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W. W. PEABODY, President and Gen. Mgr.

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CINCINNATI, OHIO.

THE FAIR SEX.

Gossip About Matters in Which the Dear Creatures are Interested.

SEASONED WITH A LITTLE WIT.

Men and Their Curiosities—How to Manage a Husband—A Self-Sacrificing Sex, Etc.

Song.

O, I would had a lover!
A lover a lover!
O, I would had a lover
With a twinkling guitar.

To come beneath my casement—
Singing: "There is none above her."

While I, leaning, seemed to hover
In the scent of his cigar!

Then at morn I'd want to meet him—

To meet him to meet him!

O, at morn I'd want to him,

When the mist was in the sky,

And the dew along the path I went

To casually greet him.

And to cavally treat him,

And to regret it by-and-

And I'd want to meet his brother—

His brother! his brother!

O, I'd want to meet his brother

At the german or the play,

To pin a rose on his lapel

And his mother, and his mother,

And love him like a mother.

While he thought the other way.

O, I'd pitilessly test him,

Test him! and test him!

O, I'd pitilessly test him

Far beyond his own control;

And every tantalizing lure

With which I could arrest him,

I'd choose to molest him.

Still I tried his very soul!

But, ah, when I relented!

Relented, relented!

But, O, when I relented—

When stars were blurred and dim,

And the moon shone with crescent grace.

Looked off as I expected,

With rapture half demented,

All my heart went out to him!

—Exchange.

A Nodding Suggestion.

Needles were invented by a man, but

for a long time were little used, says a

historian. We suppose he made the

eyes about as big as a teacup.—Philadelphia Call.

The Household Terror.

Enfant Terrible (who is spending the

afternoon at the Smiths).—"My mother says she'd like to look like you, Mrs. Smith."

Mrs. S. (who is extremely plain, but not entirely aware of it).—"Like me, my dear? I take that as a compliment, indeed, from so very pretty lady as your mamma. You're quite sure it was I, Johnny, that she meant?"

(Johnny, accepting another cracker).—"Oh, yes'm. She said that if she could have your health and strength, she believed she'd look just as you do."—Harper's Bazaar.

Men and Their Curiosity.

"In my room," relates Mr. Joly, the Canadian liberal, who was the guest of the Duke of Westminster, "was a curious old-fashioned swivel clock. When it was a printed notice: 'Please do not touch.' The longer I looked at the clock, the more I wondered at the reason for the strange request. Next day I ventured to ask my hostess the reason for the prohibition.

"You are about the twentieth gentleman who has put the same question, and I find that you are just like the rest of your sex. Women are said to be proverbially curious. That label was put there to test the extent of the same weakness in men, and my experience is that men are just as curious as women. I keep a list of all the gentlemen who ask me the same question you have just put, and I find there is only one exception."

SHARK STORIES.

"One person of the shark," said the Captain, "in that he never will swallow a negro. White men and most anything else he readily devours, but a colored man never. There's an old tradition among seamen about man-eating sharks. When one has been killed the sailors look in his belly for gold watches and other valuables. You see the shark swallows anything which comes in his way, and we used to find all sorts of things in his maw. Once on board a steamer the crew had been killing beef, and threw overboard a hide and horns. Not long after they caught a shark, and sure enough they found that he had tried to swallow the horns. He got the hide part way down, but couldn't get away with the horns. There was a scientific man on board, and he thought he had discovered a new species of shark with horns.

"I remember once when I was mate on a ship from Calcutta. We were becalmed, and I saw a shark snoozing around the ship, so I slung over a line and hook with three or four pounds of pork on it. The beast didn't appear to be hungry and wouldn't bite, so I gave it up and went below. While I was down in my room the Captain sent word from the deck that the shark was close by the hook which I had left overboard. I picked up my rifle and went on deck. The fish was over twelve feet long, and was making for the hook when I fired right into his mouth. He gave a flop over on his side and never moved a muscle. We lowered a boat, threw a painter around him, and hauled him in. The boys cut him open, and instead of gold watches they found a lot of young sharks—the big one was a shark, you see—and I ordered the young ones to be counted and thrown into a barrel. Well, sir, that barrel was chock full of man-eaters about ten inches long, and there were just seventy-one in all. That's a fact, and I can show you in my log book the exact latitude and longitude where we killed the old one. The boys fried 'em and eat 'em, and found 'em pretty good, too. I saved out one, put him in alcohol, and gave him to the Gentleman Anglers' Society."—New Haven News.

A Self-Sacrificing Sex.

