

THE FISHING OF IT

For the fun we'd long been wishin'— (Honey melts in every cup.) Molly said she'd go a-fishin'— Haul the funny fellows up!

THE LAST OF NINE.

"Did you know that Tom Bailey had passed in his checks?" "Yes; heard it by telephone an hour ago."

The speaker was John McWilliams, and we were sitting on the piazza of his home in Bradford.

"What will they do?" "Oh, the company won't see them starve, and besides, I guess poor old Tom didn't die a beggar. Poor old boy!"

"Yes, there were nine of us, you know—but you don't know for us, never told a living soul. This sudden death of Tom's quite unmanly, for I am now the only one left—the last of nine."

I waited a long time for John to gain control of his feelings, for I knew he had a story to tell of more than usual interest. It was a beautiful night, full of soft moonlight, and drowsy with the hum of humanity in the city beneath our feet.

"Hello! come over here!" the man shouted, accompanying his words with emphatic gestures.

Curiously wondering what Smolley could want, we went toward him. Two or three men were leaning against the stump of a tree, and merely nodded as we approached.

"What's the trouble, Smolley?" and as I spoke the glycerine man raised a pained-looking face, and mutely pointed his finger in the direction of the men around the stump.

HORRORS OF HEART DISEASE.

Uncle Abednego Takes It as an Insult to Be Asked the Symptoms of It.

He is a chronic complainer. In old Uncle Abednego, also an amateur hypochondriac. His health is, his god, and never was a god more faithfully worshipped.

"What is it new?" demanded Aunt Amy, somewhat impatiently because of her disturbed slumbers.

"My heart, my heart!" gasped Uncle Abednego.

"Have you lost it?" asked Aunt Amy sleepily.

"I've always known that heart disease would kill me, in spite of what that fool doctor says," continued Uncle Abednego bitterly.

"What can I do for you, Abby dear?" asked Aunt Amy, prepared for anything from getting him a drink to going for the doctor and minister.

"Nothing. I'm beyond human help!" replied Uncle Abednego with many groans and ejaculations.

"Laugh, woman!" shouted Uncle Abednego, clawing at the bed clothes in an ecstasy of fear, pain and rage.

"Doctor, will the boy be very badly deformed?" asked the anxious parent.

"Well, I should have given it up as a bad job and entered a home for the feeble minded."

PREPARING FOR THE WORST

His Year Was That the Hotel He Was Patronizing Would Take Fire.

"Do you believe that we're sometimes forewarned of great dangers?" asked the commercial traveler.

"Well, I was promissed the other night. I had to put up at a junction hotel, and they sent me clear up to the top of the building into one of those rooms with a slanted ceiling. You know the kind. You pay for the room and the roof occupies it."

"There was one window. I looked out of the window, and it seemed to be at least sixty feet down to the ground. It was a wooden building, and an old one, understand? While I was looking out of the window a freight train went by, and the engine threw out a million sparks."

"Well, I says to myself, I can see my finish right now. There'll be forty trains going by on these two roads to night, and it's a 4 to 1 shot that this hotel's going to catch fire. I looked out again. There wasn't any fire-escape, and they didn't have any rope in the room. You see, in a good many places like that they have a big coil of rope in one corner and a sign that says: 'In case of fire, take hold of the rope and jump.' A man reads that sign and then he can't sleep all night."

"Well, I looked out of the window again, and a switch engine pulled past and shot out a lot of live cinders as big as your fist. That settled it. I went over to the bed and found it had two sheets. I took out my pencil and figured that I could tear each sheet into four strips, and allow for the knots, each sheet would make about twenty-four feet of fire escape, although, of course, there would be some waste where I would have to tie it to the bed. I figured that I should push the bed over to the window, fasten one end of my rope to the head board and play out about forty-five feet. I had it all fixed, so as to dampen the knots and pull them hard. Of course, I still had some distance to fall after I got to the end of my rope, but that was all right. You know, as soon as I had my rope fixed I was going to drop the mattress so as to have something to fall on, and then I woke up.—Chicago Record.

