

The Graham Reader.

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No one works hard enough, if he has any time left to talk.

Have some object in life if you really want to know that you are living.

Some natures are never quite contented unless they are being shocked.

There are people who think that they cannot be independent without being abusive.

If most of us had our lives to live over again, we should just make another lot of big mistakes.

How vivid becomes the recollection of an old friend if he lives in a town where you want something done.

People get thanks from employers not for the work they do so much as for the amount of work they can get out of other people.

Woman's intuition is seldom at fault, but it occasionally fails to tell her how to deal with an old beau after she has married the other fellow.

If a mountain should suddenly appear in the middle of Lake Michigan, there would soon be some fellow around claiming that he caused the phenomenon by throwing a brick into the water.

A year ago rumors of wars filled the air. The same rumors are still in the air and statements are still being made.

Chicago and New York retail merchants have organized to fight the big department stores.

A tax upon newspaper advertisements has been introduced in the Spanish cortex.

London is excited just now over a small boy of 8 years, who has the most astonishing knack of sketching portraits over yachts.

The value of Kansas crops for last year is reported by the agricultural department.

A late president of one of our colleges once said: "The habit of standing idle, waiting for dead men's shoes, kills the life in many a rich man's son."

If old Elisha Graham, who killed a man in Cummins, Kas., recently had received a great big whipping fifteen or twenty years ago, he might have avoided his present trouble.

Elmer Russell, the famous boy baritone, is accused of having robbed the residence of Capt. Seares of Honolulu.

Somebody writes to one of the Boston papers to ask how to stop a machine from grinding on a small heel.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"HEAVENLY RECOGNITION": "LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT."

From the Following Text: "I Shall Go to Him"—Second Book of Samuel, Chapter VII, Verse 33—The Future Life of the Just.

HERE is a very sick child in the shade of David the King. Disease which stalks upon the dark lane of the poor and puts its smothering hand on lip and nostril of the wan and wasted also mounts the palace stairs and hedges over the pillow, blows into the face of a young prince the frosts of pain and tears.

What a courteously attendants, or victorious armies, or conquered provinces, under such circumstances? What to any parent is all splendid surroundings when his child is sick?

There is a mother before the throne of God. You say her joy is full. Is it? You say there is no augmentation of it. Cannot there be? Her son was a wanderer and a vagabond on the earth when the angel said to him: "He broke her old heart. She died leaving him in the wilderness of sin."

I see a soul entering heaven at last, with covered face at the idea that it has done so little for Christ, and feeling how down with unrepented sin, it says to itself: "I have no right to be here."

Was David right or wrong? If we part on earth will we meet again in the next world? "Well," said some one, "that would be an impossibility. Heaven is so large a place we never could find our kindred there."

London is excited just now over a small boy of 8 years, who has the most astonishing knack of sketching portraits over yachts. He is engaged at a music hall at present.

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IT IS A FAMOUS TABLE

EVERY MAN OF FAME CARVED HIS NAME THEREON.

How Hood Wrote "Song of the Shirt"—One of Punch's Great Successes and at This Board Its Merits Were First Discussed.

HE Table—the famous board of which I had heard of so often—was a long, narrow, plain deal table with a few legs, and a few benches.

Oh, how different it is on earth from the way it is in heaven when a Christian dies! We say, "Close his eyes," and he lies down in the ground.

There is a mother before the throne of God. You say her joy is full. Is it? You say there is no augmentation of it.

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AN EQUINE HERO.

The Rescue of an English Officer by His Horse.

A graphic story is told by Surgeon-Captain Grey, one of the officers who served Rhodesia, says the St. James' Budget.

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THE JOKER'S CORNER.

WIT AND WISDOM, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

A Problem That is Always New—Why the Irishman Objected to Paying Fare—Romance of the Ice-Pond—Good Jokes of the Day.

Y DARLING has a merry eye, and voice like silver bells. How shall I win her, prithee, say—pry what magic spells?

