



#### THE JUD POLICEMAN.

**He Knows How to Use Electricity as a Means of Personal Comfort.**  
Policemen may be an illiterate lot, but they do every now and then contrive some method to get ahead of the ironclad rules which are popularly supposed by the long suffering taxpayer at least to govern their movements.

There is one particular bluecoat who, by virtue of his long service, carries three faded stripes on his coat sleeve, and he honestly believes that he is entitled to some incidental favor. Taken altogether, he is of such a naturally grumpy disposition that he is far from being popular among the police operators.

Notwithstanding all this, Mr. Brass Buttons beat the combination and beat it pretty thoroughly. He had been rather behind time in his hourly communications with headquarters, and his superiors determined to teach him a lesson. Accordingly he was sent to track a lonely, isolated post, which had a stationary patrol box situated just alongside a deserted hut that had once been utilized as a dwelling by a retired corporation. It didn't require many hours' presence on the part of the dispossessed copper for him to discover that he had been given the best of the deal in this particular train, and he immediately set about arranging a scheme whereby he could benefit by his newly acquired advantages.

The much craved boon that he sought was light nap. He had long ago tried the plan of an alarm clock set to go off a few minutes before pulling time, but nature had disengaged itself, and his station had failed to hear from him. Now conditions were different, for he had found just what he needed to carry out the clever ruse he had concocted. Running alongside the deserted shanty were two electric light wires fully charged with a current of electricity, and to these the valiant watchdog pinned his faith.

First he once more produced his long ago discarded alarm clock after removing the gong from the top. Next he broke away the glass face, and after making sure that the clock was on time with his watch he made a connection with the electric light wires by means of two small pieces of copper wire. One of these he wound around the minute hand of the clock, and the other he firmly fastened to the framework of the timepiece just over the figure that indicated his hour for pulling up. Then to one of the wires he fastened two more pieces of copper, which he wound about either of his hands. This done, the wily policeman stretched himself out on the floor and enjoyed the desired nap, safe in the knowledge that at the proper moment the meeting of the two wires on the clock would convey to him a shock that was bound to wake him, so he could salute his station through the patrol box.—Chicago Times.

A Dramatic Rejoinder:

When Colman, the English dramatist, was examined before the committee of the house of commons, which sat on the theatrical question, he was asked whether he exchanged all oaths or profane swearing from the plays submitted to his revision. He answered:

"Invariably."

"Did you ever count the number of oaths in your own comedies of 'Heir at Law' and 'John Bull'?"

"Never, but I dare say there are a great many."

"Which you disapprove of?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Do you not think it would have been better to have omitted them?"

"Much better. They disgrace the scenes in which they are introduced and injure the humor."

"Then," concluded the chairman, thinking to clinch the argument, "you are sorry now that you wrote either of those comedies."

"Quite the contrary," rejoined the licenser. "I rejoice exceedingly to have made a good pudding, although I regret that any bad puddings should have crept into it."—New York Advertiser.

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ways sold at \$15 and \$16.

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THE QUARTERS FOR

Church Candles.

In the life of the late Jean-Buckland, it is related that one time he and a friend, riding toward London on a very dark night, lost their way. Buckland therefore dismounted, and taking up a handful of earth, smelled it. "Extride," he exclaimed, histological nose telling him the exact locality.

William Lilly, the noted astrologer, could foretell the fortunes of other people, but not his own. He married a woman whom he himself declared to be "the temper of Mars." She left him, and she and her relatives instituted suit against him, costing him, as he relates with tears, almost £1,000.

#### THE POOL TO NARCISUS.

You have loved me, but you have not known me. I have loved the flowers, but you have not known me. You have seen my eyes, but you have not known me. Your flower soft face toward me.

I was a heart-throb, for the crowning hour. You have loved me, but you have not known me.

You have loved me, but you have not known me. You have seen my eyes, but you have not known me. The flowers of love had now been plucked.

But you have known me, how the pool, seemed to know me.

You have loved me, but you have not known me. You have seen my eyes, but you have not known me.

But you have known me, how the pool, seemed to know me.

You have loved me, but you have not known me.

You have seen my eyes, but you have not known me.

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You have seen my eyes, but you have not known me.

#### His Lessons.

"I am trying to learn to ride a bicycle," remarked an elderly bachelor who walked somewhat stiffly, to a friend whom he encountered on the street. "I'm just going home from my lesson. I've had more tumbles than usual this afternoon, and that's saying a good deal."

"How long are your lessons?" inquired the friend.

"Half an hour," responded the bicyclist with a rueful countenance. "20 minutes on the floor, and 20 in the air is my usual proportion."—Philadelphia Times.

#### Soother.

Doctor—Your husband, madam, is suffering from nervous prostration.

Madam—Yes, sir.

Doctor—And he needs something to quiet him. What is his business?

Madam—He is a waiter, sir.

Doctor—Well, slip a few pence into his hand, every two hours during the night, and I'll call again in the morning. Good day."—London Times.

The Mississoula, in Vermont, took its name from the abundance of waterfalls.

The wavy means "many waves."

Waterfall is called "Cataract."

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