

THE DAILY JOURNAL

MILES CITY, MONTANA.

Every Evening Except Sunday.

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Saturday, April 2, 1894.

Suggested by What He Heard.

By some means a mother and daughter managed to gain access to Paderewski's sanctum. The mother was proud of her daughter, and the daughter had aspirations. She desired Paderewski's opinion of her skill. Paderewski listened, or appeared to, while the mother beat time approvingly. At last, with a final crash, the girl rose from the stool, and the mother flushed with pleasure.

"Tell me," she whispered to the artist, "tell me in confidence—what do you think of her?"

Amiably the artist rubbed his hands together. "I think she must be very charitable."

"Charitable! Charitable!"

"Yes," Paderewski sweetly repeated, "charitable. Surely she letteth not her left hand know what her right hand doeth."—Argonaut.

Feeling Poor.



"Lend me ten, Freddie."
 "Can't do it. I've just been jilted by a girl worth half a million."—Life.

Two Girls Involved.

They were celebrating their silver wedding, and of course the couple were very happy and affectionate. "Yes," said the husband, "this is the only woman I ever loved. I shall never forget the first time I proposed to her."

"How did you do it?" burst out a young man who had been squeezing a pretty girl's hand in the corner. They all laughed, and he blushed, but the girl carried it off bravely.

"Well, I remember as well as if it were but yesterday. It was at Richmond. We had been out for a picnic and she and I got wandering alone. Don't you remember, my dear?"

The wife smiled.

"We sat on the trunk of a tree. You haven't forgotten, love, have you?"

The wife nodded again.

"She began writing on the dust with the point of her parasol. You recall it, sweet, don't you?"

The wife nodded again.

"She wrote her name—'Minnie'—and said, 'Let me put the other name to it. And I took the parasol and wrote my name—'Smith'—after it. And she took back the parasol and wrote below it, 'No, I won't.' Then we went home. You remember it, darling? I see you do."

Then he kissed her, and the company murmured sentimentally. "Wasn't it pretty?"

The guests had all departed, and the happy couple were left alone.

"Wasn't it nice, Minnie, to see all our friends around us so happy?"

"Yes, it was. But, John, that reminiscence!"

"Ah, it seems as if it had been only yesterday!"

"Yes, dear. There are only three things you're wrong about in that story."

"Wrong? Oh, no!"

"John, I'm sorry you told that story, because I never went to a picnic with you at Richmond, and I never refused you when you asked me to be your wife, and I want to know who that minx was."—Scottish American.

Detained by Public Business.

Mrs. Upjohn—Henry, you have kept us waiting dinner a long time. What detained you?

Mr. Upjohn—Business. Couldn't get away any sooner. Looks like snow, doesn't it?

"Yes. What was the nature of the business?"

"Public matters that wouldn't interest you. That coffee smells delicious. Is the steak all right?"

"Yes, the steak is all right. What were the public matters?"

"Tremendous crowd in front of a tall office building. I got right in the thick of it and couldn't get away. You had a headache when I went down town this morning. Is it better?"

"Yes, the headache is all gone."

"How about these folks next door? Have they decided to rent their upper flat to that family from Kenwood?"

"No. They are going to let it to a newly married couple from the north side. What was the crowd doing?"

"Why—why—why, it was—it was watching some men raise a safe to a six story window. Seems to me you're mighty inquisitive."—Chicago Tribune.

A Slip of the Tongue.

A man was tried for theft at the Oxford assizes. The foreman of the jury when giving the verdict made a mistake and said "Not guilty" instead of "Guilty." Though he wished to rectify the mistake, he could not do so, and the man was released from custody.—Exchange.

What, Indeed?

Mr. Grimme—It is just an outrage the way the little innocent birds are being butchered to adorn women's hats.

Mrs. Grimme—But, my dear, don't you remember that it was the bright bird wing I wore on my hat as I was going along the street that attracted your attention and led to your mar rying me?

Mr. Grimme—What in thunder has that got to do with it? That only makes the case stronger.—Indianapolis Journal.

Aiding the Cause.

The new lady member went to church with such remarkable regularity that after a year of it the pastor thought it his duty to commend her upon it.

"It is due entirely to my husband," she said in reply.

"How does he manage it?" asked the pastor. "I'd like to know, so that I may suggest it to other husbands."

"He always keeps me supplied with the handsomest clothes he can find," she answered.—Detroit Free Press.

Deserved It.

An authentic anecdote of the Emperor Napoleon relates that when M. Segnier was put forward for first judge of the court of appeals he was presented to Napoleon, who said:

"But you are young for such an office, sir. What is your age?"

"The same as that of your majesty when you won the battle of Marengo," answered Segnier.

He received the appointment.—Youth's Companion.

As Good as a Mile.

"How did you come to hit your opponent in that duel at Paris?"

"Tried to miss him."—Hall's

Necessary to Baptism.

"What must precede baptism?" asked the rector when catechising the Sunday school.

"A baby," exclaimed a bright boy, with the air of one stating self-evident truth.—London Tit-Bits.

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