If I crown her, shakes her head, If I weep she smiles; Time would fall me to recount All her wifely wiles.

For flowers she gives me thistle Blossoms she would give me nettles; Her turtle doves are crows—am the groaning weather-vane, And she the wind that blows.

My little love! My teasing love! Was woman made for man—A rose that blossomed from his side? Believe it—those who can.

I went to sleep—I'm sure of it—Some luckless summer morn; A rib was taken from my side, And of it I made a thorn.

But still I seek by some fond art To link it to my life. Some solve my problem, married men: Teach me to win my wife.

She Dies. "Violate! Violate! Violate! Penny a bunch!" That's what the flower girls in the Strand and in Piccadilly are calling out just now.

During the Engagement. Aunt Susan—"What, sitting up writing at this hour?" "Yes, auntie, it's only a little note to Harry."

Tommy had been suffering from a lame back for a day or two and his mother bought a porous plaster for the same.

OUR OWN MAKE.

One Piece of Architecture That Could Not Be Assailed.

There was an architectural competition for the new building of the University of London, and the result was a masterpiece.

"Very good," he remarked, as one of the department buildings was brought to his attention.

"No doubt, and it adds well enough to yours as a young nation, one that cannot be expected to hold any great empires."

"You mean that we haven't any style of our own?" "That expresses the idea."

"That expresses the idea," he said, "I'll show you a style of architecture that reflects the national spirit of this country."

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SCRAPS.

A vase which it took several workmen four years to complete has just been sent from the Minton pottery to a rich Londoner.

There are colored men in nearly all branches of the Pittsburg (Pa.) city government, and it is now announced that the city will soon have a negro company.

Queen Victoria has a very expensive clock. It has a perpetual calendar that alters for leap year, and has a four-teen-inch dial.

The idea in Hamburg seems to be that a dog is a nuisance anyhow, and the bigger the dog the bigger the nuisance, so the authorities tax a dog according to its size.

"What would you call the sound produced when two bodies come together?" asked the teacher, who was trying to explain what a noise is in his pupils.

"Oh, a kin, ma-am," replied the little girl who evidently had older sisters.—Yonkers Statesman.

Conductor—Fare, please. Pat [just landed]—Sure an' ain't this free country?

Bronco Pete—Yes, lady, I was wilder son' w'en he died. He loved me like an angel, too, w'en he was dyin'.

Bronco Pete—Oh, you indeed he did—swearin' back and forth in the air, you know, almost as if he had wings.—Judge.

DELaware HOTEL.

PORT WORTH. THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE MUST BE TOUGH. AT LEAST, THAT'S WHAT I'VE RECKONED. FOR IT IS STILL ALIVE TO-DAY.

There was a look of triumph on the face of the latter as he said to himself, glancing at his overcoat. "He never touched me!"—Judge.

The editor of this paper advises his readers that a package of Peruvian, the best kidney cure on earth, will be delivered FREE to any sufferer, if delivered HERETO. PRUTYAKA, HERBAL REMEDY CO., 286 E. 6th St., Cincinnati, O.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Lawson's Compound. All Druggists refuse the amount if it is taken.

The wheat mites lay one egg and but one a single grain, whether the grain be ungerminated, or germinating. This mite is a very small, but it is a very dangerous pest.

Cancer of the Breast. Mr. A. H. Crausby, of 155 Kerr St., Memphis, Tenn., says that his wife paid no attention to a small lump which appeared in her breast, but it soon developed into a cancer of the worst type.

A Real Blood Remedy. S.S.S. (guaranteed purely vegetable) is a real blood remedy, and never fails to cure all cases of skin diseases.

DAVIDSON'S COMPOUND. It is a pure, vegetable, and never fails to cure all cases of skin diseases.

DELaware HOTEL. PORT WORTH. THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE MUST BE TOUGH. AT LEAST, THAT'S WHAT I'VE RECKONED. FOR IT IS STILL ALIVE TO-DAY.

