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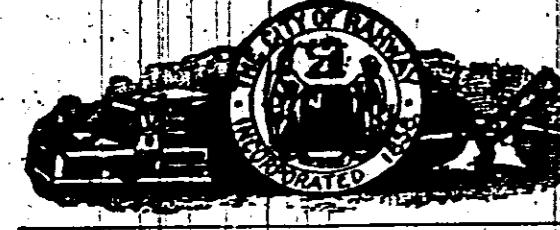
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PHUNNY-GRAPHS.

A Small Boy's Elysium.
"I'm safe, nothing to fear,
If you could by some magic be
To the unknown fairland transplanted,
Where boy may have his wishes granted
With a smile, and a nod, and a "Wish it!"—
He desir'd cocked his head,
Pondered and paused, and then he said:
"I'd wish I had two brothers,
And a sister, and a brother, and a brother,
That wouldn't never make me sick;
And eight or nine grandmothers".

—Indulgents Journal.

Phomenal.
"Pray tell me, good sir," said Jerdonion Post
To his jolly old friend, Dr. Cactus,
What things considered, you reckon the
most?"

The worthy M. D. with his whiskers did say,
As with some affection of jumpton."—
He hurriedly added, "I am a messenger boy;
Who died of hasty consumption".

Southerner Journal.
People love their opposites,
So the sage say;
And I love an opposite,
A girl across the way.

A woman has only to differ with a man
To be stubbon."—[Atherton Globe.

Were there fewer cocktails there
Would be less mobility of mouth.—

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

A male would rather hear himself
Bray than lisped to by other music.—

"A good many people are built like him."
—Texas Bulletin.

Engaged Girl.—And you really think
I will suit your son, dear Mrs. Brown?

Mrs. Brown.—I guess so. Why, bless
you, anything suits John.—[Cape Cod
Item.]

Hicks.—"I am never able to find
anything in this house."

Mrs. Hicks.—"Oh yes, you are.
You find fault at all the time!"—

[Harper's Bazaar.]

First Tramp.—That lady's kindness
nearly killed me once.

Second Tramp.—How was that?

First Tramp.—She gave me a pie and
I ate it.—[Inter Ocean.]

"I know the man who has started
the impression that I am an idiot, and
I'm going to kill him!" roared Chappie.

"Don't. Suicide is so vulgar," said
Cynicus.—[Harper's Bazaar.]

Miss Amy.—I don't believe in throw-
ing kisses!

Goslin.—Neither do I. When you
have any for me, let me know and I'll
come and get them.—[N. Y. Sun.]

Bibbins is a man of a deal of depth
when you know him," said one mem-
ber of Congress to another.

I should judge so after seeing him
drink whisky," was the reply.—[Wash-
ington Post.]

Squibley.—I don't understand now
what Rudyard Kipling has managed to
do with his reputation.—"Plummy? No?"

Squibley.—"No. His name is one that
the newspaper paragrapher cannot
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"I lost that old horse," said the
colonel, "which I had for my son at
Gettysburg." "My son," added
me in the stomach before the battle so
that I couldn't go on the field, and my
substitute got shot in the neck!"—[Ex-]

Book Agent (entering).—Madam, I
have a work of art to show you. It is
a book.—

Lady of the House (reopening the
door).—And I have a work of art to
show you. It is a landscape.—[Puffscape.]

Doodle.—Did you not hear what I
said, Miss Mable? I said that I loved
you; loved you with all my soul, my
mind, my every thought.

Miss Mable.—Yes, I know, but that
all seems so little.—[Boston Courier.]

It was a beautiful day when I had
my portrait taken, said old Gen. Grow-
ler. I don't see why I didn't get a
likeness.

You must have obeyed the photo-
grapher, and looked pleasant; remarked
Mrs. G. [N. Y. Sun.]

You told me a falsehood last night,
Ethel, said Ethel's father. I asked you
if you had left him, and you said yes.

No you didn't. You asked: "Is
that young man gone yet?" He was
awfully gone.—[N. Y. Sun.]

Customer.—Not long ago I came to
him, and bought a porous plaster to
help me get rid of the lumbago.

Clerk.—Yes, sir. What can I do
for you now?

Customer.—I want something to
help me get rid of the porous plaster.—

[Life.]

How she was cured.—Mamie—Oh,
George, I feel so faint! What is good
for fainting spells, George?

George (excited).—Now, you've
done it again!

Mamie.—Oh, I am so glad to hear
you say so, George. I feel better
already.—Pluck.

Hunger Joe.—How much do you
charge for meat beds?

Walter.—Twenty-five cents."

H. J.—"How much for bread?"

Walter.—"Nothing."

H. J.—"And how much for gravy?"

Walter.—"Oh, we give you the gravy."

H. J.—"Well, you can bring me plate,
bread, and gravy."—Harper's Bazaar.

George, she said, as she met him at
the door of the parlor, "something tells
me that you mean to propose marriage
to me to-night."

"You have guessed my purpose in
coming here," he replied.

"We are now standing in the
hall a few moments," he replied gen-
tly, "until the servant can search you
for concealed weapons."—[Washington
Post.]

Husband (going to his rich uncle's
funeral).—Put a couple of large kerchiefs
into my gripe dress! The old
gentleman promised to leave me \$40,
and I shall want to shed some appropriate tears."

Wife.—"But suppose when the will is
read you and he hasn't left you any-
thing?"

Husband.—In that case you had bet-
ter put in three."—[Harper's Bazaar.]

Idaho.—Well, I'll raise you a silver
mine."

Nebraska.—I'll call you. What you
got?"

Idaho.—Three Senators I'll take.

Nebraska.—Hold on there. Three
Senators at least.

Idaho.—What you got?

Nebraska.—Three Governors.

Idaho.—Take it. Three Governors
are over me."—[Minneapolis Journal.]

A COMMON SENSE BARN.
How to Build & Structure Suitable for
Housing Five Horses.

(Copyright by American Home Association.)
A barn is a simple structure, the construction of which can be universally adopted. As its home building, much depends upon the location and the individual taste of the owner. The horse requires greater care than any other domestic quadruped, and should be warm, and arranged so as to receive the sunlight during some portion of the day. The stable should be lighted from the outside, and provided with storm sash for cold weather. Mason & Dixon's wire will be used in the construction of the windows and secured in place by means of hooks and screw eyes.

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