Look here, now, writes Clara Belle, considering the question reasonably, hasn't you admit that a great deal is expected of woman in the way of mounding herself to circumstances? If her sweetheart be crochety, jealous, exacting, she must shape herself to his peculiarities of temper. If his husband be cranky in his ideas of conjugal felicity, she must not try to remove the rough edges, but must somehow dispose herself as comfortably as may be around them. And now comes a similar requirement in bodies. The newest costumes imported from Paris, as a rule, have very long waists and high-shouldered effects. O, it doesn't matter that one has for several seasons worn corsets that fit her easily. The requirement is now likely to be that she shall extend the girding of that article downward until it cuts her hips awfully, in order to force a length of waist contrary to what nature has given to her; that she shall, also, in obedience to a command of high shoulders, suffer the tortures of armholes that cut her on the under sides and restrict the articulation of her shoulder joints. It is, of course, true that most women can go to a greater length than man in the displacement of adipose tissue, so as to change form to suit the fashion, while the few who are too swarthy to thus actually remodel their bodies may see to do so by means of artificiality. Nevertheless, my sisters ought to get the credit of their

martyrdom. The same quality of self-abnegation explains why it is that pretty girls often marry ugly men. I heard it said the other day, quite prosaically, that whenever there was a marital union of repugnant persons, as whites with blacks, of Caucasians with Mongolians, and the like, the partner who makes the sacrifice of instinct is the woman. Of course that is going down to a low level of refinement and intelligence, but nevertheless it illustrates the point I am making—that women are even deferring to circumstances in a manner that men won't. Ten girls wed old men, where one young chap husbands a venerable matron. A debt of gratitude is owed to woman in this particular, honestly, and truly. Speaking of aged bridegrooms, one of them took his youthful bride to Barnum's show. She was so sweet in her manner, and so bridal in her traveling costume, that no one could fail to see she was right from the sacrificial altar. The pair stopped in front of the snake-charmer, Nula Damajante, an Indian woman, who let some pythons crawl and writh around her bare neck and arms most horribly. Nula is a bright, intelligent tourist, speaking English with a funny French accent, and liable at any time to say humorous things. Above all, she represents the imputation that the snakes are nasty reptiles, which no sensitive person could bear to handle. Well, the bride shivered at the sight, clung to the arm of her husband, and exclaimed:

"How can she bear to touch 'em?"

"I would rather do it," said Nula, spitefully, as she coiled a snake fondly around her waist and patted its hideous head, "zan ha fe olh hooband."

Small Talk.

HOME rulers—women.

HELEN of Troy was the first woman who wanted to go to Paris and leave her husband at home.

That was a very conscientious humorist who broke off an engagement because his girl had chestnut hair.

A POET says, "Woman is the Sunday of man." He probably had Eve in his mind, as she was the beginning of the weak.

"In the spermaceti whale the teeth are fixed to the gum." We have noticed the same thing in Vassar girls.—Graphic.

The condor of the Andes is said to have its prey with its bill, and the milinery are trying the same game on the married men.

The giraffe has never been known to

do a sound. In this respect it resembles a young lady in a street-car when a gentleman gives her his seat.

"Why does a hen cackle?" asks an inquisitive exchange. We have never read up on this subject, but always supposed the sex of the bird might account for it.

"Does our constant chatter disturb you?" asked a lady of a fellow passenger on a train going West. "No man's; I have been married nigh onto thirty years."

"WILL the coming man be happier?" asks a writer. It depends to a great extent upon whether his wife has got tired and gone to sleep or is still waiting up for him.

A King's Kiss.

Sometimes Edward IV. applied, personally, to the rich for aid, by means of letters, or sometimes by means of commissioners, in the manner used in former times for the tallages on the tenants of dene. The first method is amply illustrated in the case of the benevolent widow of the well-known story. Edward, one of the handomest men of the age until worn out by debauchery, was moreover a particular favorite with the ladies; and this rich widow, when he asked her for a benevolence, gave him £20 down at once, saying: "By my troth, for the lovely countenance thou shalt have even £20." The king, who had "looked for scarce half that sum, thanked her, and lovingly kissed her," gaining her heart and purse, for she doubled the benevolence, paying another £20, either because she esteemed the kiss of a king so precious a jewel, or "because the flavor of his breath did so comfort her stomach."—Dowell's History of Taxation.

Silting Graves for Proof.

The sexton of a Connecticut graveyard says that an English gentleman who visited the place last summer "sifted three graves" to find a signature believed to have been buried with its wearer, one of the earliest settlers of Connecticut. The ring was wanted to make good a claim to certain property in England, question raised as to whether it was the property of the deceased widow or the well-known story. Edward, one of the handomest men of the age until worn out by debauchery, was moreover a particular favorite with the ladies; and this rich widow, when he asked her for a benevolence, gave him £20 down at once, saying: "By my troth, for the lovely countenance thou shalt have even £20." The king, who had "looked for scarce half that sum, thanked her, and lovingly kissed her," gaining her heart and purse, for she doubled the benevolence, paying another £20, either because she esteemed the kiss of a king so precious a jewel, or "because the flavor of his breath did so comfort her stomach."—Dowell's History of Taxation.

A Quick Recovery.

It is remarkable how quickly a man recovers from the effects of a severe attack of pneumonia. His recovery is entirely due to the skill of his physician, Dr. Wm. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS.

Naturally he feels grateful for the benefits derived from using this remedy for the lungs and throat; and no man will eat up paste when it is locked in a safe.

We wish to caution all persons against fooling with our safe, or they may get their fingers pinched in the heavy doors.—*Aurora Beacon*.

To MAKE both ends meet is why the baby puts its toes into its mouth.

The baby may be regulated, and the stomach strengthened, with Ayro's Pills.

POLITICAL stories are called "canards," because we cannot believe them.

I find Ely's Cream Balsam good for Cataract or Glaucoma. N. L. Loring, 184 West Street, Louisville, Ky.

The best cough medicine is Dr. P. C. Cope's Cure for Consumption. Sold everywhere.

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