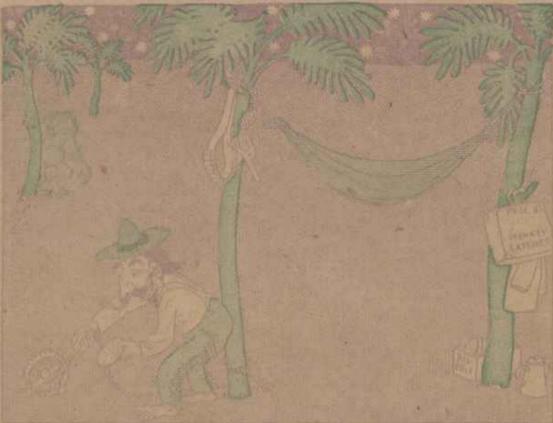
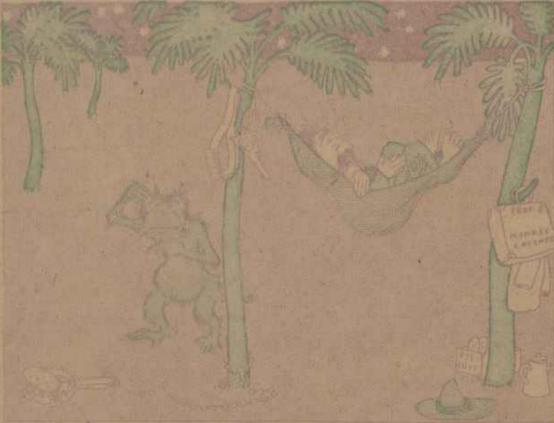


THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.



SIAMIAN SAM: "That fellow is goin' to make a monkey of me!"



"Well, wouldn't that kill you! My favorite pie, too! But wait!"



"I had the thought of being called a backbiter, but here goes."



"Yes, old man, it sometimes pays to buy cheap pants that'll rip!"

THE FATAL GIFT.

ONE by one the good fairies bestowed their gifts upon the sleeping babe. He shall be handsome. Good humored and polite. He shall be a musician. And a poet. He shall have a long and useful career. Just then the malignant fairy who had not been invited burst into the room and stood over the cot of the slumbering infant. "He shall go through life telling hard luck stories," she snarled. At these fell words of doom the good fairies fled, fighting to know their good gifts would be of no avail. With a bitter cry the babe awoke.

Hard on Jones

They met in a cafe. M78 "Ever take anything," queried Smith. "Oh, yes, occasionally," replied Jones with the happy air usually worn by a man who accepts an invitation. "Well," pursued Smith as he tossed off a cocktail while Jones looked on, "you ought to quit it. It's a very bad habit and will be the death of you. So long."

NEW LIGHT ON NAPOLEON.

N. BONAPARTE, the eminent throne specialist, was born in Corsica, some miles off the railroad, in 1769. Although born on an island, he spread himself over more pages of history than a great many men who had a whole continent to be born on. At an early age Napoleon moved to France and went into business for himself. He rented the Tuilleries and hung out his sign:



NAPOLEON RIPPING UP AN OLD THRONE.

N. BONAPARTE, THRONES RESEATED, REVAMPED AND REJUVENATED. DYNASTIES HAMSTRUNG. GENERAL REGAL JOBBING. GIVE US A TRIAL.

He had no superior in that part of the country; and in a few years had cornered the throne market of Europe. People would come to him for miles around to have a throne tottered or a dynasty ripped up the back. When business was good his back yard would be stacked full of second-hand thrones and divine rights waiting to be upholstered. Competitors became alarmed. Kings were afraid to leave their thrones out over night, and many of them slept on them with their sceptres under their heads, and had their meals handed up.

Napoleon owed his success in life to the personal attention he gave his own affairs and those of other people. If he had business in St. Petersburg, instead of telegraphing he would go himself, accompanied by a few hundred thousand of his constituents as witnesses, and leave a notice on his office door, "Gone to St. Petersburg. Whistle up the tube to Josephine."

Napoleon evaded the police and vigilance committees a good many years, but in 1815 was



N. BONAPARTE ON THE ROAD TO WATERLOO.

forced to make an assignment. He purchased a small estate at St. Helena, a popular resort, where he passed his last years writing autographs. It was here he explained his extraordinary success writing proclamations to the army. "At first," he said, "my proclamations were not a success. I could not tell why, for I spent much care on them, employing only my best rhetoric and the longest words. Invariably, however, they came back marked 'unavailable,' and I was in despair. Chancing one day to pick up the Lobbies' Homely Journal, my eye lighted on a reply to a correspondent telling him how to be successful in authorship, and I saw in a moment what the trouble was with my proclamations. Instead of using plain, unruled paper 7 x 10, I had been using 8 x 11 ruled, and instead of putting my name and address written plainly in the upper right hand corner and the number of words in the upper left hand corner, I had been putting my name in the left hand corner and the number of words in the right. I had also left only an inch margin on the right hand side when I should have left an inch and a half. All was now clear, and I cursed my folly in not having before written to Mr. Box for information on these points. I immediately sat down and wrote a proclamation, paying no attention

ANOTHER SEARCH FOR THE POLE.



"Tel hel hel! Jes' waitin' fo' ol' Uncle Mose, ain't yo', honey?"



"I'll Jes' slide out de pole an' not 'sturb 'em at all."



"I hates tuh be waked up suddint, an' I reckon fowls am de same way."



"O Lord a-massy! Who'd a-thought dat er glass o' gin would hurt me!"

THE SOUVENIR, GRAZE AND WOMEN'S WAYS.



"Gee, but I won't do a t'ing to dat Bowery!"

"In course youse can have souvenirs!"

"O Lord! War wuz never like dis!"

to grammar or literary style, but carefully observing the other things, copied in three or four times in a round, full hand with plain black ink, taking care to use a ruler to keep the margins just an inch and a half, enclosed return address and sent it off. It carried favor by storm, and my reputation was established.

Napoleon met his Waterloo at a place by that name in Belgium. He was not aware of the name of the place when he made the appointment to meet his Waterloo there. On the morning of the fust he asked its name and they told him Waterloo. Napoleon turned pale. He was not superstitious, but the coincidence staggered him. "Can this be an omen?" he asked. "Can it be that I am to meet my Waterloo here?" It was even so. Nearly his whole army was annihilated.

Her Employment

MRS. McCORKLE—How does Miss Sere get in her time?

MRS. McCRAKLE—Bewailing a 'wile' spent life.

Cut Us Hope Not.

"I see that the Spaniards want the bones of Columbus removed to Spain."

"Yes. I hope they won't become bones of contention."