Two of a Kind.

Willie Winks—Could you show me the way to Smith's farm?" Sally Ann—Sure. Just follow me; this one got lost, too.

Good Example to Follow.

There's a man," said Brown, as we were crossing North River the other day, "who made a failure of everything he undertook from the time he left college until a year ago, and now he's rich."

"That so?" asked I. "What did he do and what is he doing?" "Well, first he tried being a poet, and he made a miserable failure of that. Even the magazines wouldn't take his stuff. Then he tried in turn, the law, medicine, theology and the stage, and he was as bad as could be in them all; hadn't a single qualification for any one of them."

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Our Agent Mr. A. Herman will call on subscribers in ELMIRA and CORNING next week.

ITHACA. A meeting of the Ladies Aid society was held at the Knights of Columbus hall Tuesday evening at 8:30 o'clock.

BAKER THEATRE. "A Hidden Crime" a sensational melodrama of excellent reputation in all the large cities will be the offering at the Baker Theatre Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 16, 17, 18 with bargain matinee daily.

COOK OPERA HOUSE. An excellent bill of vaudeville is presented next week at the Cook Opera House. Callahan and Mack, the famous Irish character comedians will present their delightful sketch, "The Old Neighborhood" in which they pleased so last season.

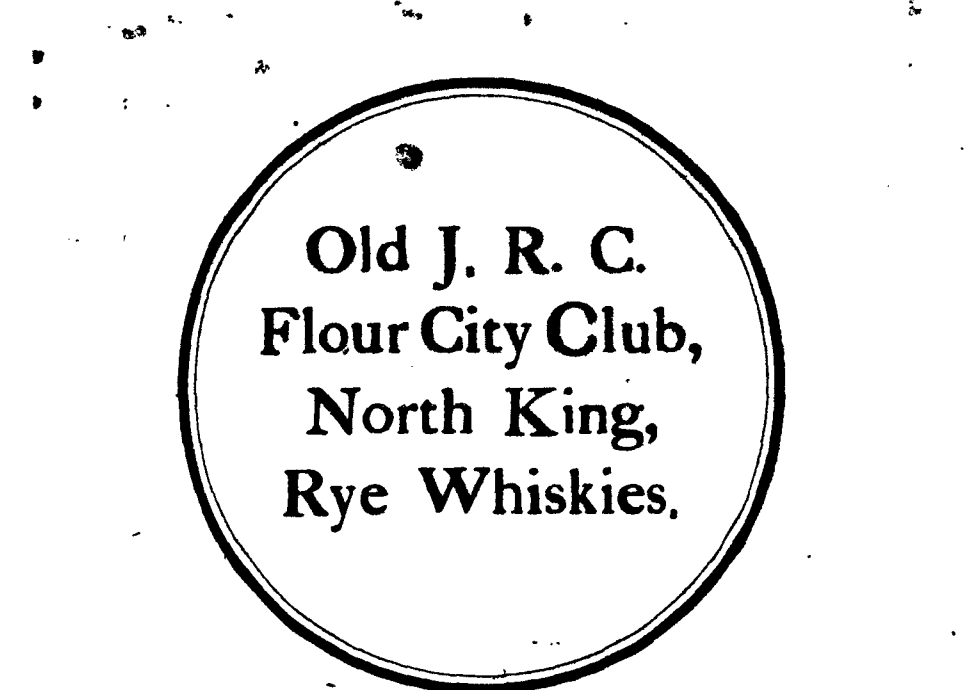
National Theatre. The National Theatre will have a novelty in store for its patrons the early part of next week, when the most successful comedy drama, "The Fatal Wedding," will be the attraction.

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COOK OPERA HOUSE Week of November 16th Helene Girard A. D. Robbins Davis and Walker Fanny Rice Callahan and Mack Louise Brehany Snyder and Buckley Aloph Link And the Fine Cook Opera House Orchestra Prices always the same. Matinees Daily.

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