mrs. Crier—He lost his money. Mrs. Pryer—How? Mrs. Crier—Gave it to her.—New York Globe.

A hundred men make an encampment, and one woman makes a home.

Superscience.

Modern science is that practical knowledge of truth that urges us to feel an oyster's pulse and look at its tongue before we eat it.—Galveston News.

The charity that hastens to proclaim its good deeds ceases to be charity and is only pride and ostentation.—Hutton

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